



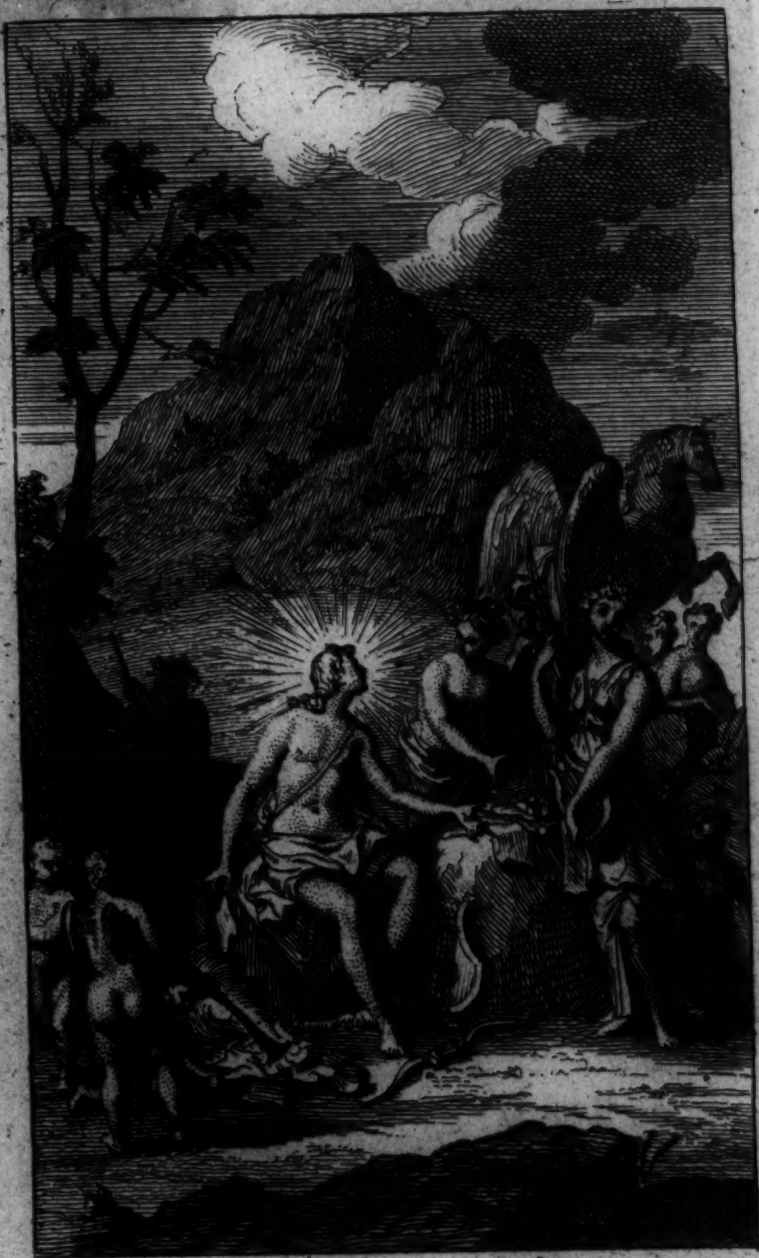






1078. l. 6.





*Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.*



The FIFTH PART of  
Miscellany Poems.

Containing Variety of New

TRANSLATIONS  
OF THE  
*ANCIENT POETS:*

Together with Several  
ORIGINAL POEMS.

---

*By the Most Eminent Hands.*

---

Publish'd by Mr. DRYDEN.

---

The FIFTH EDITION.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. TONSON in the Strand.

---

M DCC XXVII.

TRANSLATIONS

ANCIENT POETS

472

6 27

375



# CONTENTS.

<b>A</b> Letter from Italy, to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Hallifax. In the Year 1701. By Mr. J. Addifon.	Page 1
On the Death of Amyntas: A Pastoral Elegy. Written by Mr. Dryden.	P. 6
On the Death of a very young Gentleman. By Mr. Dryden.	P. 8
To my Honour'd Friend Dr. Charleton, on his learned and useful Works; but more particularly his Treatise of Stone-Heng, by him restor'd to the true Founders. By Mr. Dryden.	P. 10
The Dream. By the Earl of Roscommon.	P. 11
Upon the Death of the Earl of Dundee. By Mr. Dryden.	P. 12
The Rapture.	P. 13
The Speeches of Brutus and Cato. Translated from Lucan, Lib. 2. Lin. 234. By Mr. Rowe.	P. 17
Verses sent to Dr. Garth in his Illness. By Mr. Granvill.	P. 21
Stanzas.	P. 22
Upon an Accidental Meeting.	P. 23
Milton's Style imitated, in a Translation of a Story out of the Third Æneid. By Mr. Joseph Addifon.	P. 24
On the Death of the late Earl of Rochester. By Mrs. A. Behn.	P. 28
To a Lady. By Mr. Charles Hopkins.	P. 30
To the same. By Mr. Charles Hopkins.	P. 32
Woman All in All.	P. 33
To Love after a long Indifference.	P. 37
On the Death of the Marquis of Blandford.	P. 38
A 3	The

# CONTENTS.

<i>The Enquiry of Venus after Cupid. From the Greek of Moschus.</i>	p. 39
<i>Ode in the Spring to the Returning Sun.</i>	p. 40
<i>The story of Ants chang'd to Men: From the Seventh Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses. By Mr. Sonestreet.</i>	p. 42
<i>To Dr. Gibbons. By Mr. Charles Hopkins.</i>	p. 47
<i>To Mr. Congreve. By Mr. Charles Hopkins.</i>	p. 49
<i>The Lady's Song. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	p. 50
<i>An Epistle from Mr. Charles Hopkins to Mr. Yalden in Oxon.</i>	p. 51
<i>Ode on the Death of the Marquis of Blandford.</i>	p. 53
<i>A Thought upon Human Life. Paraphras'd from Simonides. By Mr. Tate.</i>	p. 54
<i>The Vision. By Mrs. Singer.</i>	p. 55
<i>Upon Young Mr. Rogers of Gloucestershire. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	p. 57
<i>The Third Ode of Anacreon Translated.</i>	ibid.
<i>To a Lady that design'd going to a Fortune-Teller.</i>	p. 58
<i>Verses Written for the Toasting-Glasses of the Kit-Kat-Club, in the Year 1703.</i>	p. 59
<i>Negative Love. By Mr. J. Donne.</i>	p. 69
<i>To M. M. H. By the same Hand.</i>	p. 70
<i>A Song. By T. Carew, Esq;</i>	p. 72
<i>Cooper's Hill, a Poem. As it was Printed in the Year 1650. Written by John Denham, Esq;</i>	p. 73
<i>Cooper's Hill. As it was Published after the Restoration. By Sir John Denham, Knight of the Bath.</i>	p. 82
<i>Charity; a Paraphrase on the Thirteenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.</i>	p. 92
<i>To Henry Higden, Esq; On his Translation of the Tenth Satyr of Juvenal. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	p. 94
<i>Adriani Morientis ad Animam. By Monsieur Fontenelle.</i>	p. 95
<i>Translated.</i>	ibid.
	ibid.
	To



# CONTENTS.

<i>To a Child of Quality of Five Years old, the Author suppos'd Forty. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 98
<i>The Lady's Looking-Glass in Imitation of a Greek Idyllium. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 97
<i>To a Boy playing with his Cat. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 98
<i>A Song. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 99
<i>Monsieur De la Fontaine's Hans Carvel imitated.</i>	P. 100
<i>The Despairing Shepherd. A Pastoral. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 104
<i>Celia to Damon. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 103
<i>To a young Gentleman in Love. A Tale.</i>	P. 108
<i>The Wedding Night.</i>	P. 110
<i>Cleora. By the Hon. Mr. George Granvill.</i>	P. 111
<i>An Apology for an unseasonable Surprise. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 113
<i>To Myra. By the same Hand.</i>	ibid.
<i>A Song. Written by Mr Dryden.</i>	P. 117
<i>A Song by the same Hand.</i>	ibid.
<i>The Prisoner in the Tower to the Lady M. C.</i>	P. 118
<i>To Sir Thomas St. Serfe: On the Printing his Play, call'd Tarugo's Wiles. By my Lord Buckhurst.</i>	P. 119
<i>Epilogue to Tartuff. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 120
<i>Epilogue upon the Reviving of Ben. Johnson's Play, call'd, Every Man in his Humour. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 121
<i>Knotting. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 122
<i>A Song to Chloris from the Blind Archer. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 124
<i>A Song Written some Time since.</i>	ibid.
<i>Song.</i>	P. 125
<i>On Tyburn.</i>	P. 126
<i>Epilogue. Written by a Person of Honour.</i>	ibid.
<i>An Epitaph.</i>	P. 127
<i>To Phyllis: A Song.</i>	P. 128
<i>A Prologue spoken at the Opening of the Duke's New Play-House in Dorset-Garden.</i>	P. 129
<i>A Song.</i>	P. 130
	<i>A Song</i>



# CONTENTS.

<i>A Song.</i>	P. 130
<i>Epilogue.</i>	P. 131
<i>Upon Four New Physicians repairing to Tun-</i> <i>bridge Wells. Written several Years since.</i>	P. 132
<i>A Cruel Mistress. By T. Carew, Esq;</i>	P. 133
<i>Ingrateful Beauty threatned. By the same</i> <i>Hand.</i>	P. 134
<i>Song.</i>	P. 135
<i>Song.</i>	ibid.
<i>A Receipt to make an Oat-meal Pudding.</i>	P. 136
<i>A Receipt to make a Sack-Possset.</i>	ibid.
<i>Upon a Giant's Angling.</i>	ibid.
<i>Song.</i>	P. 137
<i>To Strephon.</i>	ibid.
<i>Lycon. Eclogue.</i>	P. 138
<i>The Despairing Lover.</i>	P. 140
<i>Upon the Tragedy of the Fair Penitent.</i>	P. 141
<i>Song.</i>	ibid.
<i>Song.</i>	P. 142
<i>To a Lady, sent her with Mr. Granvill's Play</i> <i>call'd Heroick Love.</i>	P. 143
<i>Epitaph on a Young Gentleman, who dy'd for</i> <i>Love of a Married Lady. By the same Hand.</i>	ibid.
<i>Tasso's Jerusalem. Book the Fourth. English'd</i> <i>by Mrs. Eliz. Singer.</i>	P. 144
<i>To a Lady more Cruel than Fair. By Mr.</i> <i>Vanbrook.</i>	P. 148
<i>A Fable of a Council held by the Rats.</i>	P. 149
<i>From Anacreon.</i>	P. 150
<i>From Ovid.</i>	ibid.
<i>A Hue and Cry after Fair Amoret. By Mr.</i> <i>Congreve.</i>	P. 151
<i>A Song. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 152
<i>A Song. By the same Hand</i>	ibid.
<i>Song in Dialogue, for two Women. By the same</i> <i>Hand.</i>	P. 153
<i>A Song. By the same Hand.</i>	ibid.
<i>Song. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 154
<i>Song. By the same Hand.</i>	ibid.
<i>Song. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 155
	Lesbia

# CONTENTS.

Lesbia. By the same Hand.	p. 155
Prologue to the Princess. Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle. By the same Hand.	ibid.
Verses Sacred to the Memory of Grace Lady Gethin. Occasioned by reading her Book, intituled Reliquiæ Gethinianæ. By the same Hand.	p. 156
Epitaph upon Robert Huntington, of Stanton Harcourt, Esq; and Robert his Son. By the same Hand.	p. 157
Britannia Rediviva: A Poem on the Prince, born on the 10th of June 1688. By Mr. Dryden.	p. 158
On the Creation. By Mrs. Eliz. Singer.	p. 168
A Pastoral, inscrib'd to the Honourable Mrs. — By the same Hand.	p. 171
In Praise of Memory; inscrib'd to the Honourable the Lady Worsely. By the same Hand.	p. 173
An Imitation of a Pastoral of Mrs. Killigrew's. By the same Hand.	p. 174
The Convert. Written by the Right Honourable the Earl of Mulgrave.	p. 175
The Recovery. By the same Hand.	p. 176
The Relapse. By the same Hand.	p. 177
An Ode on Mr. Henry Purcel's Death.	p. 178
Song. By the same Hand.	p. 179
To a Coquet Beauty. By the same Hand.	p. 180
Brutus. By Mr. Cowley.	p. 181
An Ode on Brutus.	p. 183
An Epitaph on the Lady Whitmore. By Mr. Dryden.	p. 183
An Epitaph on Sir Palmes Fairbone's Tomb in Westminster-Abby. By the same Hand.	ibid.
Good Counsel to a young Maid. By T. Carew, Esq;	p. 189
Eleonora: A Panegyric Poem, dedicated to the Memory of the late Countess of Abingdon. By Mr. J. Dryden.	p. 191
Rondelay. By the same Hand.	p. 209

# CONTENTS.

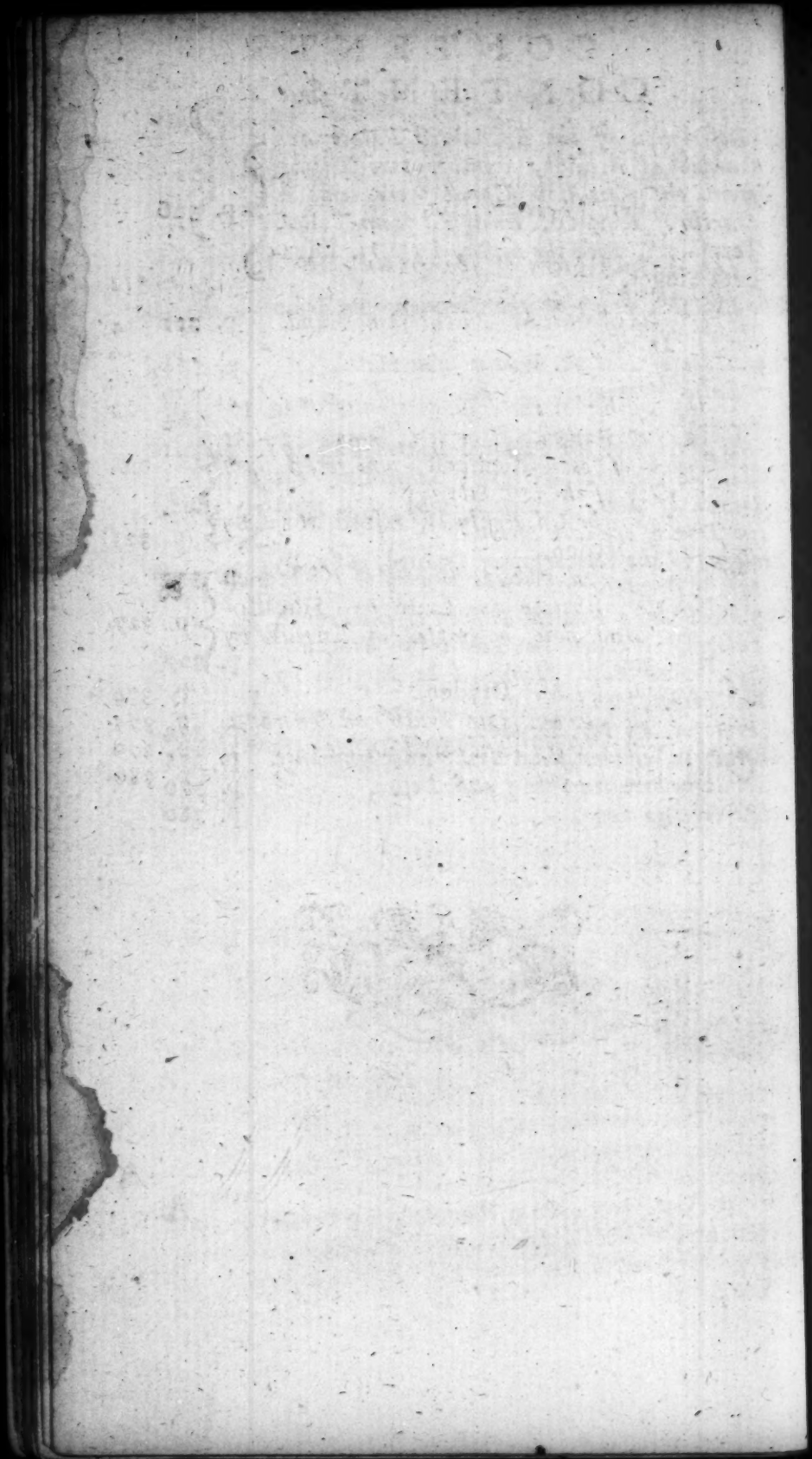
<i>To the pious Memory of the accomplish'd young Lady Mrs. Anne Killegrew, Excellent in the two Sister Arts of Poesie and Painting.</i>	P. 210
<i>An Ode. By the same Hand.</i>	
<i>Nymphidia. The Court of Fayrie. By Michael Drayton, Esq;</i>	P. 215
<i>The Quest of Cynthia. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 235
<i>Verses by Sir John Denham.</i>	P. 241
<i>Natura Naturata. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 242
<i>On Mr. Abraham Cowley, his Death and Burial amongst the Ancient Poets. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 243
<i>An Occasional Imitation of a modern Author upon the Game of Chess: (Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.) By the same Hand.</i>	P. 246
<i>A Song by Robert Wolseley, Esq;</i>	P. 247
<i>Veni Creator Spiritus. Translated in Paraphrase. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	P. 248
<i>Boldness in Love. By Tho. Carew, Esq;</i>	P. 249
<i>The Enquiry. By the same Hand.</i>	ibid.
<i>The Protestation, a Sonnet. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 250
<i>Religio Laici, or, a Layman's Faith. A Poem. Written by Mr. Dryden.</i>	P. 253
<i>Song, to a fair young Lady, going out of the Town in the Spring. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	P. 279
<i>To the Dutchesse, on her Return from Scotland, in the Year 1682. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 280
<i>To my dear Friend Mr. Congreve on his Comedy call'd, The Double Dealer. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 282
<i>To the Earl of Roscommon, on his excellent Essay on Translated Verse. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 284
<i>To A. L. Perswasions to Love. By Tho. Carew, Esq;</i>	P. 286
<i>A Rapture. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 288
<i>Disputing with a Lady who left me in the Argument.</i>	P. 293
<i>The first Book of Homer's Iliads. Translated from the Greek by Mr. Maynwaring.</i>	P. 294

# CONTENTS.

16	<i>A Description of the Enchanted Palace and Garden of Armida, whither two Knights from the Christian Camp were come in Search of Rinaldo. English'd from Tasso's Jerusalem, Book the Sixth, by Mrs. Elizabeth Singer.</i>	P. 306
35	<i>The Mosaick Story of the Creation. By John Hanbury, Esq;</i>	P. 311
41	<i>The State of Nature. By the same Hand.</i>	P. 314
42	<i>The False Morning.</i>	P. 316
43	<i>The Ladle.</i>	ibid.
	<i>To the Author of the Pastoral printed Pag. 171.</i>	P. 321
46	<i>Delia. A Pastoral Eclogue; lamenting the Death of Mrs. Tempest, who dy'd upon the Day of the late Storm.</i>	ibid.
47	<i>Prologue to the University of Oxford, 1681. By Mr. J. Dryden.</i>	P. 325
48	<i>Syphilis: Or, a Poetical History of the French Disease. Written in Latin by Fracastorius. And now attempted in English by N. Tate.</i>	P. 327
49	<i>A Prologue. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	P. 374
50	<i>A Dialogue between plain Truth and Ignorance.</i>	P. 375
53	<i>A Dialogue between Fancy and Desire.</i>	P. 379
79	<i>A Farewel to Love.</i>	P. 380







F  
M  
T  
V  
C





A  
LETTER from ITALY,

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord HALLIFAX.

In the Year MDCCI.

*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,  
Magna Virum! tibi res Antiqua laudis & Artis  
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

Virg. Geo. 2.

By Mr. JOSEPH ADDISON.



WHILE you, my Lord, the rural Shades  
admire,  
And from Britannia's publick Posts re-  
tire;  
Nor longer, her ungrateful Sons to  
please,

For their Advantage sacrifice your Ease;  
Me into Foreign Realms my Fate conveys,  
Through Nations fruitful of Immortal Lays,  
Where the soft Season and inviting Clime  
Conspire to trouble your Repose with Rhime.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd Eyes,  
Gay gilded Scenes and shining Prospects rise,

VOL. V.

B

Poetick

Poetick Fields encompass me around,  
 And still I seem to tread on Classic Ground;  
 For here the Muse so oft her Harp has strung,  
 That not a Mountain rears its Head unsung,  
 Renown'd in Verse each shady Thicket grows,  
 And ev'ry Stream in Heav'nly Numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the Hills and Woods  
 For rising Springs and celebrated Floods!

To view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his Course,  
 And trace the smooth *Clitumnus* to his Source,  
 To see the *Mincio* draw his watry Store  
 Through the long windings of a fruitful Shore,  
 And hoary *Albula's* infected Tide  
 O'er the warm Bed of smocking Sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand Raptures I survey  
*Eridanus* through flow'ry Meadows stray,  
 The King of Floods! that rolling o'er the Plains  
 The Tow'ring *Alps* of half their moisture drains,  
 And proudly swoln with a whole Winter's Snows,  
 Distributes Wealth and Plenty where he flows.

Sometimes misguided by the tuneful Throng,  
 I look for Streams immortaliz'd in Song,  
 That lost in Silence and Oblivion lye,  
 (Dumb are their Fountains and their Channels dry)  
 Yet run for ever by the Muses skill,  
 And in the smooth Description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,  
 And the fam'd River's empty Shores admire,  
 That destitute of strength derives its Course  
 From thrifty Urns and an unfruitful Source;  
 Yet sung so often in Poetick Lays,  
 With scorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* surveys.  
 So high the deathless Muse exalts her Theme!  
 Such was the *Bois*, a poor inglorious Stream,  
 That in *Hibernian* Vales obscurely stray'd,  
 And unobserv'd in wild *Meanders* play'd;  
 'Till by *Your* Lines and *Nassau's* Sword renown'd,  
 Its rising Billows through the World resound,  
 Where-e'er the Heroe's Godlike Acts can pierce,  
 Or where the Fame of an Immortal Verse.

Oh cou'd the Muse my raviſht Breſt inſpire  
With Warmth like yours, and raiſe an equal Fire,  
Unnumber'd Beauties in my Verſe ſhou'd ſhine,  
And *Virgil's Italy* ſhou'd yield to mine!

See how the Golden Groves around me ſmile,  
That ſhun the Coaſt of *Britain's* ſtormy Iſle;  
Or when tranſplanted and preserv'd with Care,  
Curſe the Cold Clime, and ſtarve in Northern Air.  
Here kindly Warmth their mounting Juice ferments  
To nobler Taſtes, and more exalted Scents.  
Ev'n the rough Rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,  
And trodden Weeds ſend out a rich Perfume.  
Bear me ſome God to *Baja's* gentle Seats,  
Or cover me in *Umbria's* Green Retreats;  
Where Western Gales eternally reſide,  
And all the Seasons laſh all their Pride,  
Blooſſoms, and Fruits, and Flowers together riſe,  
And the whole Year in gay Confuſion lies.

Immortal Glories in my Mind revive,  
And in my Soul a thouſand Paſſions ſtrive,  
When *Rome's* exalted Beauties I deſcry  
Magnificent in Piles of Ruin lye:  
An Amphitheatre's amazing height  
Here fills my Eye with Terror and Delight,  
That on its publick Shows unpeopled *Rome*,  
And held uncrowded Nations in its Womb.  
Here Pillars rough with Sculpture pierce the Skies,  
And here the proud Triumphal Arches riſe,  
Where the old *Romans* deathleſs Acts diſplay'd,  
Their baſe degenerate Progeny upbraid.

Whole Rivers here forſake the Fields below, [flow.  
And wondring at their height through airy Channels

Still to new Scenes my wandring Muſe retires,  
And the dumb ſhow of breathing *Rocks* admires;  
Where the ſmooth *Chiffel* all its Force has ſhown,  
And ſoſten'd into Fleſh the rugged Stone.

In ſolemn Silence, a Majeſtick Band,  
Heroes, and Gods, and *Roman* Conſuls ſtand.  
Stern Tyrants, whom their Cruelties renown,  
And Emperors in *Parian* Marble frown.

While the bright Dames, to whom they humbly su'd,  
Still show the Charms that their proud Hearts subdu'd.

Fain wou'd I *Raphael's* Godlike Art rehearse,  
And show th' Immortal Labours in my Verse.  
Where from the mingled strength of Shade and Light  
A new Creation rises to my Sight.

Such Heav'nly Figures from his Pencil flow,  
So warm with Life his blended Colours glow.  
From Theme to Theme with secret Pleasure tost,  
Amidst the soft Variety I'm lost:

Here pleasing Airs my ravish'd Soul confound  
With circling Notes and Labyrinths of Sound;  
Here Domes and Temples rise in distant Views,  
And opening Palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy Land,  
And scatter'd Blessings with a wasteful Hand!  
But what avail her unexhausted Stores,  
Her blooming Mountains and her sunny Shores,  
With all the Gifts that Heaven and Earth impart,  
The Smiles of Nature, and the Charms of Art,  
While proud Oppression in her Vallies reigns,  
And Tyranny usurps her happy Plains?  
The poor Inhabitant beholds in vain  
The red'ning Orange and the swelling Grain:  
Joyless he sees the growing Oils and Wines,  
And in the Myrtle's fragrant Shade repines:  
Starves in the midst of Nature's Bounty curst,  
And in the loaden Vineyard dies for Thirst.

Oh *Liberty*, thou Goddess Heav'nly bright,  
Profuse of Bliss, and pregnant with Delight,  
Eternal Pleasures in thy Presence reign,  
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train!  
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,  
And Poverty looks chearful in thy sight;  
Thou mak'st the gloomy Face of Nature gay,  
Giv'st Beauty to the Sun, and Pleasure to the Day.

Thee, Goddess, Thee, *Britannia's* Isle adores;  
How has she oft exhausted all her Stores,  
How oft in Fields of Death thy Presence sought?  
Nor thinks the mighty Prize too dearly bought:



# MISCELLANY POEMS.

5

On Foreign Mountains may the Sun refine  
The Grape's soft Juice, and mellow it to Wine,  
With Citron Groves adorn a distant Soil,  
And the fat Olive swell with floods of Oil:  
We envy not the warmer Clime that lies  
In ten Degrees of more indulgent Skies,  
Nor at the Coarseness of our Heav'n repine,  
Tho' o'er our Heads the frozen *Pleiads* shine:  
'Tis Liberty that Crowns *Britannia's* Isle,  
And makes her barren Rocks and her bleak Moun-  
tains smile.

Others with Tow'ring Piles may please the sight,  
And in their proud aspiring Domes delight;  
A nicer Touch to the stretcht Canvas give,  
Or teach their animated *Rocks* to live:  
'Tis *Britain's* Care to watch o'er *Europe's* Fate,  
And hold in Balance each contending State.  
To threaten bold presumptuous Kings with War,  
And answer her afflicted Neighbour's Pray'r.  
The *Dane* and *Swede* rous'd up by fierce Alarms,  
Bless the Wise Conduct of her Pious Arms.  
Soon as her Fleets appear, their Terrors cease,  
And all the Northern World lies hush'd in Peace.

Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds with secret dread  
Her Thunder aim'd at his aspiring Head,  
And fain her Godlike Sons wou'd disunite  
By Foreign Gold, or by Domestick Spite;  
But strives in vain to Conquer or Divide,  
Whom *Nassau's* Arms defend and Counsels guide.

Fir'd with the Name, which I so oft have found  
The distant Climes and different Tongues resound;  
I bridle in my struggling Muse with Pain,  
That longs to launch into a bolder Strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,  
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous Song.  
My humble Verse demands a softer Theme,  
A painted Meadow or a purling Stream,  
Unfit for Heroes; whom Immortal Lays,  
And Lines like *Virgil's*, or like yours, shou'd praise.



## On the Death of AMYNTAS:

## A Pastoral ELEGY.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

'T Was on a Joyless and a Gloomy Morn,  
 Wet was the Grass, and hung with Pearls the  
 When *Damon*, who design'd to pass the Day [Thorn;  
 With Hounds and Horns, and chase the flying Prey,  
 Rose early from his Bed; but soon he found  
 The Welkin pitch'd with sullen Clouds around,  
 An Eastern Wind, and Dew upon the Ground.  
 Thus while he stood, and sighing did survey  
 The Fields, and curs'd th' ill Omens of the Day,  
 He saw *Menalcas* come with heavy pace;  
 Wet were his Eyes, and chearless was his Face:  
 He wrung his Hands, distracted with his Care,  
 And sent his Voice before him from afar.  
 Return, he cry'd, return unhappy Swain,  
 The spongy Clouds are fill'd with gath'ring Rain;  
 The Promise of the Day not only cross'd,  
 But ev'n the Spring, the Spring it self is lost.  
*Amyntas*, — Oh! he cou'd not speak the rest,  
 Nor needed, for presaging *Damon* guess'd.  
 Equal with Heav'n young *Damon* lov'd the Boy;  
 The boast of Nature, both his Parents Joy.  
 His graceful Form revolving in his Mind;  
 So great a Genius, and a Soul so kind,  
 Gave sad assurance that his Fears were true;  
 Too well the Envy of the Gods he knew:  
 For when their Gifts too lavishly are plac'd,  
 Soon they repent, and will not make them last.  
 For, sure, it was too bountiful a Dole,  
 The Mother's Features, and the Father's Soul.  
 Then thus he cry'd, The Morn bespoke the News,  
 The Morning did her chearful Light diffuse;  
 But see how suddenly she chang'd her Face, [grace;  
 And brought on Clouds and Rain, the Day's Dis-  
 Just such, *Amyntas*, was thy promis'd Race!

# MISCELLANY POEMS.

7

What Charms adorn'd thy Youth where Nature smil'd,  
And more than Man was giv'n us in a Child!  
His Infancy was ripe: a Soul sublime  
In Years so tender that prevented time:  
Heav'n gave him all at once; then snatch'd away,  
Ere Mortals all his Beauties cou'd survey:  
Just like the Flow'r that buds and withers in a Day.

## M E N A L C A S.

The Mother Lovely, tho' with Grief oppress'd,  
Reclin'd his dying Head upon her Breast.  
The mournful Family stood all around;  
One Groan was heard, one universal Sound:  
All were in Floods of Tears and endless Sorrow  
So dire a Sadness fate on ev'ry Look, [drown'd.  
Even Death repented he had giv'n the Stroke.  
He griev'd his fatal Work had been ordain'd,  
But promis'd length of Life to those who yet remain'd.  
The Mother's and her Eldest Daughter's Grace,  
It seems had brib'd him to prolong their space:  
The Father bore it with undaunted Soul,  
Like one who durst his Destiny controul:  
Yet with becoming Grief he bore his part,  
Resign'd his Son, but not resign'd his Heart.  
Patient as *Job*; and may he live to see,  
Like him, a new increasing Family;

## D A M O N.

Such is my Wish, and such my Prophecie.  
For yet, my Friend, the Beauteous Mold remains,  
Long may she exercise her fruitful Pains:  
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a Race  
More lasting, and endu'd with equal Grace:  
Equal she may, but farther none can go:  
For he was all that was exact below.

## M E N A L C A S.

*Damon*, behold, yon breaking Purple Cloud;  
Hear'st thou not Hymns and Songs Divinely loud?  
There mounts *Amyntas*; the young Cherubs play  
About their Godlike Mate, and Sing him on his way.  
He cleaves the liquid Air, behold he flies,  
And every Moment gains upon the Skies;

The new come Guest admires th' Ætherial State,  
 The Saphir Portal, and the Golden Gate;  
 And now admitted in the shining Throng,  
 He shows the Passport which he brought along;  
 His Passport is his Innocence and Grace,  
 Well known to all the Natives of the Place.  
 Now Sing ye joyful Angels, and admire  
 Your Brother's Voice that comes to mend your Quire:  
 Sing you, while endless Tears our Eyes bestow;  
 For like *Amyntas* none is left below.

---

On the DEATH of a very young  
 Gentleman.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

HE who cou'd view the Book of Destiny,  
 And read whatever there was writ of thee,  
 O *Charming Youth*, in the first op'ning Page,  
 So many Graces in so green an Age,  
 Such Wit, such Modesty, such Strength of Mind,  
 A Soul at once so manly, and so kind:  
 Wou'd wonder, when he turn'd the Volume o'er,  
 And after some few Leaves shou'd find no more,  
 Nought but a Blank remain, a dead void Space,  
 A step of Life that promis'd such a Race:  
 We must not, dare not think that Heav'n began  
 A Child, and cou'd not finish him a Man:  
 Reflecting what a mighty Store was laid  
 Of rich Materials, and a Model made:  
 The Cost already furnish'd; so bestow'd,  
 As more was never to one Soul allow'd;  
 Yet after this Profusion spent in vain,  
 Nothing but mould'ring Ashes to remain.  
 I guess not, lest I split upon the Shelf,  
 Yet durst I guess Heav'n kept it for himself;

And

# MISCELLANY POEMS.

9

And giving us the Use, did soon recal,  
Ere we cou'd spare, the mighty Principal.

Thus then he disappear'd, was rarify'd,  
For 'tis improper Speech to say he dy'd:  
He was exhal'd: His great Creator drew  
His Spirit, as the Sun the Morning Dew.  
'Tis Sin produces Death; and he had none  
But the Taint *Adam* left on ev'ry Son.  
He added not, he was so pure, so good,  
'Twas but th' Original forfeit of his Blood:  
And that so little, that the River ran  
More clear than the corrupted Fount began.  
Nothing remain'd of the first muddy Clay,  
The length of Course had wash'd it in the way.  
So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold  
The Gravel bottom, and that bottom Gold.

As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,  
Gave all the Tribute Mortals cou'd afford.  
Perhaps we gave so much, the Pow'rs above  
Grew angry at our superstitious Love:  
For when we more than Human Homage pay,  
The charming Cause is justly snatch'd away.

Thus was the Crime not his, but ours alone.  
And yet we murmur that he went so soon;  
Though Miracles are short and rarely shown.

Hear then, ye mournful Parents, and divide  
That Love in many which in one was ty'd.  
That individual Blessing is no more,  
But multiply'd in your remaining Store.  
The Flame's dispers'd, but does not all expire,  
The Sparkles blaze, though not the Globe of Fire,  
Love him by Parts, in all your num'rous Race,  
And from those Parts form one collected Grace;  
Then, when you have refin'd to that Degree,  
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.





To my Honour'd Friend Dr. Charleton, on  
his learned and useful Works; but more  
particularly his *Treatise of Stone-Heng*,  
by him restor'd to the true Founders.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THE longest Tyranny that ever sway'd,  
Was that wherein our Ancestors betray'd  
Their free-born Reason to the *Stagirite*,  
And made his Torch their universal Light.  
So Truth, while only one supply'd the State,  
Grew scarce, and dear, and yet sophisticate.  
'Till it was bought, like Emp'rick Wares, or Charms,  
Hard Words seal'd up with *Aristotle's* Arms.  
*Columbus* was the first that shook his Throne;  
And found a *Temp'rate* in a *Torrid* Zone:  
The feav'rish Air fann'd by a cooling Breeze,  
The fruitful Vales set round with shady Trees;  
And guiltless Men, who danc'd away their time,  
*Fresh* as their Groves, and *Happy* as their Clime.  
Had we still paid that Homage to a Name,  
Which only God and Nature justly claim;  
The *Western* Seas had been our utmost Bound,  
Where Poets still might dream the Sun was drown'd:  
And all the Stars that shine in *Southern* Skies,  
Had been admir'd by none but *Salvage* Eyes.  
Among th' *Asserters* of free Reason's claim,  
Our Nation's not the least in Worth or Fame.  
The World to *Bacon* does not only owe  
Its present Knowledge, but its future too.  
*Gilber* shall live, 'till *Load-stones* cease to draw,  
Or *British* Fleets the boundless Ocean awe.  
And noble *Boyle*, not less in Nature seen,  
Than his great Brother read in States and Men.  
The *Circling* Streams, once thought but Pools, of Blood  
(Whether Life's Fewel, or the Body's Food)

From



From dark Oblivion *Harvey's* Name shall save;  
While *Ent* keeps all the Honour that he gave.  
Nor are *You*, Learned Friend, the least renown'd;  
Whose Fame, not circumscrib'd with *English* Ground,  
Flies like the nimble Journies of the Light;  
And is, like that, unspent too in its Flight.  
Whatever *Truths* have been, by *Art*, or *Chance*,  
Redeem'd from *Error*, or from *Ignorance*,  
Thin in their *Authors*, (like rich *Veins* of *Ore*)  
Your *Works* unite, and still discover more.  
Such is the healing *Virtue* of your *Pen*,  
To perfect *Cures* on *Books*, as well as *Men*.  
Nor is this *Work* the least: *You* well may give  
To *Men* new *Vigour*, who make *Stones* to live.  
Through *You*, the *Danes* (their short *Dominion* lost)  
A longer *Conquest* than the *Saxons* boast.  
*STONE-HENG*, once thought a *Temple*, you have found  
A *Throne*, where *Kings*, our earthly *Gods*, were crown'd,  
Where by their wond'ring *Subjects* they were seen,  
Joy'd with their *Stature*, and their *Princely* Meen.  
Our *Sovereign* here above the rest might stand;  
And here be chose again to rule the *Land*.

These *Ruins* shelter'd once *His* Sacred *Head*,  
When *He* from *Worster's* fatal *Battel* fled;  
Watch'd by the *Genius* of this *Royal* Place,  
And mighty *Visions* of the *Danish* Race.  
*His* *Refuge* then was for a *Temple* shown:  
But, *He* restor'd, 'tis now become a *Throne*.

## The DREAM.

By the Earl of ROSSCOMMON.

TO the pale Tyrant, who to horrid Graves  
Condemns so many thousand helpless Slaves,  
Ungrateful we do gentle Sleep compare;  
Who, tho' his Victories as num'rous are,

Yet

Yet from his Slaves no Tribute does he take,  
 But woful Cares that load them while they wake.  
 When his soft Charms had eas'd my weary Sight  
 Of all the baneful Troubles of the Light;  
*Dorinda* came divested of the Scorn,  
 Which the unequall'd Maid so long had worn;  
 How oft in vain had Love's great God essay'd,  
 To tame the stubborn Heart of that bright Maid?  
 Yet spight of all the Pride that swells her Mind,  
 The humble God of Sleep can make her kind;  
 A rising Blush increas'd the Native Store  
 Of Charms that but too fatal were before.  
 Once more present the Vision to my view,  
 The sweet Illusion, gentle Fate, renew!  
 How kind, how lovely she; how ravisht I!  
 Shew me, blest God of Sleep, and let me die.

*Upon the Death of the Earl of*  
**D U N D E E.**

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

**O**H last and best of *Scots*! who didst maintain  
 Thy Country's Freedom, from a foreign Reign;  
 New People fill the Land now thou art gone,  
 New Gods the Temples, and new Kings the Throne.  
*Scotland* and Thee did each in other live;  
 Nor wou'dst thou her, nor cou'd she thee survive.  
 Farewel, who dying didst support the State,  
 And cou'dst not fall but with thy Country's Fate.



## The RAPTURE.

**I** Yield, I yield, and can no longer stay  
 My eager Thoughts, that force themselves away.  
 Sure, none inspir'd, whose Heat transports 'em still  
 Above their Reason, and beyond their Will,  
 Can firm against the strong Impulse remain:  
 Censure it felt were not so sharp a Pain.  
 Let vulgar Minds submit to vulgar Sway;  
 What Ignorance shall think, or Malice say,  
 To me are Trifles; if the knowing few,  
 Who can see Faults, but can forgive them too,  
 Applaud that Genius which themselves partake,  
 And spare the Poet for the Muse's sake.

The Muse who raises me from humble Ground,  
 To view the vast and various World around:  
 How fast I mount! In what a wond'rous way  
 I grow transported to this large Survey!  
 I value Earth no more, and far below  
 Methinks I see the busie Pigmies go;  
 My Soul entranc'd, is in a Rapture brought  
 Above the common Tracts of vulgar Thought,  
 With Fancy wing'd I feel the purer Air,  
 And with Contempt look down on Human Care.

Airy Ambition, ever soaring high,  
 Stands most expos'd to my censorious Eye:  
 Behold 'em toiling up a slippery Hill,  
 Where, tho' arriv'd, they must be toiling still.  
 Some, with unsteady Feet, just fall'n to Ground;  
 Others at top, whose Heads are turning round,  
 To this high Sphere it happens still that some,  
 The most unfit, are forwardest to come;  
 Yet among these are Princes forc'd to chuse,  
 Or seek out such as would perhaps refuse.  
 Pow'r, if too great, is safely plac'd in none,  
 And soon becomes a Dragon, or a Drone.  
 Either remiss and negligent of all,  
 Or else Imperious and Tyrannical.

The

The Muse inspires me now to look agen,  
 And see a meaner sort of sordid Men,  
 Doating on little Heaps of yellow Dust;  
 For that, despising Honour, Ease, and Lust.  
 Let other Bards, expressing how it shines,  
 Describe with Envy, what the Miser finds;  
 But like some Heap of Dirt it seems to me,  
 Where we may just such crawling Vermin see.  
 Through Filth they creep a thousand crooked ways,  
 Insensible of Infamy or Praise.  
 Loaded with Guilt, they still pursue their Course;  
 Nor are to be restrain'd by Friendship's sacred Force.

Not to enlarge on such an obvious Thought;  
 Behold their Folly, which transcends their Fault!  
 Alas, their Cares and Caution only tend  
 To gain the Means, and then to lose the End.  
 Like Heroes in Romances, still in Fight  
 For Mistresses that yield them no Delight.  
 This, of all Vice, does most debase the Mind,  
 And Gold is an Alloy to Human-kind.

Oh, happy Times, when no such thing as Coin  
 E'er temped Friends to part, or Foes to join!  
 Cattle, or Corn, among those harmless Men,  
 Was all their Wealth; the Gold and Silver then:  
 Corn was too bulky to corrupt a Tribe,  
 And bellowing Herds would have betray'd the Bribe.  
 Our Traffick is meer intercourse of Ill;  
 And ev'ry Wind brings a new Mischief still;  
 By Trade we flourish in our Leaves and Fruit,  
 But Av'rice and Excess devour the Root.  
 Thus far the Muse unwillingly has been  
 Fix'd on the dull, less pleasing sorts of Sin;  
 But with Delight she views the diff'rent ways  
 Of Luxury, and all its Charms surveys.  
 Oh Luxury! thou soft, but sure Deceit!  
 Rise of the Mean, and Ruin of the Great!  
 Thou sure Prefage of ill-approaching Fates!  
 The Bane of Empires, and the Change of States!  
 Armies in vain resist thy mighty Pow'r;  
 Not Plagues, or Famine would confound them more.

Thus



Thus *Rome* herself, while o'er the World she flew,  
 And did, by Virtue, all the World subdue,  
 Was by her own Victorious Arms oppress'd,  
 And catch'd Infection from the conquer'd East;  
 Whence all those Vices came, which soon devour  
 The best Foundations of Renown and Pow'r.

But, oh, what need have we abroad to roam,  
 Who feel too much the sad Effects at home  
 Of wild Excess; which we so plainly find  
 Decays the Body, and impairs the Mind,  
 Yet the grave Fops must not presume from hence  
 To slight the sacred Pleasures of the Sense;  
 Our Appetites are Nature's Laws, and giv'n  
 Under the broad authentick Seal of Heav'n.  
 Let Pedants wrangle, and let Bigots fight,  
 To put restraint on innocent Delight,  
 But Heav'n and Nature's always in the right;  
 They wou'd not draw poor wretched Mortals in,  
 Nor give Desires that shall be doom'd for Sin.  
 But that, in height of harmless Joys, we may  
 Last to old Age, and never lose a Day:  
 Amidst our Pleasures we our selves should spare,  
 And manage all with Temperance and Care.  
 Yet Heav'n forbid, but we sometimes may steep  
 Our Joys in Wine, and lull our Cares asleep:  
 It raises Nature, ripens Seeds of Worth;  
 Like Pictures wet, to fetch the Colours forth:  
 But if the Varnish we too oft apply,  
 Like Colours, we, alas! grow faint die.

Hold, hold, impetuous Muse: I wou'd restrain  
 Her over-eager Heat, but all in vain;  
 Abandon'd to Delights, she longs to rove;  
 I check her here, and now she flies to Love;  
 Shews me some rural Nymph by Shepherd chas'd,  
 Soon overtaken, and as soon embrac'd;  
 The Grass by her, as she by him is press'd;  
 For shame, my Muse, let Fancy guess the rest;  
 At such a Point Fancy can never stay,  
 But flies beyond whatever you can say.



Behold the silent Shades, the am'rous Grove,  
 The dear Delights, the very Act of Love.  
 This is his lowest Sphere, his Country Scene,  
 Where Love is humble, and his Fare but mean.  
 Yet springing up, without the Help of Art,  
 Leaves a sincerer Relish of the Heart;  
 More healthfully, tho' not so finely fed,  
 And better thrives than where more nicely bred:  
 But 'tis in Courts where most he makes a Show,  
 And high enthron'd, governs the World below;  
 For, though in Histories learn'd Ignorance  
 Attributes all to Cunning, or to Chance,  
 Love, in that grave Disguise, does often smile,  
 Knowing the Cause was Kindness all the while.  
 What Story, Place, or Person does not prove  
 The boundless Influence of mighty Love?  
 Where-e'er the Sun does vig'rous Heats inspire,  
 Both Sexes love and languish in Desire.  
 The weary'd Swain, fast in the Arms of Sleep,  
 Love can awake, and often sighing keep;  
 And busie Gown-men, by fond Love disguis'd,  
 Will leisure find to make themselves despis'd.  
 Imperious Kings submit to Beauty's sway;  
 Beauty itself, a greater Prince than they,  
 With all its Vanity, and all its Pride,  
 Lies often languishing by some bless'd Shepherd's side.  
 I meant to slight the soft bewitching Charm,  
 But yet my Head and Heart are both too warm:  
 I doat on Womankind with all its Faults,  
 Love turns my Satyr into softest Thoughts;  
 Of all that Passion which our Peace destroys,  
 Instead of Mischiefs I describe the Joys.  
 But short will be its Reign (I fear too short)  
 And present Cares shall be my future Sport.  
 Then, Love's bright Torch put out, his Arrows broke,  
 Loose from kind Chains, and from obliging Yoke,  
 To all fond Thoughts I'll sing such counter Charms,  
 The Fair shall listen in their Lovers Arms.  
 Now the Enthusiastick Fit is spent,  
 I feel my Weakness, and too late repent.

As

As they, who walk in Dreams oft climb too high  
For Sense to follow with a waking Eye;  
And, in such dang'rous Paths, are blindly bold,  
Which afterward they tremble to behold;  
So I review the Sallies of my Pen,  
And modest Judgment is return'd agen;  
My Confidence I curse, my Fate accuse,  
Scarce hold from censuring the sacred Muse.

No wretched Poet of the railing Pir,  
No Critick curs'd with the wrong-side of Wit,  
Is more severe from Ignorance and Spite,  
Than I with Reason against all I write.

*The Speeches of BRUTUS and CATO. Trans-*  
*lated from Lucan, Lib. 2. Lin. 234.*

By Mr. R O W E.

*In the latter Part of the First Book, and the beginning of the Second, the Poet, after having describ'd the Prodigies that fore-ran the Civil Wars, gives an Account of the general Consternation every Body was under at Rome, from an Apprehension of the Calamities they were to suffer between the two Factions. From thence he takes an occasion to introduce the Famous M. Brutus consulting Cato concerning the War that was likely to ensue, which is the Subject of the two following Speeches.*

**D**istracted thus with Fears, presaging Rome  
Labour'd with Evils that were yet to come.  
But Brutus' Temper fail'd not with the rest,  
Nor with the common Weakness was oppress;  
But kept the Native Peace within his manly Breast.  
'Twas when the solemn dead of Night came on,  
When bright Calisto, with her shining Son,  
Now halt their Circle round the Pole had run;  
When

When *Brutus*, on the busie Times intent,  
 To virtuous *Cato's* humble Dwelling went.  
 Waking he found him, careful for the State,  
 Grieving and fearing for his Country's Fate.  
 For *Rome*, and wretched *Rome* alone he fear'd;  
 Secure within himself, and for the worst prepar'd.  
 To him thus *Brutus* spoke, O thou, to whom  
 Forsaken Virtue flies, as to her Home:  
 Driv'n out, and by an impious Age oppress'd,  
 She finds no room on Earth but *Cato's* Breast;  
 There, in her one good Man, she reigns secure,  
 Fearless of Vice, or Fortune's Hostile Pow'r.  
 Then teach my Soul, to Doubt and Error prone,  
 Teach me a Resolution like thy own.

Let partial Favour, Hopes, or Int'rest guide,  
 By various Motives, all the World beside,  
 To *Pompey's*, or ambitious *Cesar's* Side;  
 Thou, *Cato*, art my Leader. Whether Peace  
 And calm Repose, amidst these Storms shall please;  
 Or whether War thy Ardour shall engage,  
 To gratifie the Madness of this Age, [Rage :  
 Herd with the factious Chiefs, and urge the People's  
 The Russian, Bankrupt, loose Adulterer,  
 All who the Pow'r of Laws and Justice fear,  
 From Guilt learn specious Reasons for the War.  
 By Starving, Want and Wickedness prepar'd,  
 Wisely they arm for Safety and Reward;  
 But oh! what Cause, what Reason canst thou find?  
 Art thou to Arms, for Love of Arms, inclin'd?  
 Hast thou the Manners of this Age withstood,  
 And for so many Years been singly good,  
 To be repaid with Civil Wars and Blood?  
 Let those to Vice enur'd for Arms prepare,  
 In thee 'twill be Impiety to dare;  
 Preserve at least, ye Gods, these Hands from War.  
 Nor do you meanly with the Rabble join,  
 Nor grace their Cause with such an Arm as thine.  
 To thee the Fortune of the fatal Field  
 Inclining, unauspicious Fame shall yield;

Each

Each to thy Sword shall press, and wish to be  
Imputed as thy Crime, and charg'd on thee.  
Happier thou wert, if with Retirement blest,  
Which Noise and Faction never should molest,  
Nor break the sacred Quiet of thy Breast;  
Where Harmony and Order ne'er should cease,  
But ev'ry Day should take its Turn in Peace;  
So in Eternal steady Motion roll  
The radiant Spheres around the starry Pole.  
Fierce Lightnings, Meteors, and the Winter's Storm,  
Earth, and the Face of lower Heav'n deform;  
Whilst all by Nature's Laws is calm above,  
No Tempest rages in the Court of Jove.  
Light Particles and idle Atoms fly,  
Toft by the Winds, and scatter'd round the Sky,  
While the more solid Parts the Force resist,  
And fix'd and stable on their Centre rest.  
*Cesar* shall hear with Joy, that thou art join'd  
With fighting Factions, to disturb Mankind;  
Tho' sworn his Foe, he shall applaud thy Choice,  
And think his wicked War approv'd by *Cato's* Voice;  
See, how to swell their mighty Leader's State,  
The Consuls and the servile Senate wait;  
Er'n *Cato's* self to *Pompey's* Yoke must bow,  
And all Mankind are Slaves, but *Cesar*, now.  
If War, however, be at last our Doom,  
If we must arm for Liberty and *Rome*,  
While undecided yet their Fate depends,  
*Cesar* and *Pompey* are alike my Friends;  
Which Party I shall chuse is yet to know,  
That let the War decide; who Conquers is my Foe.  
Thus spoke the Youth: When *Cato* thus exprest  
The sacred Counsels of his inmost Breast.  
*Brutus*, with thee, I own the Crime is great,  
With thee, this impious Civil War I hate;  
But Virtue blindly follows, led by Fate.  
Answer your selves, ye Gods, and set me free,  
If I am guilty, 'tis by your Decree.  
If yon fair Lamps above should lose their Light,  
And leave the wretched World in endless Night,

If



If *Chaos* should in Heaven and Earth prevail,  
 And universal Nature's Frame should fail,  
 What Stoick would not the Misfortune share,  
 Nor think that Desolation worth his Care?  
 Princes and Nations, whom wide Seas divide,  
 Where other Stars far distant Heav'ns do guide,  
 Have brought their Ensigns to the *Roman* Side;  
 Avert it, Gods! When barb'rous *Scythians* come  
 From their cold North, to prop declining *Rome*,  
 That I should see her fall, and sit secure at home.  
 As an unhappy Sirè, by Death undone,  
 Robb'd of his Age's Joy, his only Son,  
 Attends him to the Tomb with pious Care,  
 To pay his last paternal Office there;  
 Takes a sad Pleasure in the Crowd to go,  
 And be himself part of the pompous Woe;  
 Then waits 'till, ev'ry Ceremony past,  
 His own sad Hand may light the Pile at last.  
 So fix'd, so faithful, to thy Cause, O *Rome*,  
 With such a Constancy and Love I come;  
 Resolv'd for thee and Liberty to mourn,  
 And never! never! from your Sides be torn;  
 Resolv'd to follow still your common Fate,  
 And on your very Names, and last Remains to wait.  
 Thus let it be, since thus the Gods ordain;  
 Since Hecatombs of *Romans* must be slain,  
 Assist the Sacrifice with ev'ry Hand,  
 And give 'em all the Slaughter they demand.  
 O! were the Gods contented with my Fall,  
 If *Cato's* Life cou'd answer for you all,  
 Like the devoted *Decius* would I go,  
 To force from either Side some Mortal Blow: [Foe.  
 And, for my Country's sake, wish to be thought her  
 To me, ye *Romans*, all your Rage confine;  
 To me, ye Nations from the barb'rous *Rhine*;  
 Let all the Wounds this War shall make, be mine.  
 Open my Vital Streams, and let 'em run,  
 And let the purple Sacrifice atone all  
 For all the Ills offending *Rome* has done.



If Slavery be all the Factions End,  
 If Chains the Prize for which the Fools contend,  
 To me convert the War, let me be slain;  
 Me, only me, who fondly strive in vain,  
 Their useless Laws and Freedom to maintain. }  
 So may the Tyrant safely mount his Throne,  
 And rule his Slaves in Peace, when I am gone.  
 Howe'er since free as yet from his Command,  
 For Pompey and the Common-wealth we stand.  
 Nor he, if Fortune should attend his Arms,  
 Is proof against Ambition's fatal Charms;  
 But, urg'd with Greatness and Desire of Sway,  
 May dare to make the vanquish'd World his Prey.  
 Then, lest the Hopes of Empire swell his Pride,  
 Let him remember I was on his Side;  
 Nor think he conquer'd for himself alone,  
 To make the Harvest of the War his own,  
 Where half the Toil was ours. So spoke the Sage; }  
 His Words the list'ning, eager Youth engage  
 Too much to love of Arms, and heat of Civil Rage. }

---

*Verses sent to Dr. GARTH in his Illness.*

By Mr. GRANVILL.

**M**achaon Sick! in every Face we find  
 His Danger is the Danger of Mankind,  
 Whose Art protecting, Nature could expire,  
 But by a Deluge, or the general Fire.  
 More Lives he saves, than perish in our Wars;  
 And, faster than a Plague destroys, repairs.  
 The bold Carowser, and the advent'rous Dame,  
 Nor fear the Feaver, nor refuse the Flame;  
 Safe in his Skill, from all Restraint set free,  
 But conscious Shame, Remorse, or Piety.

Sire

Sire of all Arts, defend thy darling Son,  
 Restore the Man, whose Life's so much our own;  
 On whom, like *Atlas*, the whole World's reclin'd:  
 And, by preserving *Garth*, preserve Mankind.

---

## S T A N Z A ' S.

**T** His is the Place, where oft my longing Eyes  
 Have charming *Sylvia* seen!  
 How in that Instant would my Passion rise?  
 And with what Transports did I meet her then?  
*What means my Heart, at that false Name to move?*  
*Have you forgot that you no longer love?*

Here, Chaplets of the choicest Flow'rs to make,  
 The Meads I wander'd o'er:  
 Which she with tender Looks would blushing take;  
 Or with feign'd Coyness make her Kindness more.  
*What means my Heart, at that false Name to move?*  
*Have you forgot that you no longer love?*

If tender Jealousies disturb'd my Rest,  
 Whene'er my Doubts appear'd;  
 How unconcern'dly would she calm my Breast?  
 With what Contempt describe the Swains I fear'd?  
*What means my Heart, at that false Name to move?*  
*Have you forgot that you no longer love?*

Now, conscious of her Guilt, she thuns my Sight;  
 To me she shuts her Door;  
 While worthless Hirelings grossly taste Delight,  
 And riot in the Charms that I adore.  
*What means my Heart, at that false Name to move?*  
*Have you forgot that you no longer love?*

Upon

*Upon an Accidental Meeting.*

WHAT Sight is that does ev'ry Sense control?  
 What stops my Tongue? what is it strikes my Soul,  
 And in my Breast revives extinguish'd Fires?

Oh, *Sylvia*! durst thou enter in Dispute?  
 Could thy Guilt stand but for one Moment mute!  
 And let us calmly talk of past Desires!

Fear not that I should furiously contend  
 My Wrongs to plead, my Actions to defend;  
 Or with false Colours the Dispute prolong;  
 Rather may'st thou, Fair Nymph, thy Conduct clear,  
 Make, with full Proofs, thy Innocence appear,  
 And clearly shew that I have done thee Wrong.

Love, all the Treasure of my Soul contain'd;  
 That Treasure I confided in thy Hand,  
 Which thou hast squander'd lavishly away:  
 This is the Point on which the Cause we'll try;  
 Speak boldly then, which part can'st thou deny?  
 Did not I trust? or didst not thou betray?

Had'st thou lost all that Avarice desires,  
 Or all that Beauty which the World admires,  
 Not both those Losses could have chang'd my Mind:  
 I could have lov'd thee Indigent and Poor;  
 I could have lov'd, tho' Beauty were no more;  
 But I must hate thee, Faithless and Unkind.

Yet, oh ye Pow'rs! what Torture 'tis to part  
 From one so deeply routed in my Heart!  
 And with what wretched Prospect must I live?  
 Take Courage, Heart! for cou'dst thou yet return,  
 And in ignoble Passions meanly burn,  
 Yet she has injur'd, and can ne'er forgive.



Milton's

Milton's Style imitated, in a Translation of  
a Story out of the Third Æneid.

By Mr. JOSEPH ADDISON.

**L**OST in the gloomy Horror of the Night  
We struck upon the Coast where *Ætna* lyes,  
Horrid and waste; its Entrails fraught with Fire:  
That now casts out dark Fumes and pitchy Clouds,  
Vast Show'rs of Ashes hov'ring in the smoak;  
Now belches molten Stones and ruddy Flame  
Incens'd, or tears up Mountains by the Roots,  
Or slings a broken Rock aloft in Air.

The bottom works with smother'd Fire, involv'd  
In pestilential Vapours, Stench and Smoak.

'Tis said that Thunder-struck *Enceladus*,  
Gro'ling beneath th' incumbent Mountain's Weight  
Lyes stretch'd supine, Eternal Prey of Flames;  
And when he heaves against the burning Load,  
Reluctant to invert his broiling Limbs,  
A sudden Earthquake shoots through all the Isle,  
And *Ætna* thunders dreadful under Ground,

Then pours out Smoak in wreathing Curls convolv'd,  
And shades the Sun's bright Orb, and blots out Day.

Here in the shelter of the Woods we lodg'd,  
And frighted heard strange Sounds and dismal Yells,  
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the Night  
A Murky Storm deep low'ring o'er our Heads  
Hung imminent, that with impervious Gloom  
Oppos'd it self to *Cynthia's* Silver Ray,

And shaded all beneath: but now the Sun  
With Orient Beams had chas'd the dewy Night  
From Earth and Heav'n; all Nature stood disclos'd.  
When looking on the Neighb'ring Woods we saw  
The ghastly Visage of a Man unknown,  
An uncouth Feature, Meager, Pale, and Wild,  
Affliction's foul and terrible Dismay.

Sate in his Looks, his Face impair'd and worn

With



With Marks of Famine, speaking sore Distress.  
His Locks were tangled, and his shaggy Beard  
Matted with Filth, in all things else a *Greek*.

He first advanc'd in haste, but when he saw  
*Trojans* and *Trojan Arms*, in mid Career  
Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpriz'd:  
But soon recov'ring speed, he ran, he flew  
Precipitant, and thus with piteous Cries  
Our Ears assail'd: " By Heav'n's Eternal Fires,  
" By ev'ry God that sits Enthron'd on high,  
" By this good Light, relieve a Wretch forlorn,  
" And bear me hence to any distant Shore,  
" So I may shun this Savage Race accurst,  
" 'Tis true I fought among the *Greeks* that late  
" With Sword and Fire o'er-turn'd *Neptunian Troy*,  
" And laid the Labour of the Gods in Dust;  
" For which, if so the sad Offence deserves,  
" Plung'd in the Deep for ever let me lye  
" Whelm'd under Seas; if Death must be my doom,  
" Let Man inflict it, and I die well-pleas'd.

He ended here, and now profuse of Tears  
In suppliant Mood fell prostrate at our Feet;  
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,  
And how by stress of Fortune sunk thus low;  
*Anchises* too with friendly Aspect mild  
Gave him his Hand, sure Pledge of Amity;  
When, thus encourag'd, he began his Tale.

I'm one, says he, of poor Descent, my Name  
is *Achamenides*, my Country *Greece*,  
*Ulysses'* sad Compeer, who whilst he fled  
The raging *Cyclops*, left me here behind  
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the Cave  
He left me, Giant *Polypheme's* dark Cave;  
A Dungeon wide and horrible, the Walls  
On all sides furr'd with mouldy Damps, and hung  
With Clots of ropy Gore, and human Limbs,  
His dire Repast: Himself's of mighty size,  
Hoarse in his Voice, and in his Visage grim,  
Intractable, that riots on the Flesh  
Of Mortal Men, and swills the vital Blood.



Him did I see snatch up with horrid Grasp  
 Two sprawling *Greeks*, in either Hand a Man;  
 I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway  
 He dash'd and broke 'em on the Grondsil Edge;  
 The Pavement swam in Blood, the Walls around  
 Were spatter'd o'er with Brains. He lapt the Blood,  
 And chew'd the tender Flesh still warm with Life,  
 That swell'd and heav'd it self amidst his Teeth  
 As sensible of Pain. Not less mean-while  
 Our Chief incens'd, and studious of Revenge,  
 Plots his Destruction, which he thus effects.  
 The Giant, gorg'd with Flesh, and Wine, and Blood,  
 Lay stretcht at length, and snoring in his Den;  
 Belching raw Gobbets from his Maw, o'er-charg'd  
 With purple Wine and cruddl'd Gore confus'd.  
 We gather'd round, and to his single Eye,  
 The single Eye that in his Forehead glar'd  
 Like a full Moon, or a broad burnish'd Shield,  
 A forky Staff we dext'rously apply'd,  
 Which in the spacious Socket turning round,  
 Scoopt out the big round Gelly from its Orb.  
 But let me not thus interpose Delays;  
 Fly, Mortals, fly this curst detested Race:  
 A hundred of the same stupendous size,  
 A hundred *Cyclops* live among the Hills,  
 Gigantick Brotherhood, that stalk along  
 With horrid Strides o'er the high Mountains tops,  
 Enormous in their Gait; I oft have heard  
 Their Voice and Tread, oft seen 'em as they pass,  
 Sculking and scowring down, half dead with fear.  
 Thrice has the Moon wash'd all her Orb in Light,  
 Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obscure sojourn  
 The realms of Night inglorious, since I've liv'd  
 Amidst these Woods, gleaning from Thorns and Shrubs  
 A wretched Sustenance. As thus he spoke,  
 We saw descending from a Neighb'ring Hill  
 Blind *Polypheme*; by weary Steps and slow  
 The groping Giant with a Trunk of Pine  
 Explor'd his way; around, his woolly Flocks  
 Attended grazing; to the well-known Shore

He

He bent his Course, and on the Margin stood,  
 A hideous Monster, terrible, deform'd;  
 Full in the midst of his high Front there gap'd  
 The spacious hollow where his Eye-ball roll'd,  
 A ghastly Orifice: He rins'd the Wound,  
 And wash'd away the Strings and clotted Blood  
 That cak'd within; then stalking through the deep  
 He Fords the Ocean, while the Topmost Wave  
 Scarce reaches up his middle side; we stood  
 Amaz'd be sure, a sudden Horror chill  
 Ran through each Nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry Vein,  
 'Till using all the Force of Winds and Oars  
 We sped away; he heard us in our Course,  
 And with his out-stretch'd Arms around him grop'd,  
 But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd  
 Such hideous Shouts that all the Ocean shook,  
 Ev'n *Italy*, tho' many a League remote,  
 In distant *Eccho's* answer'd; *Aetna* roar'd,  
 Through all its inmost winding Caverns roar'd.

Rous'd with the Sound, the mighty Family  
 Of One-ey'd Brothers hasten to the Shore,  
 And gather round the bellowing *Polypheme*,  
 A dire Assembly: we with eager haste  
 Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold  
 A Host of Giants cov'ring all the Shore,

So stands a Forest tall of Mountain Oaks  
 Advanc'd to mighty growth: the Traveller  
 Hears from the humble Valley where he rides  
 The hollow Murmurs of the Winds that blow  
 Amidst the Boughs, and at the distance sees  
 The shady tops of Trees unnumber'd rise,  
 A stately Prospect, waving in the Clouds.



On the Death of the late Earl of  
ROCHESTER.

By Mrs. A. BEHN.

Mourn, mourn, ye Muses, all your Loss deplore,  
The Young, the Noble *Strephon* is no more.  
Yes, yes, he fled quick as departing Light,  
And ne'er shall rise from Death's eternal Night.  
So rich a Prize the *Stygian* Gods ne'er bore,  
Such Wit, such Beauty, never grac'd their Shore.  
He was but lent this duller World t'improve  
In all the Charms of Poetry, and Love;  
Both were his Gift, which freely he bestow'd,  
And like a God, dealt to the wond'ring Crowd.  
Scorning the little Vanity of Fame,  
Spight of himself attain'd a Glorious name.  
But oh! in vain was all his peevish Pride,  
The Sun as soon might his vast Lustre hide,  
As piercing, pointed, and more lasting bright,  
As suffering no vicissitudes of Night.

Mourn, Mourn, ye Muses, all your loss deplore,  
The Young, the Noble *Strephon* is no more.  
Now uninspir'd upon your Banks we lye,  
Unless when we wou'd mourn his Elegy;  
His Name's a Genius that wou'd Wit dispense,  
And giveth the Theme a Soul, the Words a Sense.  
But all fine Thought that ravish'd when it spoke,  
With the soft Youth eternal leave has took;  
Uncommon Wit that did the Soul o'ercome,  
Is buried all in *Strephon's* Worship'd Tomb;  
Satyr has lost its Art, its Sting is gone,  
The Fop and Cully now may be undone;  
That dear-instructing Rage is now allay'd,  
And no sharp Pen dares tell 'em how they've stray'd;  
Bold as a God was every lash he took,  
But kind and gentle the chastizing stroke.

Mourn, mourn, ye Youths, whom Fortune has betray'd,  
The last Reproacher of your Vice is dead.

Mourn,

Mourn, all ye Beauties, put your *Cypress* on,  
 The truest Swain that e'er Ador'd you's gone;  
 Think how he lov'd, and writ, and sigh'd, and spoke,  
 Recall his Mein, his Fashion, and his Look.  
 By what dear Arts the Soul he did surprize,  
 Soft as his Voice, and charming as his Eyes.  
 Bring Garlands all of never-dying Flow'rs,  
 Bedew'd with everlasting falling Show'rs;  
 Fix your fair Eyes upon your victim'd Slave,  
 Sent Gay and Young to his untimely Grave.  
 See where the noble Swain extended lies,  
 Too sad a Triumph of your Victories;  
 Adorn'd with all the Graces Heav'n e'er lent,  
 All that was Great, Soft, Lovely, Excellent,  
 You've laid into his Early Monument.

Mourn, mourn, ye Beauties, your sad loss deplore,  
 The young, the charming *Strephon* is no more.  
 Mourn, all ye little Gods of Love, whose Darts  
 Have lost their wonted Power of piercing Hearts;  
 Lay by the gilded Quiver and the Bow,  
 The useless Toys can do no Mischief now;  
 Those Eyes that all your Arrows Points inspir'd,  
 Those Lights that gave ye fire, are now retir'd,  
 Cold as his Tomb, pale as your Mother's Doves;  
 Bewail him then oh all ye little Loves,  
 For you the humblest Votary have lost  
 That ever your Divinities could boast;  
 Upon your Hands your weeping Heads decline,  
 And let your Wings encompass round his Shrine;  
 Instead of Flow'rs your broken Arrows strow,  
 And at his Feet lay the neglected Bow.

Mourn, all ye little Gods, your loss deplore,  
 The soft, the charming *Strephon* is no more.  
 Large was his Fame, but short his glorious Race,  
 Like young *Lucretius* liv'd and dy'd apace.  
 So early Roses fade, so over all  
 They cast their fragrant Scents, then softly fall,  
 While all the scatter'd perfum'd Leaves declare,  
 How lovely 'twas when whole, how sweet, how fair.



Had he been to the *Roman* Empire known,  
 When great *Augustus* fill'd the peaceful Throne;  
 Had he the noble wond'rous Poet seen,  
 And known his Genius, and survey'd his Mein,  
 (When Wits and Heroes grac'd Divine Abodes)  
 He had encreas'd the number of their Gods;  
 The Rôyal Judge had Temples rear'd to's Name,  
 And made him as Immortal as his Fame;  
 In Love and Verse his *Ovid* he'ad out-done,  
 And all his Laurels, and his *Julia* won.  
 Mourn, mourn, unhappy World, his Loss deplore,  
 The great, the charming *Strephon* is no more.

---

To a L A D Y.

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

**M**UST all my Life in fruitless Love be spent?  
 And never, never will your Heart relent?  
 Too well, my charming Dear, your Pow'r you know,  
 And that which makes you play the Tyrant so.  
 For ever be the fatal Moment curst,  
 When fondly I confess'd my Passion first.  
 Oh! that my Flames had never been reveal'd,  
 Oh! that I now could keep the Fire conceal'd.  
 Resistless Love your Victory secures,  
 And you already know my Soul is yours.  
 It shows it self thro' all the forc'd disguise,  
 Breaks thro' my Lips, and trembles at my Eyes.  
 My Blood boils high, and rages to be blest,  
 My fluctuating Thoughts will never rest,  
 And know no calm, 'till harbour'd in your Breast.  
 Relent, at last, my cruel Fair relent,  
 And listen kindly to my just Complaint.  
 Think on the Passion that's already past,  
 Think that the Passion will for ever last.

O see with what impatient Fires I burn,  
And let your pitying Heart make some Return.  
My Flames are so sincere, my Love is such,  
Some you should show, — you cannot show too much.  
How blest should I in your Possession be?  
How happy might you make your self in me?  
No Mistress ever led so sweet a Life,  
As you should in th' exploded thing, a Wife;  
Years should roll round on Years, and Ages move  
In Circles, crown'd in everlasting Love.  
Our mutual Joys should like your Charms be new,  
And all my business be to merit you.  
What shall I say? Lines after Lines rehearse  
Nought but the fondness in the former Verse.  
On the dear Theme I could for ever dwell;  
For while I speak to you, —  
My fault'ring Tongue can never speak Farewel.  
In your cold Breast let Love an Entrance find,  
And think, Oh! quickly think, of growing kind.  
My Flames no more with dull Indiff'rence treat,  
Indiff'rence is the Lover's hardest Fate;  
But if my Ruin is your fix'd Intent,  
Urge it, I beg you, with a closer bent.  
All glimm'rings of the faintest Hope remove,  
Say, that you do not, will not, cannot love.  
Extreamly kind, or in Extreams severe,  
Make sure my Bliss, or mad me with Despair.  
Forbid me, banish me your charming Sight,  
Shut from my view those Eyes that shine so bright,  
Shut your dear Image from my Dreams by Night.  
Drive 'em somewhere, as far as Pole from Pole,  
Let Winds between us rage, and Waters roll;  
In distant Climes let me my Fate deplore,  
In some lone Island, on a desert Shore,  
Where I may see your fatal Charms no more.

*To the same.*

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

**I** Thought in Silence to suppress my Pain,  
 And never shew my fond Concern again,  
 Whate'er you shew'd; Indifference, or Disdain.  
 But Love's great God the vain resolve withstands,  
 At once inspires my Breast, and guides my Hands.  
 My Soul flows out in ev'ry Line I write,  
 And rolls in Numbers in my own despight.  
 Then let me in Poetick Fury break,  
 For I can write the things I dare not speak.  
 My Tongue still falters as I move my Suit,  
 And awful Love confounds and keeps me mute.  
 Out of your Sight I can my Wrongs proclaim,  
 And with unfetter'd Words confess my Flame.  
 Why do you use me thus, ingrateful Fair?  
 Oppress'd with Doubts, yet bury'd 'bove Despair.  
 Like wounded Fowl upon the Flood I lye,  
 Floating on Wings, with which they us'd to fly,  
 Who would find Ease, could they but drown and die.  
 Such still has been your conqu'ring Beauty's spight,  
 Cruel to wound, not kind to kill outright,  
 Be merciful and save, or sink me quite.  
 Toss not 'twixt hope and fear my lab'ring Heart,  
 Let us for ever join, or ever part.  
 You know I love you, and you love me too,  
 Which you have kindly let me know you do;  
 All this I know; oh! there will be the fall  
 From Heaven to Hell; —  
 Should I be doom'd to lose you after all.  
 But be not by mistaken Notions led,  
 Nor think that Riches bless the Nuptial Bed.  
 This shall my only Consolation be,  
 No Fool of Fortune can your Merit see,  
 Nor have the Wit and Sense to love like me.

Oh!

Oh! would that you had been but meanly Born,  
Naked of Friends, abandon'd and forlorn;  
Left to the World; — then should this Wish ensue,  
Oh! would I had a World to offer you.  
You know this is no false Poetick flight,  
You know I feel more than the Muse can write.

Too well, my cruel Dear, you keep the Field,  
Too long hold out; 'tis now high time to yield.  
Consent at last, to mutual Joys resign,  
And let the smallest Share of Bliss be mine;  
Unalterable Love your part secures,  
My Int'rest, Humour, all my Soul is yours.

I beg you, let me know my Doom at last,  
Nought worse than Death can come, then all is past.  
But think, and do not make a rash Decree;  
O! think, you never were, nor e'er can be,  
So truly lov'd, as you have been by me.

}

*W O M A N All in All.*

**W**Hen God from Heav'n, for Disobedience, threw  
The tow'ring Satan; he resolv'd to shew  
(By forming Thousands happy in his Place)  
How much the Wretch deserv'd his Lord's Disgrace;  
For none, who saw his Bounty so excel,  
Cou'd doubt his Justice, when his Angel fell.

The happy Creature, for this Bliss design'd,  
Was Man; ungrateful to a God so kind.  
A mighty Chaos, which had long time lain  
In Heaps and Darknes, useless and in vain,  
(Perhaps, the dread Remains of some old World,  
For Crimes like ours, in just Confusion hurl'd:)  
For his Reception was prepar'd with speed:  
The Work as soon was finish'd as decreed.  
All things with wond'rous Haste to Order move;  
God long'd to see what he design'd to love.  
Yet ere he wou'd admit this welcome Guest,  
His Care (no less than Haste) his Love exprest.



He kindly view'd the Work his Word had done ;  
 A Work for Man t' admire, and God to own :  
 His Footstool spoke the Grandeur of his Throne.  
 What late he bad, himself wou'd see fulfill'd,  
 And found a fond Obedience to his Will.  
 The Sun was lavish of its glorious Light,  
 The Moon paid cheerful Tribute to the Night ;  
 The glitt'ring Stars with Plenty crowd the Sky  
 In useful Order, to the careful Eye.  
 Large Troops of Guardian Angels throng the Air,  
 Waiting th' Approach of Man, their valu'd Care :  
 The Earth seems willing to prevent Desire ;  
 All things to please th' expected Lord aspire.  
 The Wood contends for Beauty with the Plain,  
 Yet both so fair, that both contend in vain.  
 The lofty Mountains boast their Grandeur, while  
 The humble Vallies plead their fruitful Soil.  
 The haughty boist'rous Sea is proud to name  
 The constant Service Man from thence will claim ;  
 While smother gliding Streams are pleas'd to tell  
 What soft Delights in their Retirement dwell.  
 Ten thousand pleasant Flow'rs and Plants attend ;  
 Each aims a Blessing, each attains its End.  
 A num'rous Train of Beasts and Birds appear'd  
 In various Kinds, for various Ends prepar'd :  
 Some form'd for Use, and some for Man's Delight ;  
 Fond of Employment, jealous of their Right.  
 The Fish contending, hasten to the Shoar,  
 A willing Sacrifice to Human Pow'r.  
 The whole Creation, plentifully stor'd  
 With various Pleasures, joins with one Accord,  
 To pay a grateful Homage to th' approaching Lord.  
 When God had thus perform'd this mighty Task,  
 And done for Man much more than Man cou'd ask,  
 With sacred Hands he form'd his noble Frame ;  
 He form'd it worthy of the Maker's Name :  
 And, that he might his lively Image bear,  
 He gave a Soul Immortal to his Care ;  
 With Reason for his Choice of Good and Ill :  
 His Bliss was seated wholly in his Will,

And,

And, thus accomplish'd, does Possession take  
Of what his God provided for his sake:  
O'er all the Globe he cast a pleasing Eye,  
To find his Wishes cou'd not soar too high:  
He thought, (such Blessings dwelt within his Pow'r)  
Since Man cou'd ask, that Heav'n cou'd grant no more.  
Thus ravish'd with the Pleasures of his State,  
He bow'd, and bless'd the Author of his Fate.

The kind, indulgent Parent, pleas'd to see  
Man's apt Acknowledgment, in Infancy,  
Into his Nature strictly does enquire,  
To find some yet unsatisfy'd Desire:  
He wish'd a fresh Occasion, to express  
A Father's Welcome to a Son's Address.  
Nor did his Wish in fruitless Thought expire;  
He found, at last, a secret struggling Fire.  
For Man observing, from an early Date,  
The Fondness ev'ry Creature bore its Mate;  
What pleasing Transports waited on their Love,  
When o'er the fruitful Plains they us'd to rove:  
When he observ'd with what Humility  
The pow'rful Male wou'd court the weaker She;  
What chearful Proofs, from time to time, he gave,  
How fond to serve, how proud to be her Slave;  
He soon concludes, such Bondage largely stor'd  
With Charms, beyond what Freedom cou'd afford:  
Repines, to find so partial a Decree,  
And sighs and mourns his hated Liberty.

But all his pensive Thoughts retir'd with speed,  
For Heav'n was ready at his time of need;  
With Blessings form'd to all he cou'd require;  
They differ only that th' exceed Desire.

While on a shady River's Bank he lies,  
Oppress'd with careful Thoughts, and weary'd Eyes,  
A gentle Slumber yields a kind Relief,  
And brings a charming Period to his Grief.  
Woman, the choice Reserve of God above,  
The largest Instance of his Pow'r and Love,  
Woman, that ev'ry Soul with Love inspires,  
The welcome Mover of that pleasing Fire,  
Woman, the happy Centre of Desire,

Was form'd that Moment; and was kindly sent  
 To yield his waking Hour his Soul's Content.  
 Inspir'd with Love, she hasten'd where he lay,  
 To bring the chearful Tidings of the Day;  
 With youthful Modesty approach'd his Side,  
 She blush'd, to find the Longings of a Bride;  
 Still when he mov'd, her trembling Hopes prevail'd,  
 Her Love increas'd, but Resolution fail'd:  
 Such various Passions of her Mind partake,  
 She still wou'd have him sleep, yet longs that he  
 shou'd wake.

While Hope and Fear are struggling in her Breast,  
 He, cloy'd with his Repose, and tir'd with Rest,  
 From Nature's earthy Pillow rais'd his Head,  
 Indulging various Thoughts his Dreams had bred,  
 Of kind Decrees, that late in Heav'n were sign'd,  
 To blast his Troubles, and content his Mind.  
 Ideas infinite his Soul inflam'd,  
 Yet none so fair as her whom God had fram'd.

The blooming Virgin, still attending by,  
 With all her Charms display'd, at length drew nigh,  
 While he surpriz'd, at what he thinks Divine,  
 Starts from his Place, and modestly declines.  
 Yet ere he could retire, she fix'd her Dart;  
 Not all his awful Thoughts could guard his Heart:  
 Such Charms he saw, that whatsoe'er she prov'd,  
 He had been more than Man, had he not lov'd.  
 Pleas'd with his Stay, yet lik'd to see him fly,  
 Since it declar'd such Pow'r was in her Eye.  
 But Love, Almighty Love, prevail'd at length,  
 Upon a poor defenceless Virgin's Strength;  
 Her willing Feet her longing Arms obey'd,  
 Her fond Pursuit her yielding Heart betray'd:  
 Swift as her Wishes to his Arms she flies;  
 Where late she vanquish'd, she becomes the Prize,  
 And he repays the Conquest of her Eyes. }

Now all's on Fire, no Bounds our Lovers know,  
 The pleasing Tide of Love begins to flow;  
 Clasp'd in each other's Arms they press, they kiss,  
 Consume in Pleasure, and dissolve in Bliss.

Their

Their Souls, transported with their pleasing Strife,  
Are lost, and wander to the Verge of Life;  
Each Part partakes of Nature's kind Decree,  
All's cloath'd in Joy, and rapt in Ecstasie.

Here rest, my Muse, here leave the happy Pair,  
Decline the mournful Tale of their Despair;  
Leave their Misfortunes to another's Care.  
Let thy perpetual Entertainments be,  
Of Lovers happy to Eternity:  
Of Love, that no ambitious Force can shake;  
Of Love, triumphant, tho' the World's at stake;  
Let ev'ry thing thou say'st, contribute still  
T'increase the Ardour of that Flame I feel.  
For Happiness is weigh'd by Love alone,  
By too much Liberty we are undone,  
None's truly wretched, but whose Heart's his own.

---

*To LOVE after a long INDIFFERENCE.*

**W**elcome, thrice welcome to my frozen Heart,  
Thou long-departed Fire;  
How cou'dst thou so regardless be,  
Of one so true, so fond as me,  
Whose early Thought, whose first Desires  
Were pointed all to thee?  
When in the Morning of my Day,  
Thy Empire first began,  
Pleas'd with the Prospect of thy Sway,  
Into thy Arms I ran;  
Without reserve my willing Heart I gave,  
Proud that I had my Freedom lost,  
Contending which I ought to boast,  
The making thee a Sov'raign, or my self a Slave.

Still I am form'd to Execute thy Will,  
By me declare thy Pow'r and Skill;

My



My Heart already by thy Fire  
 Is so prepar'd, is so refin'd,  
 There's nothing left behind  
 But infinite Desire.  
 O! wou'dst thou touch that lovely Maid,  
 (Whose Charms and thine I have obey'd)  
 With such another Flame,  
 The Heav'n that would appear in me,  
 Would speak such Goodness dwelt in Thee,  
 Thy Bow, thy Art  
 No more need guide thy Dart;  
 No Heart so stubborn, but at that would aim.

---

*On the DEATH of the Marquis of*  
 B L A N D F O R D.

SO early bloom'd, and so untimely dy'd  
 The Darling of the Court, his Parents' Pride;  
 A lofty Name, a Fortune unconfin'd,  
 The sweetest Temper, the most hopeful Mind;  
 The Muses with the Graces seem'd to join,  
 And Manly Wit appear'd in Form Divine.  
 As fragrant Flowers that late adorn the Field,  
 By Clowns rude Feet oppress'd, their Glories yield:  
 Such are the Toys to which vain Mortals trust,  
 They fade, they wither, they consume to Dust.  
 Unhappy Parents! now, as Patriots, act;  
 While here they flatter; while they there detract;  
 Convince even those, who seek for Cause to blame;  
 You toil'd with publick, more than private Aim:  
 Since the dear Youth that did your Thoughts enslave,  
 Lies calm and careless in the silent Grave.  
 Vast is the Loss that does your Souls oppress,  
 Yet firm, undaunted Courage makes it less;  
 Here great Examples your Remarks deserve;  
 Nor is there greater than the *Queen* you serve:  
 Reflect, when Death her fondest Hopes beguil'd,  
 An only Son, and that an only Child;

Tho'

Tho' raging Passions tore her tender Mind,  
She griev'd as Woman, but as Saint resign'd.  
While your Misfortunes kindly to repair,  
Heav'n leaves four blooming Nymphs, divinely Fair.

---

*The Enquiry of VENUS after CUPID.*

*From the Greek of Moschus.*

W Ith a loud Voice, thro' ev'ry Field and Wood,  
The Queen of Love her wand'ring Son pursu'd :  
Who-e'er, says she, the wanton Vagrant meets,  
Loyt'ring about, or playing in the Streets,  
Let him to me the joyful News convey,  
And I'll with Kisses all his Care repay.  
But he who shall restore the straggling Boy  
To his glad Mother, shall my self enjoy;  
Not only Kisses to him will I give,  
But he shall those, and something more receive.  
He's easie to be known, him you may tell  
From twenty others, he's remarkable :  
His Body much resembles Fire, not white ;  
His Eyes are Flames, and piercing as the Light,  
Words drop like Hony from his Lips, his Mind  
Is waving and unconstant, as the Wind.  
A double-dealing Knave, he's full of Tricks,  
And never thinks one word of what he speaks.  
When vext, revengeful, and at Mischief glad,  
Exasp'rating with Jeers the Wounds he made,  
His Golden Hair in neatest Braids hang down  
His Shoulders, but his Looks do seem to frown.  
His Hands are small, yet pointed Darts they throw  
So far, they wound the dusky King below.  
Slave to no place, from this to that he flies,  
And in all Hearts the lurking Villain lies.  
Nor does his Pow'r on one Man vainly fall,  
He blindly shoots his unseen Shafts at all.

Both

Both Heav'n and Earth his guided Arrows pierce,  
 And wound the Monarch of the Universe.  
 There's none but feel his mighty Pow'r, ev'n I  
 Have no Exemption from his Tyranny.  
*Phæbus* himself, who has such store of Heat,  
 Whose genial Warmth doth living things beget;  
 If once my little Rover stirs Desire,  
 Rages and burns with new-contracted Fire.  
 Therefore, who-e'er thou art that tak'st the Boy,  
 Pray bind him fast, and all thy Skill employ  
 To bring him home; ne'er mind his Childish Tears,  
 (The Rogue is witty far above his Years)  
 But if he seem well pleas'd, and smile, beware;  
 His Smiles are Treason, ev'ry Look's a Snare.  
 All his fair Words (like foul Infection) shun,  
 And from his Gifts as from Destruction run;  
 His burning Arrows, and envenom'd Breath,  
 And ev'ry thing he has, is stamp'd with Death.

ODE in the SPRING, to the  
 Returning SUN.

I.

**W**elcome, thou God of Light and Heat,  
 Where hast thou made thy long Retreat?  
 Thou tak'st Delight in *Indian* Climes to stay,  
 And still the happy East  
 Is with thy longest Presence blest;  
 Or else perhaps in am'rous Play,  
 Beneath th' immortal Greens of *Tempe's* Grove,  
 While feebler Hands thy Chariot drove,  
 Hast loiter'd with some Object of thy Love:  
 Or hast thou been in Mines below,  
 Where Pearls and Infant Diamonds grow?  
 (For they their Birth to thy kind influence owe.)

But

But say where-ever thou hast been,  
In all thy Walks thro' Earth or Skies,  
Are any Wonders thou hast seen  
So dazling bright as fair *Francelia's* Eyes?

## II.

Does *Arabia's* Spicy Coast  
Half so rich an Odour boast?  
Or can *Java's* perfum'd Air  
With her fragrant Breath compare?  
But why should I, to speak of her,  
Confine thee to the space of one revolving Year?  
Thou thy glorious Race hast run,  
Ever since the World begun;  
Thou saw'st when *Venus* from the Billows rose,  
'Twas thou first kiss'd her Coral Mouth,  
And bless'd her with Eternal Youth;  
Did the young Goddess then more Charms disclose?  
Had her Mein so good a Grace?  
Was such Sweetness in her Face?  
She must yield her Rival place;  
Her mighty Rival can inspire  
Higher Joys and fiercer Fire.  
*Francelia* can alone dispence  
Every Charm to ev'ry Sense;  
Musick lives upon her Tongue,  
She's to our Ears the *Sirens* Song,  
And when she strikes our ravish'd sight,  
One polish'd Beam of thy own Mid-day Light.

## III.

Let other Nymphs with Art and Pains  
Some poor unwary Heart betray,  
While she, diffus'd like thy own Brightness, reigns,  
And rules Mankind with universal Sway.  
Consenting Nations in her Praise agree,  
I join with them, but want her Mercy more;  
For tho' alike we wonder and adore,  
Yet none can love like me.  
Nature, when first she took me from the Womb,  
Thus smiling destin'd all my Days to come;

Scepters,



Scepters, she said, I give to other Hands,  
 Thy Wreaths of Empire are *Francelia's* Bands;  
 My darling Son, and most distinguish'd Care,  
 For thee this double Portion I prepare,  
 Thou, glorious thou, *Francelia's* Chains shalt wear;  
 And from this early moment to thy Grave  
 Be greater far than Kings, for thou'rt *Francelia's* Slave.

*The Story of the Ants chang'd to Men:*  
*From the Seventh Book of OVID's*  
*Metamorphoses.*

By Mr. STONESTREET.

A Dreadful Plague from angry *Juno* came,  
 To scourge the Land that bore her Rival's Name;  
 Before her fatal Anger was reveal'd,  
 And teeming Malice lay as yet conceal'd,  
 All Remedies we try, all Med'cines use,  
 Which Nature could supply, or Art produce;  
 Th' unconquer'd Foe derides the vain Design,  
 And Art and Nature foil'd declare the Cause Divine.

At first we only felt th' oppressive weight  
 Of gloomy Clouds, then teeming with our Fate,  
 And lab'ring to discharge unactive Heat:  
 But ere four Moons alternate Changes knew,  
 With deadly Blasts the fatal *South-wind* blew,  
 Infected all the Air, and poison'd as it flew.  
 Our Fountains too a dire Infection yield,  
 For Crowds of Vipers creep along the Field,  
 And with polluted Gore, and baneful Steams,  
 Taint all the Lakes, and venom all the Streams.

The young Disease with milder force began,  
 And rag'd on Birds and Beasts, excusing Man.  
 The lab'ring Oxen fall before the Plow,  
 Th' unhappy Plow-men stare, and wonder how:

The tabid Sheep, with sickly Bleatings, pines;  
 Its Wool decreasing, as its Strength declines:  
 The warlike Steed, by inward Foes compell'd,  
 Neglects his Honours, and deserts the Field,  
 Unnerv'd and languid seeks a base Retreat,  
 And at the Manger groans, but wish'd a nobler Fate:  
 The Stags forget their Speed, the Boars their Rage,  
 Nor can the Bears the stronger Herds engage:  
 A gen'ral Faintness does invade 'em all,  
 And in the Woods and Fields promiscuously they fall.  
 The Air receives the Stench, and (strange to say)  
 The rav'nous Birds and Beasts avoid the Prey:  
 Th' offensive Bodies rot upon the Ground,  
 And spread the dire Contagion all around.

But now the Plague, grown to a larger size,  
 Riots on Man, and scorns a meaner Prize.  
 Intestine Heats begin the Civil War,  
 And Flushings first the latent Flame declare,  
 And Breath inspir'd, which seem'd like fiery Air,  
 Their black dry Tongues are swell'd, and scarce can  
 move,

And short thick Sighs from panting Lungs are drove;  
 They gape for Air, with flatt'ring Hopes t'abate  
 Their raging Flames, but that augments their Heat;  
 No Bed, no Cov'ring can the Wretches bear,  
 But on the Ground, expos'd to open Air,  
 They lye, and hope to find a pleasing Coolness there.  
 The suff'ring Earth with that Oppression curst,  
 Returns the Heat which they imparted first.

In vain Physicians would bestow their Aid,  
 Vain all their Art, and useles all their Trade;  
 And they, ev'n they, who fleeting Life recall,  
 Feel the same Pow'rs, and undistinguish'd fall.  
 If any proves so daring to attend  
 His sick Companion, or his darling Friend,  
 Th' officious Wretch sucks in contagious Breath,  
 And with his Friend doth sympathize in Death.

And now the Care and Hopes of Life are past,  
 They please their Fancies, and indulge their Taste;

At Brooks and Streams, regardless of their Shame,  
 Each Sex, promiscuous, strives to quench their Flame;  
 Nor do they strive in vain to quench it there,  
 For Thirst and Life at once extinguish'd are.  
 Thus in the Brooks the dying Bodies sink,  
 But heedless still the rash Survivors drink.

So much uneasie Down the Wretches hate,  
 They fly their Beds to struggle with their Fate;  
 But if decaying Strength forbids to rise,  
 The Victim crawls and rolls, 'till on the Ground he lies,  
 Each shuns his Bed, as each wou'd shun his Tomb;  
 And thinks th' Infection only lodg'd at home.

Here one, with fainting Steps, does slowly creep  
 O'er Heaps of Dead, and strait augments a Heap;  
 Another, while his Strength and Tongue prevail'd,  
 Bewails his Friend, and falls himself bewail'd:  
 This with imploring Looks surveys the Skies,  
 The last dear Office of his closing Eyes,  
 But finds the Heav'ns implacable, and dies.

What now, ah! what employ'd my troubled Mind?  
 But only hopes my Subjects Fate to find.  
 What place soe'er my weeping Eyes survey,  
 There in lamented Heaps the Vulgar lay;  
 As Acorns scatter when the Winds prevail,  
 Or mellow Fruits from shaken Branches fall.

You see that Dome which rears its Front so high  
 'Tis sacred to the Monarch of the Sky;  
 How many there, with unregarded Tears,  
 And fruitless Vows, sent up successless Pray'rs?  
 There Fathers for expiring Sons implor'd,  
 And there the Wife bewail'd her gasping Lord;  
 With Pious Off'rings they'd appease the Skies,  
 But they, ere yet th' attoning Vapours rise,  
 Before the Altars fall, themselves a Sacrifice:  
 They fall, while yet their Hands the Gums contain,  
 The Gums surviving, but their Off'ers slain.

The destin'd Ox, with holy Garlands crown'd,  
 Prevents the Blow, and feels an unexpected Wound;  
 When I my self invok'd the Pow'r Divine,  
 To drive this fatal Pest from Me and Mine;

When

When now the Priest with Hands uplifted stood,  
 Prepar'd to strike, and shed the sacred Blood,  
 The Gods themselves the mortal Stroke bestow,  
 The Victim falls, but *They* impart the Blow:  
 Scarce was the Knife with the pale Purple stain'd,  
 And no Presages cou'd be then obtain'd  
 From putrid Entrails, where th' Infection reign'd.

Death stalk'd around with such resistless sway,  
 The Temples of the Gods his Force obey,  
 And Suppliants feel his Stroke while yet they pray.

*Go now, said he, your Deities implore*

*For fruitless Aid, for I defy their Pow'r.*

Then with a curs'd malicious Joy survey'd  
 The very Altars, stain'd with Trophies of the Dead.

The rest grown mad, and frantick with Despair,  
 Urge their own Fate, and so prevent the Fear.

*Strange Madness that, when Death pursu'd so fast,  
 To anticipate the Blow with impious haste.*

No decent Honours to their Urns are paid,  
 Nor could the Graves receive the num'rous Dead;

Nor or they lay unbury'd on the Ground,

Or unadorn'd a needy Fun'ral found:

All Rev'rence past, the fainting Wretches fight

For Fun'ral Piles which were another's Right.

Unmourn'd they fall; for who surviv'd to mourn?

And Sires and Mothers unlamented burn:

Parents and Sons sustain an equal Fate,

And wandring Ghosts their kindred Shadows meet.

The Dead a larger space of Ground require,

Nor are the Trees sufficient for the Fire.

Despairing under Grief's oppressive weight,

And sunk by these tempestuous Blasts of Fate,

*O Jove, said I, if common Fame says true,*

*If e'er Ægina gave those Joys to you,*

*If e'er you lay enclos'd in her Embrace,*

*Fond of her Charms and eager to possess;*

*O Father, if you do not yet disclaim*

*Paternal Care, nor yet disown the Name;*

*Grant my Petitions, and with Speed restore*

*My Subjects num'rous as they were before,*

*Or make me Part'ner of the Fate they bore.*



I spoke, and glorious Light'ning shone around,  
And ratling Thunder gave a prosp'rous sound;  
So let it be, and may these Omens prove  
A Pledge, said I, of your returning Love.

By chance a rev'rend Oak was near the Place,  
Sacred to *Jove*, and of *Dodona's* Race,  
Where frugal Ants laid up their Winter Meat,  
Whose little Bodies bear a mighty weight:  
We saw them march along, and hide their Store,  
And much admir'd their Number, and their Pow'r;  
Admir'd at first, but after envy'd more.  
Full of Amazement, thus to *Jove* I pray'd,  
O grant, since thus my Subjects are decay'd,  
As many Subjects to supply the Dead.  
I pray'd, and strange Convulsions mov'd the Oak,  
Which murmur'd, tho' by ambient Winds unshook:  
My trembling Hands, and stiff-erected Hair,  
Express'd all Tokens of uncommon Fear;  
Yet both the Earth and sacred Oak I kiss,  
And scarce cou'd hope, yet still I hop'd the best;  
*For Wretches, whatsoe'er the Fates divine,*  
*Expound all Omens to their own Design.*

But now 'twas Night, when ev'n Distraction wears  
A pleasing Look, and Dreams beguile our Cares.  
Lo! the same Oak appears before my Eyes,  
Nor alter'd in its Shape, nor former Size;  
As many Ants the numerous Branches bear,  
The same their Labour, and their frugal Care;  
The Branches too a like Commotion found,  
And shook th'industrious Creatures on the Ground,  
Who, by degrees (what's scarce to be believ'd)  
A nobler Form, and larger Bulk receiv'd,  
And on the Earth walk'd an unusual Pace  
With many Strides, and an erected Face;  
Their num'rous Legs, and former Colour lost,  
The Insects cou'd a human Figure boast.

I wake, and waking find my Cares again,  
And to the unperforming Gods complain,  
And call their Promise and Pretences vain.

Yet in my Court I heard the murm'ring Voice  
 Of Strangers, and a mixt uncommon Noise :  
 But I suspected all was still a Dream,  
 Till *Telamon* to my Apartment came,  
 Op'ning the Door with an impetuous haste,  
 Come, said he, and see your Faith and Hopes surpast :  
 Follow, and, confus'd with Wonder, view  
 Those Shapes which my presaging Slumbers drew :  
 I saw, and own'd, and call'd them Subjects ; they  
 Confest my Pow'r, submissive to my Sway.  
 To *Jove*, Restorer of my Race decay'd,  
 My Vows were first with due Oblations paid.  
 I then divide with an impartial Hand  
 My empty City, and my ruin'd Land,  
 To give the New-born Youth an equal Share,  
 And call them *Myrmidons*, from what they were.  
 You saw their Persons, and they still retain  
 The Thrift of *Ants*, tho' now transform'd to Men.  
 A Frugal People, and inur'd to sweat,  
 Lab'ring to gain, and keeping what they get.  
 These, equal both in Strength and Years, shall join  
 Their willing Aid, and follow your Design,  
 With the first Southern Gale that shall present  
 To fill your Sails, and favour your Intent,

---

## To Doctor GIBBONS.

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

THE Fires that fell in Ages past from Heav'n,  
 Were to the charge of Priests and Augurs giv'n.  
 Life, the most active, most exalted Fire  
 The great creating Godhead could inspire,  
 Breath'd into Man, while yet the World was new,  
 Now committed to the Care of you :  
 Now you discharge your Trust, maintain your Post,  
 Tho' you are silent, I have cause to boast.

Again,

Again, the rising Muse expands her Wings,  
 Again prepares to mount, and mounting sings:  
 Again wou'd celebrate some sacred Name,  
 And chuses you, who rais'd her, for her Theme.  
 Ye conscious Poets, be no longer vain,  
 Confess your Weakness, and your Pride contain;  
 Quit your bold Claim, and end your idle Strife,  
 It is not yours to give Immortal Life.  
 Ev'n you, to him, on all occasions fly,  
 Without whose Aid you and your Muses die.  
 His Succour is implor'd, where Wit declines,  
 Where Lovers languish, and where Beauty pines;  
 Where Monarchs faint beneath the weight of Crowns,  
 And sicken in their Robes on Silver Thrones:  
 His sacred Art their sacred Lives sustains,  
 And strengthens them again to guide the Reins.  
 As *Iris* enter'd with her Golden Beams  
 The Cave of Sleep, and chas'd away the Dreams;  
 Diseases seem to fly at his approach,  
 And circling Blood keeps measure at his touch,  
 So leaps the Lover's Heart, so beats and moves,  
 When he lyes folded in her Arms he loves.  
 So, influenc'd by the Moon, wide Oceans roll:  
 And so the Needle trembles to the Pole.  
 O *Gibbons*! I am rais'd; there's nought I see  
 Above my reach, when thus reviv'd by thee.  
 Now cou'd I paint a well-disputed Field,  
 Or praise proud Beauties, 'till I made them yield.  
 But Gratitude a diff'rent Song requires,  
 My Breast enlarges, and dilates my Fires.  
 Life, the first Blessing Humankind can boast,  
 Life, which can never be restor'd when lost,  
 Endear'd by Health, from Pain and Sickness free,  
 Is the blest Gift bestow'd by Heav'n and thee:  
 How shall I then, or Heav'n, or you regard?  
 The Care of both has been beyond Reward.  
 But grateful Poets, off'ring up their Lays, [Praise.  
 Find you content with Thanks, and Heav'n with  
 O! may your Stream of Life run smooth, but strong;  
 Long may you live,—that others may live long.

Till

Till healing Plants no more on Mountains grow;  
 Till mineral Waters have forgot to flow,  
 And paint the Vallies where they glide below;  
 While Silver *Helicon* delights the Taste,  
 And while the Muses sacred Mount shall last;  
 Their Songs, for thee, the Sisters shall design,  
 The grateful Subject of the tuneful Nine;  
 Oft shalt thou fill their Songs;— and always mine.

## To Mr. CONGREVE.

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

LET other Poets other Patrons chuse,  
 Get their best Price, and prostitute their Muse;  
 With flatt'ring Hopes, and fruitless Labour wait,  
 And court the slipp'ry Friendship of the Great:  
 Some trifling Present by my Lord is made,  
 And then the Patron thinks the Poet paid.  
 On you, my surer, nobler Hopes depend,  
 For you are all I wish; you are a Friend.  
 From you, my Muse her Inspiration drew,  
 All she performs, I Consecrate to you.  
 You taught me first my Genius and my Pow'r,  
 Taught me to know my own, but gave me more:  
 Others may sparingly their Wealth impart,  
 But he gives noblest, who bestows an Art,  
 Nature, and you alone, can that confer,  
 And I owe you, what you your self owe her.  
 O! *Congreve*, cou'd I write in Verse like thine,  
 Then in each Page, in ev'ry charming Line,  
 Should Gratitude, and sacred Friendship shine.  
 Your Lines run all on easie, even Feet;  
 Clear is your Sense, and your Expression sweet:  
 Rich is your Fancy, and your Numbers go  
 Pure and smooth, as Crystal Waters flow.  
 Smooth as a peaceful Sea which never rolls,  
 And soft, as kind consenting Virgins Souls.



50 *The THIRD PART of*

Nor does your Verse alone our Passions move,  
Beyond the Poet, we the Person love.  
In you, and almost only you, we find  
Sublimity of Wit, and Candor of the Mind:  
Both have their Charms, and both give that Delight,  
'Tis pity that you shou'd, or shou'd not Write:  
But your strong Genius Fortune's Pow'r defies,  
And, in despite of Poetry, you rise.  
To you the Favour of the World is shown,  
Enough for any Merit, but your own.  
Your Fortune rises equal with your Fame,  
The best of Poets, but above the Name:  
O! may you never miss deserv'd Success,  
But raise your Fortunes till I wish them less.

Here shou'd I, not to tire your Patience, end;  
But who can part so soon with such a Friend.  
You know my Soul, like yours, without Design,  
You know me yours, and I too know you mine.  
I owe you all I am; and needs must mourn  
My want of Pow'r to make you some return.  
Since you gave all, do not a part refuse,  
But take this slender Off'ring of the Muse.  
Friendship, from servile Interest free, secures  
My Love, sincerely, and entirely yours.

---

*The LADY'S SONG.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

A Quire of bright Beauties in Spring did appear,  
To chuse a *May-Lady* to govern the Year:  
All the Nymphs were in White, and the Shepherds  
in Green,  
The Garland was giv'n, and *Phyllis* was Queen:  
But *Phyllis* refus'd it, and sighing did say,  
I'll not wear a Garland while *Pan* is away.

II.

While *Pan*, and fair *Syrinx*, are fled from our Shore,  
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more:

The

## MISCELLANY POEMS.

The soft God of Pleasure, that warm'd our Desires,  
Has broken his Bow, and extinguisht his Fires:  
And vows that himself, and his Mother, will mourn,  
'Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* in Triumph return.

### III.

Forbear your Addresses, and court us no more,  
For we will perform what the Deity swore:  
But if you dare think of deserving our Charms,  
Away with your Sheephooks, and take to your Arms,  
Then Lawrels and Myrtles your Brows shall adorn,  
When *Pan*, and his Son, and fair *Syrinx*, return.

### *An Epistle from Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS* *to Mr. YALDEN in OXON.*

MY lab'ring Muse, grown tir'd of being hurld  
And tost about, in a tempestuous World,  
Prays for a Calm, implores some quiet Seat,  
And seeks what yours has found, a sweet Retreat.  
Now your blest Fields their Summer Liv'ry wear,  
Their Fruits your loaded Trees in Season bear;  
But Learning flourishes throughout the Year.  
From your full Spring o'er Britain's Isle it streams,  
And spreads like *Isis*, when she meets the *Thames*.  
Near'd on her Banks, the Muses Lawrel grows,  
Adorn'd by yours, adorning others Brows.  
Sweet are her Streams, sweet the surrounding Air,  
But sweeter are the Songs she echoes there.  
There the Great *Ormond*'s daily Praise is sung,  
There *Addison*'s harmonious Harp is strung,  
And there *Lucretius* learnt the English Tongue.  
Well might I here the large Account pursue.  
But you have stopt me— for I write to you.  
Methinks I see the tuneful Sisters ride,  
Mounted like Sea-Nymphs on the swelling Tide,

The Silver Swans are silent while they play,  
*Augusta* hears their Notes, and puts to Sea,  
*Dryden* and *Congreve* meet them half the way :  
 All waisted by their own sweet Voices move,  
 And all is Harmony—

And all that's Harmony, is Joy and Love.  
 All are in all the tuneful Numbers skill'd,  
 And now *Apollo* boasts his Consort fill'd.

Here listen while our *English Maro* sings,  
 Born like the *Mantuan* Swan on equal Wings :  
 Mark the great Numbers, mind the lofty Song,  
 The Sense as clear and just, the Lines as strong.

Hark yonder where the *Mourning Bride* complains,  
 And melt with Pity at the moving Strains :  
 Wait the Conclusion, then allay your Grief,  
 Vice meets with Ruin, Virtue with Relief :  
 Walk thither, and the charming Musick leads,  
 To murm'ring Waters, and enchanting Meads :  
 Mark by the River-side, along the Plain,  
 The dancing Shepherdess, and piping Swain,  
 Then see him take the Kifs that crowns his Pain.

There hearken where the knowing Poet sings  
 Mysterious Nature, and the Seeds of Things ;  
 How in the teeming Earth hard Metals grow,  
 From what far distant Fountains Rivers flow,  
 What moves the Stars above, and Seas below.

Now see the charming Consort sail along,  
 Each tunes his Harp, and each prepares his Song :  
 To the *Musæum* see them all repair,  
 And see them all receive their Laurels there.  
 A learn'd and rev'rend Circle ready stands,  
 To Crown the Candidates with willing Hands.

*Aldrich*, who can the first large Portion boast,  
 Knows, loves and cherishes the Muses most :  
 Who gives ev'n *Christ's-Church* its peculiar Grace,  
 The first in Merit, as the first in Place.

O ! Friend, have I not reason to complain  
 Of Fate, that shut me out from such a Train ?  
 For that, who would not shift the Tragick Scene ?

Tho'

Tho' tir'd of restless rambling up and down,  
 Or a more restless Settlement in Town:  
 Chang'd in the rest, let this my Love commend,  
 Yalden, believe I never chang'd my Friend.

From London-Derry,  
 August 3, 1699.

ODE on the Death of the Marquiss  
 of BLANDFORD.

SUCH is the Doom of unrelenting Fate,  
 That greatest Hopes have shortest Date:  
 Our Pleasures vanish, our Designs are cross'd,  
 And Gifts most justly priz'd are soonest lost:  
 Death has the choice of Things on Earth,  
 And, waiting closely from their Birth,  
 The Pride of Nature still delights to blast,  
 And, uncreated, will the World out-last.

II.

The World, with Blessings ill supply'd before,  
 Is made by one Misfortune poor;  
 The fairest Person, and best temper'd Mind,  
 And sharpest Wit with softest Nature join'd,  
 Engaging Humour, weighty Sense,  
 And Joy, the Gift of Innocence,  
 No more in one unrival'd Youth we find;  
 His Soul is gone in whom those Graces shin'd.

III.

To Heav'n 'tis gone, ordain'd for Bliss above;  
 'Twas here all Harmony and Love:  
 There happy live, and while you rest secure  
 From all the Pangs your weeping Friends endure,  
 Oh pity those that mourn below!  
 And hear those doleful Numbers flow;  
 Too mean a Tribute, and too bold a Flight:  
 What Muse can soar to your Immortal height?



See envious Grief, that scarce your Parents knew,  
 Still banish'd from their sight by you,  
 With dismal Force expels their Native Grace,  
 And takes Revenge on all their Beauteous Race:  
 It brings rude Horror, wild Despair,  
 And strikes their Breasts, and tears their Hair.  
 For you they call, for you fond Wishes send,  
 The best Relation, and the kindest Friend.

## V.

'Tis fruitless all: Let Reason now return;  
 Why shou'd the Wise so vainly Mourn?  
 Why send Complaints where no Redress is found?  
 Our Dooms are next, whose Years roll swiftly round,  
 Thou fly'st, O Time, to stop our Breath,  
 Thou faithful Minister of Death,  
 And we, too blind our Periods to foretel,  
 Should dare thy Malice, but employ thee well.

## A THOUGHT upon Human Life.

*Paraphras'd from SIMONIDES.*

By Mr. T A T E.

**I**N various Ways designing Mortals move;  
 But still th' Event is in the Hands of Jove.  
 Men by the poor Retail of Minutes live,  
 And Fate but lends the Life it seems to give:  
 Tenants at Will we are to Heav'nly Pow'rs,  
 And Debtors for the Breath we think is ours.  
 On Life's wide Ocean diversly launch'd out,  
 Our Minds alike are tost on Waves of Doubt;  
 Holding no steady Course, or constant Sail,  
 But shift and tack with ev'ry Veering Gale.  
 Bewitch'd by Fairy Hopes we tug in vain,  
 Some flying and enchanted life to gain;

# MISCELLANY POEMS.

55

'Till pitying Chance a kind Disaster sends,  
And by a lucky Wreck the fruitless Labour ends.  
Tho' Night by Night we find, to our dear cost,  
Our last-spent Day, like all the former, lost;  
'Tis yet the common Refuge of our Sorrow,  
On the next Day's uncertain Stock to borrow,  
'Till broke with Debts on each *Insolvent* Morrow. }  
Some run o' score for Weeks, or Months; and some  
Anticipate for Bliss next Year to come;  
When, Darling-Fav'rites, they at Ease shall sit  
In Fortune's Lap, and see their Wishes hit,  
Revel in Plenty, Pleasure, Peace, and Mirth —  
When lo! before the promis'd Season's Birth  
The weening Mortal dies — or has his Breath  
Prolong'd by Sickness to a living Death:  
Or (forc'd thro' Camps or distant Seas to roam)  
Seeks Fate abroad, or found by Fate at home;  
For Human Life (by Nature's Law assign'd  
One Entrance) does a thousand Out-lets find:  
But still the Path to each with Care beset,  
Molesting Grievs in ev'ry Passage met;  
Whose straggling Troops since none can always shun, }  
Not to Alarm, or on the Foe to run,  
Is all that by the wisest can be done. }  
And dext'rously our Skill shall be employ'd,  
Adding no Grievs to those we can't avoid.

## The V I S I O N.

By Mrs. SINGER.

'T WAS in the close Recesses of a Shade,  
A Shade for Sacred Contemplation made;  
No beauteous Branch, no Plant, or fragrant Flow'r,  
But flourish'd near the fair delicious Bow'r:  
With charming State its lofty Arches rise  
Adorn'd with Blossoms, as with Stars the Skies:

D 4

All

All pure and fragrant was the Air I drew,  
Which Winds thro' Myrtle Groves and Orange blew;  
Clear Waves along with pleasing Murmur rush,  
And down the artful Falls in noble Cataracts gush.

'Twas here, within this happy Place retir'd,  
Harmonious Pleasures all my Soul inspir'd;  
I take my Lyre, and try each tuneful String,  
Now War, now Love, and Beauty's Force would sing:  
To Heav'nly Subjects now, in serious Lays,  
I strive my faint, unskilful Voice to raise:  
But as I unresolv'd and doubtful lay,  
My Cares in easie Slumbers glide away;  
Nor with such grateful Sleep, such soothing Rest,  
And Dreams like this I e'er before was blest'd;  
No wild uncouth *Chimera's* intervene,  
To break the perfect intellectual Scene.

The Place was all with Heav'nly Light o'er-flown,  
And glorious with Immortal Splendor shone.  
When! lo a bright Ætherial Youth drew near,  
Ineffable his Motions and his Air,  
A soft, beneficent, expresseless Grace,  
With Life's most florid Bloom adorn'd his Face;  
His lovely Brows Immortal Lawrel bind,  
And long his radiant Hair fell down behind,  
His azure Robes hung free, and waving to the  
Wind.

Angelick his Address, his tuneful Voice  
Inspir'd a thousand elevating Joys:  
When thus the wond'rous Youth his Silence broke,  
And with an Accent all Celestial spoke.

To Heav'n, nor longer pause, devote thy Songs,  
To Heav'n the Muse's sacred Art belongs;  
Let his unbounded Glory be thy Theme,  
Who fills th' Eternal Regions with his Fame;  
And when Death's fatal Sleep shall close thine Eyes,  
In Triumph we'll attend thee to the Skies;  
We'll crown thee there with everlasting Bays,  
And teach thee all our celebrated Lays.  
This spoke, the shining Vision upward flies,  
And darts as Lightning thro' the cleaving Skies.

Upon

*Upon Young Mr. ROGERS of  
GLOUCESTERSHIRE.*

*By Mr. DRYDEN.*

OF gentle Blood, his Parents only Treasure,  
Their lasting Sorrow, and their vanish'd Pleasure,  
Adorn'd with Features, Virtues, Wit and Grace,  
A large Provision for so short a Race;  
More mod'rate Gifts might have prolong'd his Date,  
Too early fitted for a better State;  
But, knowing Heav'n his Home, to shun Delay,  
He leap'd o'er Age, and took the shortest way.

*The Third ODE of ANACREON,  
Translated.*

AT dead of Night, when Stars appear,  
And strong Boötes turns the Bear;  
When Mortals sleep their Cares away,  
Fatigu'd with Labours of the Day,  
Cupid was knocking at my Gate;  
Who's there? said I: Who knocks so late,  
Disturbs my Dream, and breaks my Rest?  
O fear not me, a harmless Guest,  
He said; but open, open pray;  
A foolish Child, I lost my way,  
And wander here this Moonless Night,  
All wet and cold, and wanting Light.  
With due Regard his Voice I heard,  
Then rose, a ready Lamp prepar'd,  
And saw a naked Boy below,  
With Wings, a Quiver, and a Bow:  
In haste I ran, unlock'd my Gate,  
Secure, and thoughtless of my Fate;



I gave the Child an easie Chair  
 Against the Fire, and dry'd his Hair;  
 Brought Friendly Cups of chearful Wine,  
 And warm'd his little Hands with mine.  
 All this did I with kind Intent;  
 But he, on wanton Mischief bent,  
 Said, Dearest Friend, this Bow you see;  
 This pretty Bow belongs to me:  
 Observe, I pray, if all be right,  
 I fear the Rain has spoil'd it quite:  
 He drew it then, and straight I found  
 Within my Breast a secret Wound.  
 This done, the Rogue no longer staid,  
 But leap'd away, and laughing said,  
 Kind Host adieu, we now must part,  
 Safe is my Bow, but sick thy Heart.

---

*To a Lady that design'd going to a  
 Fortune-Teller.*

YOU, Madam, may with Safety go,  
 Decrees of Destiny to know;  
 For at your Birth kind Planets reign'd,  
 And certain Happiness ordain'd:  
 Such Charms as yours are only giv'n  
 To chosen Favourites of Heav'n.  
 But such is my uncertain State,  
 'Tis dangerous to try my Fate:  
 For I wou'd only know from Art,  
 The future Motions of your Heart,  
 And what predestinated Doom  
 Attends my Love for Years to come;  
 No Secrets else that Mortals learn  
 My Care deserve, or Life concern;  
 But this will so important be,  
 I dread to search the dark Decree:

## MISCELLANY POEMS.

19

For while the smallest Hope remains,  
Faint Joys are mingled with my Pains;  
Vain distant Views my Fancy please,  
And give some intermitting Ease:  
But shou'd the Stars too plainly show  
That you have doom'd my endless Woe,  
No Human Force, nor Art, cou'd bear  
The Torment of my wild Despair.

This Secret then I dare not know,  
And other Truths are useless now.  
What matter, if unblest'd in Love,  
How long or short my Life will prove?  
To gratify what low Desire,  
Shou'd I with needless Haste enquire,  
How great, how Wealthy I shall be?  
O! what is wealth or Pow'r to me?  
If I am happy, or undone,  
It must proceed from you alone.

### VERSES *Written for the* TOASTING- GLASSES *of the* KIT-KAT CLUB, *in the Year* 1703.

*Dutcheſs of St. ALBANS.*

*By the Lord Hallifax.*

THE Line of *Neere*, so long renown'd in Arms;  
Concludes with Lustre in *St. Alban's* Charms:  
Her conqu'ring Eyes have made their Race compleat;  
They rose in Valour, and in Beauty set.

*Dutcheſs of St. ALBANS.*

*By L. K.*

The Saints above can ask, but not bestow;  
This Saint can give all Happiness below.

*Lady*

# The FIFTH PART of

## Lady BRIDGWATER.

By Mr. Maynwaring.

All Health to her, in whose bright Form we find  
Excess of Charms with native Meekness join'd;  
Whose tender Beauty safe in Virtue's Care,  
Springs from a Race so fruitful of the Fair,  
That all Antiquity can boast no more;  
For *Venus* and the Graces were but Four.

## Dutcheſs of BEAUFORT.

By the Lord Hallifax.

Offspring of a Tuneful Sire,  
Blest with more than mortal Fire;  
Likeneſs of a Mother's Face,  
Blest with more than mortal Grace:  
You with double Charms ſurprize,  
With *His* Wit, and with *Her* Eyes.

## Dutcheſs of BEAUFORT.

Empire the Daughter and the Sire divide,  
She Reigns in Beauty Sovereign, He in Wit;  
Thus as in Blood, they are in Power ally'd,  
To *Him* our Minds, to *Her* our Hearts ſubmit.

## Dutcheſs of BOLTON.

By Mr. Gr——

Love's keenest Darts are charming *Bolton's* Care,  
Which the fair Tyrant poisons with Despair.  
The God of Wine the dire Effect foresees,  
And sends the Juice that gives the Lover Ease.

## Dutcheſs of BOLTON.

By Dr. B——

Flat Contradictions wage in *Bolton* War!  
Yet her the Toasters as a Goddess prize;  
Her Whiggish Tongue does zealously declare  
For Freedom, but for Slavery her Eyes.

Mrs.

Mrs. BARTON.

By L. H.

Stamp't with her reigning Charms, this Standard-Glass  
Shall current through the Realms of *Bacchus* pass;  
Full fraught with Beauty shall new Flames impart,  
And mint her shining Image on the Heart.

Mrs. BARTON.

Beauty and Wit strove each, in vain,  
To vanquish *Bacchus* and his Train;  
But *Barton* with successful Charms  
From both their Quivers drew her Arms;  
The roving God his Sway resigns,  
And awfully submits his Vines.

Mrs. BARTON.

At *Barton's* Feet the God of Love  
His Arrows and his Quiver lays,  
Forgets he has a Throne above,  
And with this lovely Creature stays.

Not *Venus's* Beauties are more bright,  
But each appear so like the other,  
That *Cupid* has mistook the right,  
And takes the Nymph to be his Mother.

Mrs. BRUDENELL:

By Mr. C.

Look on the loveliest Tree that shades the Park,  
And *Brudenell* you will find upon the Bark;  
Look on the fairest Glass that's fill'd the most,  
And *Brudenell* you will find the fairest Toast;  
Look on her Eyes, if you their Light can bear,  
And Love himself you'll find sits toasting there.

Mrs.



*Mrs. BRUDENELL.*

Imperial *Juno* gave her matchless Grace,  
And *Hebe's* youthful Bloom adorns her Face;  
Bright as the Star that leads the Heav'nly Host,  
*Brudenell* precedes the Glory of the Toast.

*Lady MARY CHURCHILL.*

*By the Lord Hallifax.*

Fairest and latest of the beauteous Race,  
Blest with your Parents Wit, and her first blooming Face;  
Born with our Liberties in *William's* Reign,  
Your Eyes alone that Liberry restrain.

*Mrs. CLAYERINE.*

*By Mr. C —*

Such Beauty join'd with such harmonious Skill,  
Must doubly charm, then let us doubly fill.  
If Musick be Love's Food, as Lovers think,  
When *Clayerine's* nam'd, then Toasting is his Drink.

*Lady CARLISLE.*

*By Dr. G —*

*Carlisle's* a Name can ev'ry Muse inspire,  
To *Carlisle* fill the Glass and tune the Lyre.  
With his lov'd Bays the God of Day shall crown  
A Wit and Lustre equal to his own.

*Lady CARLISLE.*

Behold this Northern Star's auspicious Light,  
Our fainter Beauties shine not half so bright.  
Form'd to attract; yet certain to repel,  
Her Charms are blazing, but the guards 'em well.

*Lady CARLISLE.*

She o'er all Hearts and Toasts must reign,  
Whose Eyes out-sparkle bright Champaign;  
Or (when she will vouchsafe to smile)  
The Brilliant that now writes *Carlisle*.

*Lady*

*Lady CARLISLE.*

Great as a Goddess, and of Form Divine,  
Our Heads we bend, and all our Hearts resign:  
Like Heav'n she rules with an Imperial Sway,  
And teaches to adore and to obey.

*Lady CARLISLE.*

By Dr. G —

At once the Sun and *Carlisle* took their way,  
To warm the frozen North, and kindle Day;  
The Flowers to both their glad Creation ow'd,  
Their Virtues *He*, their Beauties *She* bestow'd.

*Lady CARLISLE.*

Approach ye mean Coquets, and view her well,  
Finish'd within, as suits the stately Shell;  
Smile on your Fops, and Slaves of Fools create;  
But if you'll conquer Men, like her be Fair and Great.

*Mrs. COLLIER.*

By Mr. Maynwaring.

No Wonder *Scots* our Kingdom wou'd invade,  
Since we have stol'n from thence this lovely Maid:  
*Troy's* Mystick Tales a Prophecy appear  
Of Wars predestin'd to be fought for Her;  
And all those Charms the *Grecian* Poets give  
Their fancy'd *Helen*, in this Beauty live.

*Mrs. DUNCH.*

By Dr. B —

O *Dunch*! if fewer with thy Charms are fir'd,  
As when by *Godfrey's* Name thou wast admir'd,  
'Tis not that Marriage makes thee seem less fair,  
But then we hop'd, and now we must despair.

*Mrs.*

## The FIFTH PART of

Mrs. DUNCH.

Fair *Dunch's* Eyes such radiant Glances dart,  
 As warm the coldest Bosom with Desire:  
 Those Heav'nly Orbs must needs attract the Heart,  
 Where *Churchill's* Sweetness softens *Godfrey's* Fire.

Mrs. P. DASHWOOD.

Fair as the blushing Grape she stands,  
 Excites our Hopes, and tempts our Hands;  
 Blossoms and Fruit together meet,  
 As Autumn ripe, and April sweet.

Mrs. DIGBY.

By Mr. C—

Why laughs the Wine with which this Glass is crown'd?  
 Why leaps my Heart to hear this Health go round?  
*Digby* warms both with Sympathetick Fires,  
 Her Name the Glass, her Form my Heart inspires.

Mrs. DIGBY.

No wonder Ladies that at Court appear,  
 And in Front-Boxes sparkle all the Year,  
 Are chosen Toasts! 'twas *Digby's* matchless Frame  
 That, *Cesar-like*, but saw and overcame.

Lady ESSEX.

By Dr. G—

The bravest Hero, and the brightest Dame  
 From *Belgia's* happy Clime *Britannia* drew;  
 One pregnant Cloud we find does often frame  
 The awful Thunder and the gentle Dew.

Lady ESSEX.

By Dr. G—

To *Essex* fill the sprightly Wine,  
 The Health's engaging and divine:  
 Let purest Odours scent the Air,  
 And Wreaths of Roses bind our Hair.

# MISCELLANY POEMS.

65

In her chaste Lips these blushing lie,  
And those her gentle Sighs supply.

*Lady H. GODOLPHIN.*

By Mr. Maynwaring.

*Godolphin's* easie and unpractis'd Air  
Gains without Art, and governs without Care.  
Her conqu'ring Race with various Fate surprise;  
Who 'scape their Arms, are Captives to her Eyes.

*Mrs. GUYBONS.*

By Dr. B —

Could *Grecian* Masters from the Shades return,  
To copy *Guybons*, 'twould advance their Art;  
Their's never made but one with Passion burn,  
And this *Belle Venus* conquers ev'ry Heart.

*Lady HYDE.*

By Dr. G —

The God of Wine grows jealous of his Art;  
He only fires the Head, but *Hyde* the Heart.  
The Queen of Love looks on, and smiles to see  
A Nymph more mighty than a Deity.

*On the Lady HYDE in Child-bed.*

By Dr. G —

*Hyde*, tho' in Agonies, her Graces keeps,  
A thousand Charms the Nymph's Complaints adorn;  
In Tears of Dew so mild *Aurora* weeps,  
But her bright Offspring is the chearful Morn.

*Lady HARPER.*

In *Harper* all the Loves and Graces shine,  
Gay as our Mirth, and sparkling as our Wine.  
Here's to the Fair — Were Poison in the Cup,  
Might she be blest'd, thus would I drink it up.

*Mrs. HARE.*

In fair *Hare* there are Charms,  
Which the coldest Swain warms,

And



And the vainest of Nymphs cannot bear :  
Slighted Toasts with her blind,  
Loving Knights with her kind ;  
Then about with the dear Ring of *Hare*.

Mrs. H A R E.

The Gods of Wit, and Wine, and Love, prepare  
With chearful Bowls to celebrate the Fair ;  
Love is enjoyn'd to name his favourite Toast,  
And *Hare*'s the Goddess that delights them most :  
*Phæbus* appoints, and bids the Trumpets sound,  
And *Bacchus* in a Bumper puts it round.

Mrs. D I. K I R K.

By Mr. C—

Fair-written Name, but deeper in my Heart ;  
A Diamond cannot cut like *Cupid*'s Dart.  
Quickly the Cordial of her Health apply ;  
For when I cease to toast bright *Kirk*, I die.

Mrs. D I. K I R K.

So many Charms *Di. Kirk* surround,  
'Tis pity she's unkind ;  
Her conqu'ring Eyes, not seeing, Wound,  
As Love darts home, tho' blind.

Mrs. L O N G E.

By the Lord Wharton.

Fill the Glass ; let Hautboys sound,  
Whilst bright *Long-ies* Health goes round :  
With eternal Beauty blest,  
Ever blooming, still the best ;  
Drink your Glass, and think the rest.

Lady M A N C H E S T E R.

By Mr. Addison.

While haughty *Gallia*'s Dames, that spread  
O'er their pale Cheeks an artful Red,  
Beheld this beauteous Stranger there,  
In native Charms divinely fair ;  
Confusion in their Looks they show'd,  
And with unborrow'd Blushes glow'd.

# MISCELLANY POEMS. 67

Mrs. NICHOLAS.

By Dr. B——

Unrival'd *Nicholas*, whose victorious Eyes,  
Love for a Place of Arms with Darts supply'd,  
Does on the Toasters like fair *Phæbe* rise,  
To rule their Wines, and Passion's mighty Tide.

Lady O R R E R Y.

By Mr. Maynwaring.

*phæbus*, from whom this Fair her Wit derives,  
No Toast beholds, tho' round the World he drives,  
That charms so much, or has such Conquest won,  
As this bright Daughter of his Darling Son.

Lady O R R E R Y.

Here close the List, Here end the Female Strife;  
View here the Dawn of Heav'n, and Joys of Life.  
Nature, to warm the World into Desire,  
Makes *Dorset's* Charms in her soft Sex conspire,  
His youthful Form, and his immortal Fire.

Lady RANNELAGH.

The God of Love, aided by *Cecil's* Charms,  
Upon his Rival *Bacchus* turns his Arms;  
When her Idea govern'd in the Heart,  
Ev'n Wine encreases, which shou'd cure the Smart.

Dutcheß of RICHMOND.

By the Lord Hallifax.

Of Two fair *Richmonds* different Ages boast,  
Theirs was the first, and ours the brighter Toast;  
Th' Adorers Offerings prove who's most Divine,  
They sacrific'd in Water, we in Wine.

Dutcheß of RICHMOND.

By L. Carberry.

*Richmond* has Charms that continue our Claim,  
To lay hold of the Toast that belongs to the Name.

Lady

## The FIFTH PART of

Lady SUNDERLAND.

By the Lord Hallifax.

All Nature's Charms in *Sunderland* appear,  
Bright as her Eyes, and as her Reason clear:  
Yet still their Force, to Men not safely known,  
Seems undiscover'd to herself alone.

*Lady SUNDERLAND's Picture, with the  
Words under,*

— *Ab Una disce Omnes.*

Learn by this Portrait, how the Kit-cats Toaff;  
How charming those can such-like Features boast.  
From Nature's Hand this vast Profusion came,  
And with as bright a Soul inform'd the Frame.  
She with no haughty Airs her Triumphs views,  
So her great Father looks when Countries he subdues.

Mrs. STANHOPE.

Soon as one *Phoenix* sought her kindred Skies,  
A brighter rose, and blest our wond'ring Eyes;  
Then in a chearful Bowl dissolve your Cares,  
Since fast as Heav'n deprives, the Court repairs.

Madamofelle SPANHEIME.

By the Lord Hallifax.

Admir'd in *Germany*, ador'd in *France*,  
Your Charms to brighter Glory here advance;  
The stubborn *Britons* own your Beauty's Claim,  
And with their Native Toasts enroll your Name.

Mrs. TEMPEST.

If perfect Joys from perfect Beauty rise,  
View *Tempest's* Shape, her Motions, and her Eyes:  
Undoubted Queen of Love, but Honour's Slave,  
Whilst Thousands languish, she but One can save.

Mrs. TEMPEST.

*Venus*, contending for the Golden Ball,  
Us'd *Helen's* Charms to bribe her Judge withal:

# MISCELLANY POEMS. 69

Had she been bless'd with *Tempest's* brighter Eyes,  
Unborrow'd Beauty would have gain'd the Prize.

Mrs. VERNON.

London, no more thy Trade or Riches boast,  
Within thy Walls there lives the brightest Toast,  
Who lays no Bait to please, or strives to kill,  
For wanting Nature does supply by Skill.  
Her Air, her Mein, such Darts are in her Eyes,  
Who looks on *Vernon*, Loves, Adores, and Dies.

Lady WHARTON.

By Dr. Garth.

When *Jove* to *Ida* did the Gods invite,  
And in immortal Toasting pass'd the Night,  
With more than *Nectar* he the Banquet bless'd,  
For *Wharton* was the *Venus* of the Feast.

Lady WHARTON.

You Rakes, who Midnight Judges sit  
Of Wine, of Beauty, and of Wit,  
For *Mercury* and *Cupid's* sake  
Two Bumpers to fair *Wharton* take;  
For in that graceful charming Shell  
The Gods of Wit and Pleasure dwell.

---

## NEGATIVE LOVE.

By Mr. J. D O N N E.

Never stoop'd so low, as they  
Which on an Eye, Cheek, Lip, can prey;  
Seldom to them, which soar no higher  
Than Virtue, or the Mind t'admire;  
For Sense, and Understanding may  
Know what gives Fuel to their Fire:  
My Love, though silly, is more brave,  
For may I miss whene'er I crave,  
I know yet what I would have.

If



If that be simply perfectest  
 Which can by no means be exprest  
 But *Negatives*, my Love is so;  
 To all, which all love, I say no.  
 If any who decipher best,  
 What we know not, (our selves) can know,  
 Let him teach me that nothing. This  
 As yet my Ease, and Comfort is,  
 Though I speed not, I cannot mis.

To M. M. H.

*By the same Hand.*

**M**AD Paper stay, and grudge not here to burn  
 With all those Sons whom thy Brain did create,  
 At least lie hid with me, 'till thou return  
 To Rags again, which is thy native State.

What though thou have enough Unworthiness  
 To come unto great Place as others do,  
 That's much emboldness, pulls, thrusts, I confess,  
 But 'tis not all, thou should'st be wicked too.

And, that thou can'st not learn, or not of me,  
 Yet thou wilt go; Go, since thou go'st to her  
 Who lacks but Faults to be a Prince, for she,  
 Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou com'st to that perplexing Eye  
 Which equally claims *Love* and *Reverence*:  
 Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die;  
 And having little now, have then no Sense.

Yet when her warm Redeeming Hand, which is  
 A Miracle, and made such to work more,

Doth

MISCELLANY POEMS. 71

Thou touch thee (sapless Leaf) thou grow'st by this  
Her Creature; Glorify'd more than before.

Then as a Mother which delights to hear  
Her early Child mis-speak half utter'd Words,  
Because Majesty doth never fear  
Ill or bold Speech, the Audience affords.

And then, cold Speechless Wretch thou diest again,  
And wisely; what Discourse is left for thee?  
From Speech of Ill, and her, thou must abstain,  
And is there any good which is not she?

Thou may'st thou praise her Servants, though not her,  
And Wit, and Virtue, and Honour her attend,  
And since they are but her Cloaths, thou shalt not err,  
If thou, her Shape, and Beauty, and Grace commend.

Who knows thy Destiny? when thou hast done,  
Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,  
Where all noble ambitious Wits do run,  
A Nest almost as full of Good as she.

When thou art there, if any whom we know  
Were sav'd before, and did that Heav'n partake,  
When she revolves his Papers, mark what show  
Of Favour, she alone, to them doth make.

Mark, if to get them, she o'er-skip the rest,  
Mark if she read them twice, or kiss the Name;  
Mark if she do the same that they protest;  
Mark if she mark whither her Woman came.

Mark if slight things b' objected, and o'erblown,  
Mark if her Oaths against him be not still  
Sworn'd, and that she grieve she's not her own,  
And chides the Doctrine that denies Free-will.

Will thee not do this to be my Spy,  
Or to make my self her Familiar;

But

Doth

But so much I do love her Choice, that I  
Would fain love him that shall be lov'd of her.

## A S O N G.

By T. CAREW, Esq;

ASK me no more where *Jove* bestows,  
When *June* is past, the fading Rose:  
For in your Beauty's Orient Deep,  
These Flow'rs as in their Causes sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray  
The Golden Atomes of the Day:  
For in pure Love, Heaven did prepare  
Those Powders to enrich your Hair,

Ask me no more whither doth haste  
The Nightingale, when *May* is past:  
For in your sweet dividing Throat  
She winters, and keeps warm her Note.

Ask me no more where those Stars light  
That downwards fall in dead of Night:  
For in your Eyes they sit, and there,  
Fixed become, as in their Sphere.

Ask me no more if *East* or *West*,  
The Phoenix builds her Spicy Nest:  
For unto you at last she flies,  
And in your fragrant Bosome dies.



COOPER'S HILL, a POEM. *As*  
*it was Printed in the Year 1650.*

*Written by* JOHN DENHAM, *Esq;*

SURE we have Poets, that did never dream  
 Upon *Parnassus*, nor did taste the Stream  
 Of *Helicon*, and therefore I suppose,  
 Those made not Poets, but the Poets those;  
 And as Courts make not Kings, but Kings the Court,  
 So where the Muses and their Troops resort,  
*Parnassus* stands; if I can be to thee  
 A Poet, thou *Parnassus* art to me.  
 Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,  
 By taking Wing from thy auspicious height)  
 Through untrac'd Ways and Airy Paths I fly,  
 More boundless in my Fancy than my Eye.  
 Exalted to this height, I first look down  
 On *Pauls*, as Men from thence upon the Town.  
*Pauls* the late Theme of such a \* Muse, whose flight  
 Hath bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height:  
 Now shalt thou stand, though Time, or Sword, or Fire,  
 Or Zeal (more fierce than they) thy fall conspire,  
 Secure, while thee the best of Poets sings,  
 Preserv'd from Ruin by the best of Kings.  
 As those who rais'd in Body, or in Thought  
 Above the Earth, or the Air's middle Vault,  
 Behold how Winds and Storms and Meteors grow,  
 How Clouds condense to Rain, congeal to Snow,  
 And see the Thunder form'd, before it tear  
 The Air, secure from danger and from fear,  
 So rais'd above the Tumult and the Crowd,  
 I see the † City in a thicker Cloud  
 Of Business, than of Smoak, where Men like Ants  
 Toyl to prevent imaginary Wants;  
 Yet all in vain, increasing with their Store  
 Their vast Desires, but make their Wants the more.

Mr. Waller.

† London.

VOL. V.

E

As



As Food to unsound Bodies, though it please  
 The Appetite, feeds only the Disease.  
 Where with like haste, though several ways, they run,  
 Some to undo, and some to be undone;  
 While Luxury and Wealth, like War and Peace,  
 Are each the other's Ruin, and Increase.  
 As Rivers lost in Seas some secret Vein  
 Thence re-conveighs, there to be lost again.  
 Some study Plots, and some those Plots t'undo,  
 Others to make 'em, and undo 'em too;  
 False to their Hopes, afraid to be secure,  
 Those Mischiefs only which they make, endure:  
 Blinded with Light, and sick of being well,  
 In Tumults seek their Peace, their Heav'n in Hell,  
 Oh Happines of sweet retir'd Content,  
 To be at once secure and Innocent.  
*Windfor* the next (where *Mars* with *Venus* dwells,  
 Beauty with Strength) above the Valley swells  
 Into my Eye, as the late married Dame,  
 (Who proud, yet seems to make that Pride her Shame)  
 When Nature quickens in her pregnant Womb,  
 Her Wishes past, and now her Hopes to come:  
 With such an easie, and unforc'd Ascent,  
*Windfor* her gentle Bosome doth present;  
 Where no stupendous Cliff, no threatning heights  
 Access deny, no horrid Steep affrights,  
 But such a Rise, as doth at once invites  
 A Pleasure, and a Reverence from the sight.  
 Thy Master's Emblem, in whose Face I saw  
 A Friend-like Sweetness, and a King-like Awe,  
 Where Majesty and Love so mixt appear,  
 Both gently kind, both Royally severe.  
 So *Windfor*, humble in itself, seems proud  
 To be the Base of that Majestick Load,  
 Than which no Hill a nobler Burthen bears,  
 But *Atlas* only, that supports the Spheres.  
 Nature this Mount so fitly did advance,  
 We might conclude, that nothing is by Chance;  
 So plac'd, as if she did on purpose raise  
 The Hill, to rob the Builder of his Praise,

For none commends his Judgment, that doth chuse  
 That which a blind Man only could refuse;  
 Such are the Towers which th' hoary Temples grace  
 Of \* *Cybele*, when all her Heavenly Race  
 Do Homage to her; yet she cannot boast,  
 Amongst that numerous and Celestial Host,  
 More Heroes than can *Windsor*, nor doth Fame's  
 Immortal Book record more Noble Names.  
 Not to look back so far, to whom this Isle  
 Must owe the Glory of so brave a Pile,  
 Whether to *Cæsar*, *Albanact*, or *Brute*,  
 The British *Arthur* or the Danish *Knute*,  
 (Though this of old no less Contest did move,  
 Than when for *Homer's* Birth seven Cities strove)  
 (Like him in Birth, thou should'st be like in Fame,  
 As thine his Fate, if mine had been his Flame)  
 But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd  
 First a brave Place, and then as brave a Mind,  
 Not to recount those several Kings, to whom  
 It gave a Cradle, or to whom a Tomb,  
 But thee, (Great † *Edward*) and thy Greater Son,  
 He that the Lillies wore, and he that won;  
 And thy ‡ *Belinda*, who deserves her share  
 In all thy Glories, of that § Royal Pair  
 Which waited on thy Triumph, she brought one,  
 Thy Son the other brought, and she that Son,  
 Nor of less Hopes could her great Offspring prove,  
 A Royal Eagle cannot breed a Dove.  
 Then didst thou found that || Order: whether Love  
 Or Victory thy Royal Thoughts did move,  
 Each was a Noble Cause, nor was it less  
 In th' Institution, than the great Success,  
 Whilst every part conspires to give it Grace,  
 The King, the Cause, the Patron, and the Place,

\* The Mother of the Gods. † Edward the Third, and the  
 Black Prince. ‡ Queen Philippa. § The Kings of France  
 and Scotland, || The Garter.

Which foreign Kings, and Emperors esteem  
 The second Honour to their Diadem,  
 Had thy great Destiny but given thee Skill  
 To know, as well as Power to act her Will,  
 That from those Kings, who then thy Captives were,  
 In after-times should spring a Royal Pair,  
 Who should Possess all that thy mighty Power,  
 Or thy Desires more mighty, did devour;  
 To whom their better Fate reserves whate'er  
 The Victor hopes for, or the Vanquish'd fear.  
 That Blood, which thou and thy great Grandfire shed,  
 And all that since these Sister Nations bled,  
 Had been unspilt, had happy *Edward* known  
 That all the Blood he spilt, had been his own.  
 Thou had'st extended through the Conquer'd East  
 Thine, and the Christian Name, and made them blest  
 To serve thee, while that Loss this Gain would bring,  
 Christ for their God, and *Edward* for their King;  
 When thou that \* Saint thy Patron didst design,  
 In whom the Martyr and the Soldier joyn;  
 And when thou didst within the Azure Round,  
 (Who Evil thinks may Evil him confound)  
 The *English* Arms encircle, thou didst seem  
 But to foretel, and prophecy of him,  
 Who has within that Azure Round confin'd  
 These Realms, which Nature for their bound design'd,  
 That bound which to the World's extreamest ends,  
 Endless herself, her liquid Arms extends;  
 In whose Heroick Face, I see the Saint  
 Better express'd than in the liveliest Paint,  
 That Fortitude which made him famous here,  
 That Heavenly Piety, which Saints him there,  
 Who when this Order he forsakes, may he  
 Companion of that sacred Order be.  
 Here could I fix my Wonder, but our Eyes,  
 Nice as our Tastes, affect Varieties;  
 And though one please him most, the hungry Guest  
 Tastes every Dish, and runs through all the Feast;

\* *St. George.*

So having tasted *Windsor*, casting round  
 My wandering Eye, an emulous † Hill doth bound  
 My more contracted sight, whose top of late  
 A Chappel crown'd, 'till in the common Fate  
 The Neighbouring \* Abbey fell, (may no such Storm  
 Fall on our Times, where Ruin must reform.)  
 Tell me (my Muse) what monst'rous dire Offence?  
 What Crime could any Christian King incense  
 To such a Rage? was't Luxury, or Lust?  
 Was he so Temperate, so Chaste, so Just? [more,  
 Were these their Crimes? they were his own much  
 But they (alas) were rich, and he was poor;  
 And having spent the Treasures of his Crown,  
 Condemns their Luxury, to feed his owa;  
 And yet this Act, to varnish o'er the Shame  
 Of Sacrilege, must bear Devotion's Name.  
 And he might think it just, the Cause and Time  
 Consider'd well, for none commits a Crime  
 Appearing such, but as 'tis understood,  
 A real, or at least a seeming good.  
 While for the Church his learned Pen disputes,  
 His much more learned Sword his Pen confutes,  
 Thus to the Ages past he makes amends,  
 Their Charity destroys, their Faith defends.  
 Then did Religion in a lazy Cell,  
 In empty, airy Contemplations dwell;  
 And like the Block unmoved lay, but ours  
 As much too Active like the Stork devours.  
 Is there no temperate Region can be known,  
 Betwixt their Frigid, and our Torrid Zone?  
 Could we not wake from that Lethargick Dream,  
 But to be restless in a worse Extream?  
 And for that Lethargy was there no Cure,  
 But to be cast into a Calenture?  
 Can Knowledge have no bound, but must advance  
 So far, to make us wish for Ignorance?  
 And rather in the dark to grope our Way,  
 Than led by a false Guide to err by Day?

† St. Anns Hill.

\* Chertsey Abbey.



Parting from thence, 'twixt Anger, Shame, and Fear,  
 Those for what's past, and this for what's too near;  
 My Eye descending from the Hill, surveys  
 Where *Thames* amongst the wanton Vallies strays,  
 \**Thames* the most lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons  
 By his old Sire, to his Embraces runs,  
 Hastening to pay his Tribute to the Sea,  
 Like mortal Life to meet Eternity :  
 And though his clearer Sand, no golden Veins,  
 Like *Tagus*, and *Pactolus*' Streams, contains;  
 His genuine, and less guilty Wealth t'explore,  
 Search not his Bottom, but behold his Shore;  
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious Wing,  
 And hatches Plenty for th' ensuing Spring,  
 Nor with a furious and unruly Wave,  
 Like profuse Kings, resumes the Wealth he gave.  
 No unexpected Inundations spoil  
 The Mower's hopes, nor mock the Plowman's Toil;  
 Then like a Lover he forsakes his Shores,  
 Whose stay with jealous Eyes his Spouse implores;  
 'Till with a parting Kiss he saves her Tears,  
 And promising return, secures her fears.  
 As a wise King first settles fruitful Peace  
 In his own Realms, and with their rich increase  
 Seeks War abroad, and then in Triumph brings  
 The Spoils of Kingdoms, and the Crowns of Kings:  
 So *Thames* to *London* doth at first present [sent,  
 Those Tributes, which the Neighbouring Countries  
 But at his second Visit, from the East  
 Spices he brings, and Treasures from the West:  
 Finds Wealth where 'tis, and gives it where it wants,  
 Cities in Desarts, Woods in Cities plants,  
 Rounds the whole Globe, and with his flying Towers  
 Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours;  
 So that to us no Thing, no Place is strange,  
 Whilst thy fair Bosom is the World's Exchange:  
 O could my Verse freely and smoothly flow,  
 As thy pure Flood, Heaven should no longer know  
 Her old *Eridanus*; thy purer Stream  
 Should bathe the Gods, and be the Poets Theam.

\* Here

\* Here Nature, whether more intent to please  
 Us or her self with strange Varieties,  
 (For things of Wonder move no less Delight  
 To the Wise Makers, than Beholders sight.  
 Though these Delights from several Causes move,  
 For so our Children, thus our Friends we love)  
 Wisely she knew the Harmony of Things,  
 As well as that of Sounds, from Discords springs:  
 Such was the Discord, which did first disperse  
 Form, Order, Beauty through the Universe;  
 While driness, moisture; coldness heat resists;  
 All that we have, and that we are subsists:  
 While the steep horrid roughness of the Wood  
 Strives with the gentle calmness of the Flood.  
 Such huge Extrems when Nature doth unite,  
 Wonder from thence results, from thence Delight.  
 The Stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,  
 That had the Self-enamour'd † Youth gaz'd here,  
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,  
 While he the Bottom, not his Face had seen.  
 And such the roughness of the Hill, on which  
*Diana* her Toils, and *Mars* his Tents might pitch.  
 And as our surly supercilious Lords,  
 Big in their Frowns, and haughty in their Words,  
 Look down on those, whose humble fruitful Pain,  
 Their proud and barren Greatness must sustain:  
 So looks the Hill upon the Stream. Between  
 There lies a spacious, and a ‡ Fertile Green,  
 Where from the Woods, the *Dryades* oft meet  
 The *Naiades*, and with their nimble Feet  
 Soft Dances lead, although their Airy Shape  
 All but a quick Poetick sight escape.  
 There *Faunus* and *Sylvanus* keep their Courts,  
 And thither all the horrid Host resorts,  
 (When like the *Elixir*, with his Evening Beams  
 The Sun has turn'd to Gold the Silver Streams)  
 To graze the ranker Mead, that noble Herd,  
 On whose sublime and shady Fronts is rear'd

\* *The Forest.*† *Narcissus.*‡ *Egham Mead.*

Nature's great Master-piece, to shew how soon  
 Great things are made, but sooner much undone.  
 Here I have seen our *Charles*, when great Affairs  
 Give leave to slacken, and unbend his Cares,  
 Chasing the Royal Stag, the gallant Beast,  
 Rowz'd with the Noise, 'twixt Hope and Fear distressed,  
 Resolves 'tis better to avoid, than meet  
 His Danger, trusting to his winged Feet:  
 But when he sees the Dogs, now by the View,  
 Now by the Scent, his speed with speed pursue,  
 He tries his Friends, amongst the lesser Herd,  
 Where he but lately was obey'd and fear'd,  
 Safety he seeks: the Herd unkindly wise,  
 Or chases him from thence, or from him flies,  
 Like a declining States-man, left forlorn  
 To his Friends Pity, and Pursuers Scorn.  
 Wearied, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last  
 All Safety in despair of Safety plac'd,  
 Courage he thence assumes, resolv'd to bear  
 All their Assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.  
 But when he sees the eager Chase renew'd,  
 Himself by Dogs, the Dogs by Men pursu'd,  
 When neither Speed, nor Art, nor Friends, nor Force  
 Could help him, towards the Stream he bends his  
 Hoping those lesser Beasts would not assay [Course,  
 An Element, more merciless than they.  
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the Flood  
 Quench their dire Thirst, (alas) they thirst for Blood.  
 As some brave *Hero*, whom his baser Foes  
 In Troops surround, now these assails, now those,  
 Though prodigal of Life, disdains to Die  
 By vulgar Hands, but if he can descry  
 Some Nobler Foe approach, to him he calls,  
 And begs his Fate, and then contented falls:  
 So the tall Stag, amidst the lesser Hounds  
 Repells their Force, and Wounds returns for Wounds,  
 'Till *Charles* from his unerring Hand lets fly  
 A mortal Shaft, then glad, and proud to Die  
 By such a Wound, he falls; the Crystal Flood  
 Dying he Dies, and Purples with his Blood.

This

This a more innocent, and happy Chace  
Than when of Old, but in \* the self-same Place,  
Fair Liberty pursu'd, and meant a Prey  
To Tyranny, here turn'd, and stood at Bay.  
When in that Remedy all Hope was plac'd,  
Which was, or should have been at least, the last:  
For armed Subjects can have no pretence  
Against their Princes, but their just Defence,  
And whether then, or no, I leave to them  
To Justify, who else themselves Condemn:  
Yet might the Fact be just, if we may guess  
The justness of an Action from Success.  
Here was that † Charter seal'd, wherein the Crown  
All marks of Arbitrary Power lays down:  
Tyrant and Slave, those Names of hate and fear,  
The happier Style of King and Subject bear:  
Happy when both to the same Center move,  
When Kings give Liberty, and Subjects Love.  
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood,  
Wanting that Seal, it must be seal'd in Blood.  
The Subjects arm'd, the more their Princes gave,  
But this Advantage took, the more to crave:  
Till Kings by giving, give themselves away,  
And even that Power, that should deny, betray.  
"Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles;  
"Not thank'd but scorn'd, nor are they Gifts, but Spoils.  
And they, whom no denial can withstand,  
Seem but to ask, while they indeed command.  
Thus all to limit Royalty conspire,  
While each forgets to limit his Desire;  
Till Kings like old *Antaus* by their Fall,  
Being forc'd, their Courage from Despair recall.  
When a calm River rais'd with sudden Rains,  
Or Snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining Plains,  
The Husbandmen with high-rais'd Banks secure  
Their greedy Hopes, and this he can endure.

E 5

But

\* Runny Mead, where the great Charter was first Seal'd.  
† Magna Charta.



But if with Bogs and Damms they strive to force  
 His Channel to a new or narrow Course,  
 No longer then within his Banks he dwells,  
 First to a Torrent, then a Deluge swells:  
 Stronger and fiercer by Restraint he roars,  
 And knows no Bound, but makes his Powers his Shores.  
 Thus Kings by grasping more than they can hold,  
 First made their Subjects by Oppressions bold;  
 And popular Sway, by forcing Kings to give  
 More than was fit for Subjects to receive,  
 Ran to the same Extream, and one Excess  
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less.  
 Nor any way, but seeking to have more,  
 Makes either lose what each possess'd before.  
 Wherefore their boundless Pow'r 'till Princes draw  
 Within the Channel, and the Shores of Law,  
 And may that Law, which teaches Kings to sway  
 Their Scepters, teach their Subjects to obey.

---

## COOPER'S HILL.

*As it was published after the RESTORATION.*

By Sir JOHN DENHAM, Knight of the Bath.

SURE there are Poets which did never dream  
 Upon *Parnassus*, nor did taste the Stream  
 Of *Helicon*; we therefore may suppose  
 Those made not Poets, but the Poets those.  
 And as Courts make not Kings, but Kings the Court,  
 So where the Muses and their Train resort,  
*Parnassus* stands; if I can be to thee  
 A Poet, thou *Parnassus* art to me.  
 Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my Flight,  
 By taking Wing from thy auspicious Height)

Through

Through untrac'd Ways, and airy Paths I fly,  
More boundless in my Fancy than my Eye:  
My Eye, which swift as Thought contracts the Space  
That lyes between, and first salutes the place  
Crown'd with that sacred Pile, so vast, so high,  
That whether 'tis a part of Earth, or Sky,  
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud  
Aspiring Mountain, or descending Cloud:  
*Paul's*, the late Theme of such a \* Muse whose flight  
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height;  
Now shalt thou stand, though Sword, or Time, or Fire,  
Or Zeal, more fierce than they, thy Fall conspire,  
Secure, whilst thee the best of Poets sings,  
Preserv'd from Ruin by the best of Kings.  
Under his proud Survey the City lyes,  
And like a Mist beneath the Hill doth rise;  
Whose State and Wealth, the Business and the Crowd,  
Seems at this Distance but a darker Cloud:  
And is to him who rightly things esteems,  
No other in Effect than what it seems;  
Where, with like haste, though several Ways, they run,  
Some to undo, and some to be undone;  
While Luxury and Wealth, like War and Peace,  
Are each the other's Ruin, and Encrease;  
As Rivers lost in Seas some secret Vein  
Thence re-conveys, there to be lost again.  
O Happiness of sweet retir'd Content!  
To be at once secure, and innocent.  
*Windsor* for the next (where *Mars* with *Venus* dwells,  
Beauty with Strength) above the Valley swells  
Into my Eye, and doth it self present  
With such an easie and unforc'd Ascent,  
That no stupendous Precipice denies  
Access, no Horror turns away our Eyes:  
But such a Rise as doth at once invite  
A Pleasure and a Reverence from the Sight.  
Thy mighty Master's Emblem, in whose Face  
Sate Meekness, heighten'd with Majestick Grace,

\* M. W.

Such seems thy gentle Height, made only proud  
 To be the Basis of that pompous Load,  
 Than which, a nobler Weight no Mountain bears,  
 But *Atlas* only that supports the Spheres.  
 When Nature's Hand this Ground did thus advance,  
 'Twas guided by a wiser Power than Chance;  
 Mark'd out for such a Use, as if 'twere meant  
 T'invite the Builder, and his Choice prevent.  
 Nor can we call it Choice, when what we chuse  
 Folly, or Blindness only could refuse.  
 A Crown of such Majestick Tow'rs doth grace  
 The Gods great Mother, when her heavenly Race  
 Do Homage to her; yet she cannot boast,  
 Amongst that numerous, and Celestial Host,  
 More *Heroes* than can *Windsor*, nor doth Fame's  
 Immortal Book record more noble Names.  
 Not to look back so far, to whom this Isle  
 Owes the first Glory of so brave a Pile,  
 Whether to *Cesar*, *Albanact*, or *Brute*,  
 The British *Arthur*, or the Danish *Knute*,  
 (Though this of old no less Contest did move,  
 Than when for *Homer's* Birth seven Cities strove)  
 (Like him in Birth, thou should'st be like in Fame,  
 As thine his Fate, if mine had been his Flame)  
 But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd  
 First a brave Place, and then as brave a Mind:  
 Not to recount those several Kings to whom  
 It gave a Cradle, or to whom a Tomb;  
 But thee, \* great *Edward*, and thy greater Son,  
 (The Lilies which his Father wore, he won)  
 And thy † *Bellona*, who the Consort came  
 Not only to thy Bed, but to thy Fame,  
 She to thy Triumph led one ‡ Captive King;  
 And brought that Son, which did the second bring:  
 Then didst thou found that Order, (whether Love  
 Or Victory thy Royal Thoughts did move)

\* *Edward the Third, and the Black Prince.*

† *Queen Philippa.* ‡ *The Kings of France and Scotland.*

Each

Each was a Noble Cause, and nothing less  
Than the Design, has been the great Success:  
Which Foreign Kings and Emperors esteem  
The second Honour to their Diadem,  
Had thy great Destiny but giv'n thee Skill  
To know, as well as Power to act her Will,  
That from those Kings, who then thy Captives were,  
In after-times should spring a Royal Pair,  
Who should possess all that thy mighty Power,  
Or thy Desires more mighty, did devour;  
To whom their better Fate reserves whate'er  
The Victor hopes for, or the Vanquish'd fear;  
That Blood, which thou and thy great Grandfire shed,  
And all that since these Sister Nations bled,  
Had been unspilt, had happy *Edward* known.  
That all the Blood he spilt had been his own.  
When he that Patron chose, in whom are joyn'd  
Soldier and Martyr, and his Arms confin'd  
Within the azure Circle, he did seem  
But to foretell, and prophesie of him,  
Who to his Realms that Azure Round hath join'd,  
Which Nature for their Bound at first design'd.  
That Bound; which to the World's extreamest Ends,  
Endless it self, it's liquid Arms extends;  
Nor doth he need those Emblems which we paint,  
But is himself the Soldier and the Saint.  
Here should my Wonder dwell, and here my Praise,  
But my fixt Thoughts my wand'ring Eye betrays,  
Viewing a Neighbouring Hill, whose top of late  
A Chappel crown'd, 'till in the common Fate  
Th' adjoining Abby fell: (may so much Storm  
Fall on our Times, where Ruin must reform.)  
Tell me (my Muse) what monstrous dire Offence,  
What Crime could any Christian King incense  
To such a Rage? Was't Luxury, or Lust?  
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just? [more:  
Were these their Crimes? they were his own much.  
But Wealth is Crime enough to him that's poor,  
Who having spent the Treasures of his Crown,  
Condemns their Luxury to feed his own.

And



And yet this Act, to varnish o'er the Shame  
 Of Sacrilege, must bear Devotion's Name.  
 No Crime so bold, but would be understood  
 A real, or at least a seeming Good.  
 Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the Name,  
 And free from Conscience is a Slave to Fame.  
 Thus he the Church at once protects, and spoils:  
 But Princes Swords are sharper than their Styles.  
 And thus to th' Ages past he makes amends,  
 Their Charity destroys, their Faith defends.  
 Then did Religion in a lazy Cell,  
 In empty, airy Contemplations dwell;  
 And like the Block, unmoved lay: but ours,  
 As much too active, like the Stork devours.  
 Is there no temperate Region can be known,  
 Betwixt their Frigid, and our Torrid Zone?  
 Could we not wake from that Lethargick Dream,  
 But to be restless in a worse Extream?  
 And for that Lethargy was there no Cure,  
 But to be cast into a Calenture?  
 Can Knowledge have no Bound, but must advance  
 So far, to make us wish for Ignorance?  
 And rather in the dark to grope our Way,  
 Than led by a false Guide to err by day?  
 Who sees these dismal Heaps, but would demand  
 What barbarous Invader sack'd the Land?  
 But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring  
 This Desolation, but a Christian King;  
 When nothing, but the Name of Zeal appears,  
 'Twixt our best Actions, and the worst of theirs,  
 What does he think our Sacrilege would spare,  
 When such th' Effects of our Devotions are?  
 Parting from thence, 'twixt Anger, Shame and Fear,  
 Those for what's past, and this for what's too near:  
 My Eye descending from the Hill, surveys  
 Where *Thames* amongst the wanton Vallies strays.  
*Thames*, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons  
 By his old Sire, to his Embraces runs,  
 Hastening to pay his Tribute to the Sea,  
 Like mortal Life to meet Eternity.

Though

Though with those Streams he no resemblance hold,  
 Whole Foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold;  
 His Genuine, and less guilty Wealth t'explore,  
 Search not his Bottom, but survey his Shore;  
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious Wing,  
 And hatches Plenty for th'ensuing Spring:  
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,  
 Like Mothers which their Infants overlay:  
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous Wave,  
 Like profuse Kings, resumes the Wealth he gave:  
 No unexpected Inundations spoil  
 The Mower's hopes, nor mock the Plowman's toil:  
 But God-like his unwearied Bounty flows;  
 First loves to do, then loves the Good he does:  
 Nor are his Blessings to his Banks confin'd,  
 But free, and common, as the Sea or Wind;  
 When he to boast or to disperse his Stores,  
 Full of the Tributes of his grateful Shores,  
 Visits the World, and in his flying Towers  
 Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours;  
 Finds Wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,  
 Cities in Desarts, Woods in Cities plants.  
 So that to us no Thing, no Place is strange,  
 While his fair Bosom is the World's Exchange.  
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream  
 My Great Example, as it is my Theam!  
 Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,  
 Strong without Rage, without o'er-flowing full;  
 Heaven her *Eridanus* no more shall boast,  
 Whose Fame in thine, like lesser Currents lost,  
 By Nobler Streams shall visit *Jove's* abodes,  
 To shine amongst the Stars, and bathe the Gods.  
 \* Here Nature, whether more intent to please  
 Us, or herself, with strange Varieties,  
 (For things of Wonder give no less Delight  
 To the Wise Makers, than Beholders sight,  
 Though these Delights from several Causes move,  
 For so our Children, thus our Friends we love)

\* *The Forest,*

Wisely

Wisely she knew the Harmony of things,  
 As well as that of Sounds, from Discords springs:  
 Such was the Discord, which did first disperse  
 Form, Order, Beauty, through the Universe;  
 While Driness Moisture, Coldness Heat resists,  
 All that we have, and that we are subsists.  
 While the steep horrid roughness of the Wood  
 Strives with the gentle calmness of the Flood.  
 Such huge Extrems when Nature doth Unite,  
 Wonder from thence results, from thence Delight.  
 The Stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,  
 That had the self-enamour'd \* Youth gaz'd here,  
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,  
 While he the Bottom, not his Face, had seen.  
 But his proud Head the Airy Mountain hides  
 Among the Clouds; his Shoulders, and his Sides  
 A shady Mantle cloaths; his curled Brows  
 Frown on the gentle Stream, which calmly flows,  
 While Winds and Storms his lofty Forehead beat:  
 The common Fate of all that's High or Great.  
 Low at his Foot a spacious Plain is plac'd,  
 Between the Mountain and the Stream embrac'd:  
 Which Shade and Shelter from the Hill derives,  
 While the kind River Wealth and Beauty gives;  
 And in the mixture of all these appears  
 Variety, which all the rest endears.  
 This Scene, had some bold Greek, or British Bard  
 Beheld of old, what Stories had we heard,  
 Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their Dames,  
 Their Feasts, their Revels, and their amorous Flames:  
 'Tis still the same, although their Airy Shape  
 All but a quick Poetick sight escape.  
 There *Faunus* and *Sylvanus* keep their Courts,  
 And thither all the horned Host resorts,  
 To graze the ranker Mead, that noble Herd  
 On whose sublime and shady Fronts is rear'd.  
 Nature's great Master-piece; to shew how soon  
 Great things are made, but sooner are undone:

\* *Narcissus*.

Here

Here have I seen the King, when great Affairs  
Gave leave to slacken, and unbend his Cares,  
Attended to the Chase by all the Flower  
Of Youth, whose Hopes a nobler Prey devour:  
Pleasure with Praise, and Danger, they would buy,  
And wish a Foe that would not only flie.  
The Stag now conscious of his fatal Growth,  
At once indulgent to his Fear and Sloth,  
To some dark Covert his Retreat had made,  
Where nor Man's Eye, nor Heaven's should invade  
His soft Repose; when th' unexpected sound  
Of Dogs, and Men, his wakeful Ear doth wound;  
Rouz'd with the Noise, he scarce believes his Ear,  
Willing to think th' Illusions of his fear  
Had given this false Alarm, but straight his View  
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true:  
Betray'd in all his Strengths, the Wood beset,  
All Instruments, all Arts of Ruin met:  
He calls to mind his Strength, and then his Speed,  
His winged Heels, and then his armed Head;  
With these t'avoid, with that his Fate to meet:  
But Fear prevails, and bids him trust his Feet.  
So fast he flies, that his reviewing Eye  
Has lost the Chasers, and his Ear the Cry:  
Exulting, 'till he finds their Nobler Sense  
Their disproportion'd Speed does recompense.  
Then curses his conspiring Feet, whose Scent  
Betrays that safety, which their Swiftneſs lent.  
Then tries his Friends, among the baser Herd,  
Where he so lately was obey'd, and fear'd,  
His safety seeks: the Herd, unkindly wise,  
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies.  
Like a declining States-man, left forlorn  
To his Friends Pity, and Pursuers Scorn;  
With shame remembers, while himself was one  
Of the same Herd, himself the same had done.  
Thence to the Coverts, and the conscious Groves,  
The Scenes of his past Triumphs, and his Loves;  
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone  
Prince of the Soil, and all the Herd his own;

And



And like a bold Knight Errant did proclaim  
 Combat to all, and bore away the Dame;  
 And taught the Woods to Eccho to the Stream  
 His dreadful Challenge, and his clashing Beam:  
 Yet faintly now declines the fatal Strife;  
 So much his Love was dearer than his Life.  
 Now every Leaf, and every moving Breath  
 Presents a Foe, and every Foe a Death.  
 Wearied, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last  
 All Safety in despair of Safety plac'd,  
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear  
 All their Assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.  
 And now too late he wishes, for the Fight,  
 That Strength he wasted in ignoble Flight:  
 But when he sees the eager Chase renew'd,  
 Himself by Dogs, the Dogs by Men pursu'd;  
 He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more  
 Repents his Courage, than his Fear before;  
 Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,  
 And Doubt a greater Mischief than Despair.  
 Then to the Stream, when neither Friends nor Force,  
 Nor Speed, nor Art avail, he shapes his Course;  
 Thinks not their Rage so desperate t'essay  
 An Element more merciless than they.  
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the Flood  
 Quench their dire Thirst; alas, they thirst for Blood!  
 So towards a Ship the oar-fin'd Gallies ply,  
 Which wanting Sea to ride, or Wind to fly,  
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare  
 Tempt the last Fury of extream Despair.  
 So fares the Stag among th' enraged Hounds,  
 Repels their Force, and Wounds returns for Wounds.  
 And as a Hero, whom his baser Foes  
 In Troops surround, now these assails, now those,  
 Though prodigal of Life, disdains to die  
 By common Hands; but if he can descry  
 Some nobler Foe approach, to him he calls,  
 And begs his Fate, and then contented falls.  
 So when the King a Mortal Shaft lets flie  
 From his unerring Hand, then glad to die,

Proud

Proud of the Wound, to it resigns his Blood,  
And stains the Crystal with a Purple Flood.  
This a more innocent and happy Chase,  
Than when of old, but in the self-same Place,  
Fair Liberty pursu'd, and meant a Prey  
To lawless Power, here turn'd, and stood at Bay.  
When in that Remedy all Hope was plac'd,  
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.  
Here was that † Charter seal'd, wherein the Crown  
All Marks of Arbitrary Power lays down:  
Tyrant and Slave, those Names of hate and fear,  
The happier Style of King and Subject bear:  
Happy, when both to the same Center move,  
When Kings give Liberty, and Subjects Love.  
Therefore not long in Force this Charter stood;  
Wanting that Seal, it must be seal'd in Blood.  
The Subjects arm'd, the more their Princes gave,  
Th'advantage only took the more to crave.  
Till Kings by giving, give themselves away,  
And even that Power that should deny, betray.  
Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,  
Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they Gifts but  
Spoils.

Thus Kings, by grasping more than they could hold,  
First made their Subjects by Oppression bold:  
And popular Sway, by forcing Kings to give  
More than was fit for Subjects to receive,  
Ran to the same Extreams; and one Excess  
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.  
When a calm River rais'd with sudden Rains,  
Or Snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoyning Plains,  
The Husbandmen with high-rais'd Banks secure  
Their greedy Hopes, and this he can endure.  
But if with Bays and Damms they strive to force  
His Channel to a new or narrow Course,  
No longer then within his Banks he dwells,  
First to a Torrent, then a Deluge swells;

\* Runny-Mead, where the Great Charter was first sealed.

† Magna Charta.

Stronger and fiercer by Restraint he roars,  
And knows no Bound, but makes his Power his Shores,

CHARITY; a Paraphrase on the Thirteenth  
Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corin-  
thians.

DID sweeter Sounds adorn my flowing Tongue,  
Than ever Men pronounc'd, or Angels sung:  
Had I all Knowledge Humane and Divine,  
That Thought can reach, or Science can define;  
And had I Pow'r to give that Knowledge Birth,  
In all the Speeches of the babling Earth:  
Did *Shadrack's* Zeal my glowing Breast inspire,  
To weary Tortures and rejoice in Fire:  
Or had I Faith like that which *Israel* saw,  
When *Moses* gave them Miracles and Law:  
Yet, Gracious *Charity*, indulgent Guest,  
Were not thy Pow'r exerted in my Breast,  
Those Speeches would send up unheeded Pray'r:  
That scorn of Life wou'd be but wild Despair:  
A Tymbal's sound were better than my Voice,  
My Faith were Form, my Eloquence meer Noise.

*Charity*, Decent, Modest, Easie, Kind,  
Softens the High, and rears the Abject Mind;  
Knows with just Reins and gentle Hand to guide,  
Betwixt vile Shame and arbitrary Pride.  
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives,  
And much she suffers, as she much believes.  
Soft Peace she brings where-ever she arrives,  
She builds our Quiet, as she forms our Lives,  
Lays the rough Paths of peevish Nature ev'n,  
And opens in each Heart a little *Heav'n*.

Each other Gift which *God* on Man bestows,  
Its proper Bounds and due Restriction knows;  
To one fixt purpose dedicates its Pow'r,  
And finishing its Act, exists no more.

Thus,

Thus, in Obedience to what *Heav'n* decrees,  
 Knowledge shall fail, and Prophecy shall cease;  
 But lasting *Charity's* more ample sway,  
 Nor bound by Time, nor subject to Decay,  
 In happy Triumph shall for ever live,  
 And endless Good diffuse, and endless Praise receive.

As thro' the Artist's intervening Glass,  
 Our Eye observes the distant Planets pass,  
 A little we discover, but allow  
 That more remains unseen than Art can show;  
 So whilst our Mind its Knowledge wou'd improve,  
 (Its feeble Eye intent on things above)  
 High as we may we lift our Reason up,  
 By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope.

Yet are we able only to survey  
 Dawnings of Beams and Promises of Day;  
*Heaven's* fuller Effluence mocks our dazl'd Sight,  
 Too great its Swiftness, and too strong its Light.

But soon the Mediate Clouds shall be dispell'd,  
 The *Sun* shall soon be Face to Face beheld,  
 With all his Robes, with all his Glory on,  
 Seated Sublime on his Meridian Throne.

Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,  
 One lost in Certainty, and one in Joy:

Whilst thou, more happy Pow'r, fair *Charity*,  
 Triumphant Sister, greatest of the Three,  
 Thy Office and thy Nature still the same,  
 Lasting thy Lamp, and unconsum'd thy Flame,  
 Shalt still survive —

Shalt stand before the Host of *Heav'n* confess,  
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.





To Henry Higden, Esq; On his Translation  
of the Tenth Satyr of Juvenal.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THE Grecian Wits, who Satyr first began,  
Were pleasant *Pasquins* on the Life of Man;  
At mighty Villains, who the State oppress,  
They durst not Rail, perhaps they lash'd at least, }  
And turn'd them out of Office with a Jest.  
No Fool could peep abroad, but ready stand  
The Drolls to clap a *Bauble* in his Hand:  
Wise Legislators never yet could draw  
A *Fop* within the Reach of *Common Law*;  
For Posture, Dress, Grimace and Affectation,  
Tho' *Foes to Sense*, are harmless to the Nation,  
Our last Redress is dint of *Verse* to try;  
And *Satyr* is our *Court of Chancery*.  
This way took *Horace* to reform an Age  
Not bad enough to need an Author's Rage:  
But \* yours, who liv'd in more degenerate Times,  
Was forc'd to fasten deep, and worry Crimes.  
Yet you, my Friend, have temper'd him so well,  
You make him smile in spite of all his Zeal:  
An Art peculiar to your self alone,  
To join the Virtues of two Styles in one.

Oh! were your Author's Principle receiv'd,  
Half of the lab'ring World would be reliev'd: }  
For not to wish is not to be deceiv'd:  
*Revenge* wou'd into *Charity* be chang'd,  
Because it costs too dear to be reveng'd:  
It costs our *Quiet* and *Content of Mind*,  
And when 'tis compass'd leaves a Sting behind.  
Suppose I had the better End o' th' Staff,  
Why should I help th' ill-natur'd World to laugh?  
'Tis all alike to them who get the Day,  
They love the Spight and Mischief of the Fray.

No;

\* *Juvenal*.

No; I have cur'd my self of that *Disease*;  
Nor will I be provok'd, but when I please:  
But let me half that *Cure* to you restore;  
You gave the *Salve*, I laid it to the *Sore*.

Our kind Relief against a Rainy Day  
Beyond a Tavern, or a tedious Play,  
We take your Book, and laugh our Spleen away.  
If all your *Tribe* (too studious of *Debate*)  
Would cease false Hopes and Titles to create,  
Led by the *Rare Example* you begun,  
*Clients* would fail, and *Lawyers* be undone.

### Adriani Morientis ad Animam.

**A** *Nimula, vagula, blandula,*  
*Hospes, Comesque Corporis,*  
*Quæ nunc abibis in loca,*  
*Pallidula, rigida, nudula?*  
*Nec ut soles dabis joca.*

### By Monsieur Fontenelle.

**M** *A petite Ame, ma Mignonne,*  
*Tu t'en vas donc, ma Fille, & Dieu sçache où tu vas;*  
*Tu pars seulette, nue & tremblotante, hélas!*  
*Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?*  
*Que deviendront tant de jolis ebats?*

### TRANSLATED.

**P** *POOR* little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,  
Must we no longer live together?  
And dost thou prune thy doubtful Wing,  
To take thy Flight thou know'st not whither?

Thy

Thy hum'rous Vein, thy pleasing Folly,  
 Lyes interrupted and forgot;  
 And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,  
 Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

*To a Child of Quality of Five Years  
 old, the Author suppos'd Forty.*

*By the same Hand.*

Lords, Knights, and Squires, the num'rous Band  
 That wear the Fair Miss *Mary's* Fetters,  
 Were summon'd by her high Command,  
 To show their Passion by their Letters.

My Pen amongst the rest I took,  
 Left those bright Eyes that cannot read,  
 Shou'd dart their kindling Fires, and look  
 The Pow'r they have to be obey'd.

Nor Quality, nor Reputation,  
 Forbid me yet my Flame to tell,  
 Dear Five Years old befriends my Passion,  
 And I may Write 'till she can Spell.

For while she makes her Silk-worms Beds,  
 With all the tender things I swear,  
 Whilst all the House my Passion reads,  
 In Papers round her Baby's Hair:

She may receive and own my Flame.  
 For tho' the strictest *Prudes* shou'd know it,  
 She'll pass for a most virtuous Dame,  
 And I for an unhappy Poet.

Then too, alas, when she shall tear  
 The Lines some younger Rival sends,

She'll

She'll give me leave to write, I fear,  
And we shall still continue Friends.

For as our diff'rent Ages move,  
'Tis so ordain'd, wou'd Fate but mend it,  
That I shall be past making Love,  
When she begins to comprehend it.

*The LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS:*

*In Imitation of a Greek IDYLLIUM.*

*By the same Hand.*

**C**ELIA and I the other Day  
Walk'd o'er the Sand-hills to the Sea:

The setting Sun adorn'd the Coast,  
His Beams entire, his Fierceness lost;  
And on the Surface of the Deep,  
The Winds lay only not asleep:  
The Prospect and the Nymph were gay,  
With silent Joy I heard her say,  
That we should walk there ev'ry Day.  
But oh! the Change! the Wind grew high,  
Impending Tempests charge the Sky;  
The Light'ning flies, the Thunder roars,  
And big Waves lash the frighten'd Shoars.  
Struck with the Horror of the Sight,  
She turns her Head and wings her Flight,  
And trembling, vows she ne'er again  
Will press the Shoar, or see the Main.

}  
}

Look back at least once more, said I,  
Thy self in that great Glass descry;  
When thou art in good Humour drest,  
When gentle Reason rules thy Breast,  
The Sun upon the calmest Sea  
Appears not half so bright as Thee:



'Tis then that with Delight I rove  
 Upon the boundless depth of Love;  
 I bless my Chain, I hand my Oar,  
 Nor think on all I left on Shoar.  
 But when vain Doubts and groundless Fear  
 Do that dear foolish Bosom tear,  
 When the big Lip and wat'ry Eye  
 Tell me the rising Storm is nigh;  
 'Tis then thou art yon angry Main,  
 Deform'd by Winds, and dash'd by Rain;  
 And the poor Sailor that must try  
 Its Fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to Land I make,  
 While Love and Fate still drive me back;  
 Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,  
 I chide thee first and then obey,  
 Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,  
 I with thee or without thee die.

*To a Boy playing with his CAT.*

*By the same Hand.*

THE am'rous Youth, whose tender Breast  
 Was by his darling Cat possess'd,  
 Obtain'd of Venus his Desire,  
 (Howe'er irregular his Fire.)  
 Nature the Pow'r of Love obey'd,  
 The Cat became a blushing Maid,  
 And potent of his Vows and Joys,  
 He thank'd the Gods and bless'd his Choice.

Ah! beauteous Boy, take care lest thou  
 Renew the fondness of his Vow,  
 Take care to think the Queen of Love  
 Will e'er thy Fav'rite's Charms improve;  
 Shou'dst thou prefer so rash a Pray'r,  
 The Queen of Love wou'd never hear.

An!

Ah! rather from her Altars run,  
 Lest thou be griev'd and she undone.  
 The Queen of Love will quickly see  
 Her own *Adonis* live in thee;  
 And Glances thrown upon a Beast,  
 Which well might make a Goddess blest,  
 Will lightly her first Love deplore,  
 Will easily forgive the Boar.  
 And on her Tabby Rival's Face,  
 Enrag'd, will mark her new Disgrace.

A S O N G.

*By the same Hand.*

I N vain you tell your parting Lover,  
 You wish fair Winds may waft him over.  
 Alas, what Winds can happy prove,  
 That bear me far from what I love?  
 Alas, what Dangers on the Main  
 Can equal those that I sustain,  
 From slighted Vows and cold Disdain?

Be gentle, and in Pity chuse  
 To with the wildest Tempests loose;  
 That thrown again upon the Coast,  
 Where first my Shipwreck'd Heart was lost,  
 I may once more repeat my Pain,  
 Once more in dying Notes complain  
 Of slighted Vows and cold Disdain.



*Monsieur De la Fontaine's HANS  
CARVEL Imitated.*

**H**ANS Carvel, Impotent and Old,  
 Married a Lass of London Mould;  
 Handsome enough, extreamly gay,  
 Lov'd Musick, Company and Play;  
 High Flights she had, and Wit at Will,  
 And so her Tongue lay seldom still;  
 For in all Visits who but She,  
 To Argue or to Repartee?  
 She made it plain that Human Passion  
 Was order'd by Predestination;  
 That if weak Women went astray,  
 Their Stars were more in Fault than they;  
 Whole Tragedies she had by Heart,  
 Enter'd into *Roxana's* part;  
 To spill a hated Rival's Blood,  
 The Action certainly was good;  
 How like a Vine young *Ammon* curl'd!  
 Oh that dear Conqueror of the World!  
 She pity'd *Betterton* in Age,  
 That ridicul'd the Godlike Rage.

She, first of all the Town, was told  
 Where newest *India* things were sold;  
 So in a Morning without Bodice,  
 Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. *Thody's*,  
 To cheapen Tea, to buy a Screen,  
 What else, in God's Name, cou'd she mean?  
 For to prevent the least Reproach,  
*Betty* went with her in the Coach.  
 But when no very great Affair  
 Excited her peculiar Care,  
 She without fail was wak'd at Ten,  
 Drank Chocolate, then slept again;  
 At Twelve she rose, with much ado  
 Her Cloaths were huddl'd on by Two;

Then,

Then, Does my Lady Dine at home?  
 Yes sure — but is the Colonel come?  
 Next, how to spend the Afternoon,  
 And not come Home again too soon;  
 The Change, the City, or the Play,  
 As each was proper for the Day;  
 A Turn, in Summer, to *Hyde-Park*,  
 When it grew tolerably dark.

Wives Pleasure causes Husbands Pain,  
 Strange Fancies come in *Hans's* Brain;  
 He thought of what he did not name,  
 And wou'd reform, but durst not blame;  
 At first he therefore Preach'd his Wife  
 The Comforts of a pious Life:  
 Told her how Transient Beauty was,  
 That all must die, and Flesh was Grass:  
 He bought her Sermons, Psalms and Graces,  
 And doubled down the Useful Places.  
 But still the Weight of Worldly Cares  
 Allow'd her little time for Pray'rs.  
 And *Cleopatra* was read o'er,  
 Whilst *Scot*, and *Wake*, and Twenty more,  
 That teach one to deny ones self,  
 Lay unmolested on the Shelf:  
 An untouch'd Bible grac'd her Toilet,  
 No fear that Thumb of hers should spoil it.  
 In short, the Trade was still the same,  
 The Dame went out, the Colonel came.

What's to be done? poor *Carvel* cry'd,  
 Another Batt'ry must be try'd:  
 What if to Spells I had recourse?  
 'Tis but to hinder something worse.  
 The End must justify the Means,  
 He only Sins who Ill intends:  
 Since therefore 'tis to Combat Evil,  
 'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.

Forthwith the Devil did appear,  
 (For Name him and he's always near)  
 Not in the Shape in which he plies  
 At Misses Elbow when she lies,



Or stands before the Nurs'ry Doors  
To take the naughty Boy that roars,  
But without Sawcer Eye or Claw,  
Like a grave Barrister at Law.

*Hans Carvel*, lay aside your Grief,  
The Devil says, I bring Relief:  
Relief, says *Hans*, pray let me crave  
Your Name Sir,—*Satan*,—Sir, your Slave;  
I did not look upon your Feet,  
You'll pardon me;—Ay, now I see't:  
And pray, Sir, when came you from Hell;  
Our Friends there, did you leave them well?  
All well; but pr'ythee honest *Hans*,  
Says *Satan*, leave your Complaisance.  
The Truth is this, I cannot stay  
Flaring in Sunshine all the Day,  
For *entre Nous*, we hellish Sprites  
Love more the Fresco of the Nights,  
And oftner our Receipts convey  
In Dreams, than any other way.  
I tell you therefore as a Friend,  
Ere Morning dawns, your Fears shall end;  
Go then this Ev'ning, Master *Carvel*,  
Lay down your Fowls, and breach your Barrel,  
Let Friends and Wine dissolve your Care,  
Whilst I the great Receipt prepare;  
To-night I'll bring it, by my Faith;  
Believe, for once, what *Satan* saith.

Away went *Hans*, glad not a little,  
Obey'd the Devil to a Tittle;  
Invited Friends some half a Dozen,  
The Colonel, and my Lady's Cousin.  
The Meat was serv'd, the Bowls were crown'd;  
Catches were sung, and Healths went round:  
Modish *Ratasia* for the Cloze,  
'Till *Hans* had fairly got his Dose:  
The Colonel Toasted to the best,  
The Dame mov'd off to be undrest:  
The Chimes went Twelve, the Guests withdrew,  
But when or how, *Hans* hardly knew.

Some

Some Modern Anecdotes aver,  
 He nodded in his Elbow Chair :  
 From thence was carried off to Bed ;  
*John* held his Heels, and *Nan* his Head.  
 My Lady was disturb'd ; new Sorrow,  
 Which *Hans* must answer for to-morrow.

In Bed then view the happy Pair,  
 And think how *Hymen* Triumph'd there.  
*Hans* fast asleep as soon as laid,  
 The Duty of the Night unpaid :  
 The waking Dame, with Thoughts oppress'd,  
 That made her hate both him and Rest,  
 By such a Husband, such a Wife !  
 'Twas *Acme's* and *Septimius's* Life.  
 The Lady sigh'd, the Lover snor'd ;  
 The punctual Devil kept his Word,  
 Appear'd to honest *Hans* again,  
 (But not at all by Madam seen)  
 And giving him a Magick Ring,  
 Fit for the Finger of a King :

Dear *Hans*, said he, this Jewel take,  
 And wear it long for *Satan's* sake ;  
 'Twill do your Business to a Hair,  
 For long as you this Ring shall wear,  
 As sure as I look over *Lincoln*,  
 That ne'er shall happen which you think on.

*Hans* took the Ring with Joy extream,  
 (All this was only in a Dream)  
 And thrusting it beyond his Joint,  
 'Tis done, he cry'd, I've gain'd my Point—  
 What Point, said she, you ugly Beast ?  
 You neither give me Joy nor Rest :  
 'Tis done,— what's done, you drunken Bear ?  
 You've thrust your Finger G—d knows where.



## The DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

## A PASTORAL.

*By the same Hand.*

**A** Lexis shunn'd his Fellow Swains,  
Their rural Sports, and sprightly Strains,  
(Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's Bow!)  
He lost his Crook, he left his Flocks,  
And wand'ring through the lonely Rocks,  
He nourish'd endless Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came,  
His Grief some pity, others blame;  
The fatal Cause all kindly seek;  
He mingled his Concern with theirs,  
He gave 'em back their friendly Tears,  
He sigh'd but wou'd not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest,  
She too a kind Concern exprest,  
And ask'd the Reason of his Woe;  
She ask'd, but with an Air and Mein  
That made it easily foreseen,  
She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head,  
And will you pardon me, he said,  
Whilst I the cruel Truth reveal?  
Which nothing from my Breast shou'd tear,  
Which never shou'd offend your Ear,  
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,  
Since you appear'd upon the Plain,  
You are the Cause of all my Care;

Your

Your Eyes ten thousand Dangers dart,  
 Ten thousand Torments vex my Heart,  
 I love, and I despair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,  
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,  
 But yet I pardon you, she cry'd,  
 Provided you will ne'er again  
 Declare your Vows, or speak your Pain:  
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

## CELIA to DAMON.

*Atque in Amore mala hac proprio, summéque secundo  
 Inveniuntur* ————— *Lucret. Lib.4.*

*By the same Hand.*

What can I say, what Arguments can prove  
 My Truth, what Colours can describe my Love?  
 If its Excess and Fury be not known  
 In what thy *Celia* has already done?  
 Thy Infant Flames, whilst yet they were conceal'd  
 In tim'rous Doubts, with Pity I beheld;  
 With easie Smiles dispell'd the silent Fear,  
 That durst not tell me what I dy'd to hear:  
 In vain I strove to check my growing Flame,  
 Or shelter Passion under Friendship's Name;  
 You saw my Heart, how it my Tongue bely'd,  
 And when you press'd, how faintly I deny'd—  
 Ere Guardian Thought cou'd bring its scatter'd Aid,  
 Ere Reason cou'd support the doubting Maid,  
 My Soul surpriz'd, and from its self disjoin'd,  
 Left all Reserve, and all the Sex behind,  
 From your Command her Motions she receiv'd,  
 And not for me, but you, she breath'd and liv'd.  
 But ever blest be *Cytherea's* Shrine,  
 And Fires Eternal on her Altars shine;

F 5

Since



Since thy dear Breast has felt an equal Wound,  
 Since in thy Kindness my Desires are crown'd.  
 By thy each Look, and Thought, and Care, 'tis shown  
 Thy Joys are center'd All in me alone;  
 And sure I am thou wou'dst not change this Hour  
 For all the White ones Fate has in its Pow'r—

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to Excess,  
 Yet thus receiving and returning Bliss,  
 In this Great Minute, in this Golden Now,  
 When ev'ry Trace of what, or when, or how  
 Shou'd from my Soul by raging Love be torn,  
 And far on swelling Seas of Rapture born;  
 A melancholly Tear afflicts my Eye,  
 And my Heart labours with a sudden Sigh;  
 Invading Fears repel my Coward Joy,  
 And Ills foreseen the present Bliss destroy.

Poor as it is, this Beauty was the Cause,  
 That with first Sighs your panting Bosom rose;  
 But with no Owner Beauty long will stay,  
 Upon the Wings of Time born swift away:  
 Pass but some fleeting Years, and these poor Eyes  
 (Where now without a boast some Beauty lyes,)  
 No longer shall their little Lustre keep,  
 And only be of use to read, or weep.  
 And on this Forehead, where your Verse has said  
 The Loves delighted, and the Graces play'd,  
 Insulting Age will trace his cruel Way,  
 And with indented Furrows mark his sad extent of Sway.  
 Mov'd by my Charms, with them your Love may cease,  
 And as the Fuel sinks the Flame decrease.  
 Or angry Heav'n may quicker Darts prepare,  
 And Sickness strike what Time a while wou'd spare.  
 Then will my Swain his glowing Vows renew?  
 Then will his throbbing Heart to mine beat true?  
 When my own Face deters me from my Glass,  
 And Kneller only shows what Celia was?

Fantastick Fame may sound her wild Alarms,  
 And Custom call you forth to distant Arms.  
 You may neglect, or quench, or hate the Flame,  
 Whose Smoke too long obscur'd your rising Name:

And

# MISCELLANY POEMS. 117

And quickly cold Indiff'rence will ensue,  
 When you Love's Joys thro' Honour's Optic View;  
 Then *Celia's* loudest Pray'r will prove too weak,  
 To this abandon'd Breast to bring you back.  
 When my lost Lover the tall Ship ascends,  
 With Musick gay, and wet with jolly Friends;  
 The tender Accents of a Woman's Cry  
 Will pass unheard, will unregarded die,  
 While the rough Seaman's louder Shouts prevail;  
 When fair Occasion shows the springing Gale,  
 And Int'rest guides the Helm, and Honour fills  
 the Sail.

Some wretched Lines from this neglected Hand,  
 May find you landed on the Foreign Strand,  
 Fill'd with new Fires, and pleas'd with new Com-  
 mand:

While she who wrote 'em, of all Joy bereft,  
 To the rude Censure of the World is left;  
 Her mangled Fame in barb'rous Pastime lost,  
 The Coxcomb's Novel, and the Drunkard's Toast.

But nearer Care, O pardon it! supplies  
 Sighs to my Breast, and Sorrow to my Eyes.  
 Love, Love himself, the only Friend I have,  
 May scorn his Triumph, having bound his Slave;  
 That Tyrant God, that restless Conqueror,  
 May quit his Pleasure, to assert his Pow'r;  
 Forsake the Provinces that bless his Sway,  
 To vanquish those which will not yet obey.  
 Another Nymph with fatal Pow'r may rise,  
 To damp the sinking Beams of *Celia's* Eyes;  
 With haughty Pride may hear her Charms confess,  
 And scorn the ardent Vows that I have blest:  
 You ev'ry Night may sigh for her in vain,  
 And rise each Morning to some fresh Disdain;  
 While *Celia's* softest Look may cease to charm;  
 And her Embraces want the Pow'r to warm;  
 While these fond Arms, thus circling you, may prove  
 More heavy Chains than those of hopeless Love.

Just Gods! all other things their Like produce:  
 The Vine arises from its Mother's Juice;

When

When feeble Plants, or tender Flow'rs decay,  
 They to their Seed their Images convey:  
 Where the old Myrtle her good Influence sheds  
 Sprigs of like Leaf erect their Filial Heads;  
 And when the Parent Rose decays, and dies,  
 With a resembling Face the Daughter Buds arise.  
 That Product only which our Passions bear,  
 Eludes the Planter's miserable Care:  
 While blooming Love assures us Golden Fruit,  
 Some inborn Poison taints the secret Root;  
 Soon fall the Flow'rs of Joy, and soon the Seeds of  
 Hatred shoot.

Say, Shepherd, say, are these Reflections true?  
 Must *Celia* be undone for loving you?  
 Will you be only, and for ever mine?  
 Shall neither Time nor Age our Souls disjoin?  
 From this dear Bosom shall I ne'er be torn?  
 Or you grow Cold, Respectful and Forsworn?  
 And can you not for her you love do more,  
 Than any Youth for any Nymph before?

*To a Young GENTLEMAN in Love.*

A T A L E.

FROM publick Noise and factious Strife,  
 From all the busie Ills of Life,  
 Take me, my *Chloe*, to thy Breast,  
 And lull my wearied Soul to Rest.  
 For ever in this humble Cell,  
 Let Thee and I, my Fair One, dwell;  
 None enter else, but *Love* — and He  
 Shall bar the Door, and keep the Key.  
 To painted Roofs and shining Spires,  
 (Uneasie Seats of high Desires)  
 Let the unthinking Many croud,  
 That dare be Covetous and Proud;

In Golden Bondage let them wait,  
 And barter Happiness for State :  
 But Oh! my *Chloe*, when thy Swain  
 Desires to see a Court again,  
 May Heav'n around this destin'd Head  
 The choicest of its Curses shed :  
 To sum up all the Rage of Fate  
 In the Two Things I dread and hate,  
 May'st thou be False, and I be Great.

Thus, on his *Chloe's* panting Breast,  
 Fond *Celadon* his Soul exprest ;  
 While with Delight the lovely Maid  
 Receiv'd the Vows she thus repaid:

Hope of my Age, Joy of my Youth,  
 Blest Miracle of Love and Truth!  
 All that cou'd e'er be counted mine,  
 My Love and Life, long since are thine ;  
 A real Joy I never knew,  
 'Till I believ'd thy Passion true ;  
 A real Grief I ne'er can find,  
 'Till thou prov'st Perjur'd or Unkind.  
 Contempt, and Poverty, and Care,  
 All we abhor, and all we fear,  
 Blest with thy Presence, I can bear ;  
 Can suffer Racks, and run thro' Flame,  
 Still contented, still the same ;  
 Then trace me some unheard-of way,  
 Thy constant Ardour to repay,  
 For I my Sense of it wou'd show  
 In more than Woman e'er cou'd do.  
 Had I a Wish that did not bear  
 The Stamp and Image of my Dear,  
 I'd pierce my Heart thro' ev'ry Vein,  
 And die to let it out again.

No : *Venus* shall my Witness be,  
 (If *Venus* ever lov'd like me)  
 That for one Hour I wou'd not quit  
 My Shepherd's Arms, and this Retreat,  
 To be the *Persian* Monarch's Bride,  
 Part'ner of all his Pow'rs and Pride ;

Or



Or rule in Regal State above,  
Mother of Gods, and Wife of Jove.

*Happy these of Human Race:*

But oh! how soon our Pleasures pass!  
He thank'd her on his bended Knee,  
Then drank a Quart of Milk and Tea;  
And leaving her ador'd Embrace,  
Hasten'd to Court to beg a Place.  
While she, his Absence to bemoan,  
As soon as ever he was gone,  
Call'd *Thyrsis* from beneath the Bed,  
Where all this time he had been hid.

### M O R A L.

*Whilst Men have these Ambitious Fancies,  
And wanton Wenchies read Romances,  
Our Sex will be inur'd to lye,  
And theirs instructed to Reply.  
The Moral of the Tale I sing,  
(A Poësie for a Wedding Ring)  
In this short Verse will be confin'd,  
Love is a Jest, and Vows are Wind.*

### The WEDDING-NIGHT.

W HEN *Jove* lay blest in his *Alcmena's* Charms,  
Three Nights in one he prest her in his Arms;  
The Sun lay set, and conscious Nature strove  
To shade her God, and to prolong his Love.  
From that auspicious Night *Alcides* came,  
What less could rise from *Jove*, and such a Dame?  
May this auspicious Night with that compare,  
Nor less the Joys, nor less the rising Heir,  
He strong as *Jove*, she like *Alcmena* Fair.

## C L E O R A.

By the Honourable Mr. GEORGE GRANVILL.

**C**leora has her Wish, she weds a Peer,  
 Her weighty Train two Pages scarce can bear;  
*Persia*, and both the *Indies*, must provide  
 To grace her Pomp, and gratify her Pride;  
 Of rich Brocard, a shining Robe she wears,  
 And Gems surround her lovely Neck like Stars:  
 In Coach and Six the Goddess flaunts abroad,  
 And Crowds of Liv'ry Beaus her Chariot load.  
 Who sees her thus, O happy as a Queen!  
 He cries — But shift the gawdy treacherous Scene;  
 View her at home, in her Domestick Light,  
 For thither she must come, at least at Night:  
 What has she there? A surly brutal Lord,  
 Who chides, and snaps her up, at ev'ry Word;  
 A beastly Sot, who while she holds his Head,  
 With drunken Filth bedaubs the Nuptial Bed;  
 Sick to the Heart, she breathes the nauseous Fume  
 Of odious Steams, that poison all the Room;  
 Weeping all Night the trembling Creature lies,  
 And counts the tedious Hours when she may rise;  
 But most she fears lest waking she should find,  
 To make amends, the Monster wou'd be kind;  
 Those matchless Beauties, worthy of a God,  
 Must bear, tho' much averse, the loathsome Load.  
 What then will be the Chance that next ensues?  
 Some vile Disease, fresh reeking from the Stews:  
 The secret Venom, circling in her Veins,  
 Works thro' her Skin, and bursts in bloating Stains;  
 Her Eyes grow dim, and her infected Breath,  
 Tainting her Gums, discolours all her Teeth,  
 Her Cheeks their Freshness lose, and wonted Grace,  
 And an unusual Paleness spreads her Face,  
 Of sharp Nocturnal Anguish she complains,  
 And guiltless of the Cause, relates her Pains.

The

The conscious Husband, whom like Symptoms seize,  
 Charges on her the Guilt of their Disease;  
 Affecting Fury, acts a Madman's Part,  
 He'll rip the fatal Secret from her Heart;  
 Bids her confess, calls her ten thousand Whores:  
 In vain she kneels, she weeps, protests, implores;  
 Scarce with her Life she 'scapes, expos'd to Shame,  
 In Body tortur'd, murder'd in her Fame,  
 Rots with a vile Adulterers's Name;  
 Abandon'd to the World, without Defence,  
 And happy only in her Innocence.

Such is the Vengeance, that the Gods provide  
 For those who barter Liberty for Pride,  
 Who impiously invoke the Pow'rs above,  
 To witness to false Vows, of mutual Love.  
 Thousands of poor *Cleora's* may be found,  
 Such Husbands and such wretched Wives abound.

Ye Guardian Pow'rs, the Arbiters of Bliss,  
 Preserve *Clarinda* from a Fate like this;  
 You form'd her Fair, not any Grace deny'd,  
 But gave, alas! a Spark too much of Pride;  
 Reform that Failing, and protect her still,  
 Ah! save her from the Curse of chusing ill.  
 Deem it not Envy, or a jealous Care,  
 That forms these Wishes, or provokes this Pray'r;  
 Tho' more than Death, I fear to see those Charms  
 Allotted to some happier Mortal's Arms;  
 Tormenting Thought! yet con'd I bear that Pain,  
 Or any Ill, but hearing her complain:  
 Intent on her, my Love forgets its own,  
 Nor frames one Wish, but for her sake alone.  
 Whom-e'er the Gods have destin'd to prefer,  
 They cannot make me wretched, blessing her.

*An APOLOGY for an unseasonable  
Surprise.*

*By the same Hand.*

Fairest *Zelinda*, cease to chide or grieve,  
Nor blush at Joys, that only you can give.  
Who with bold Eyes survey'd those matchless Charms,  
Is punish'd, seeing in another's Arms:  
With greedy Looks, he views each naked Part,  
Joy feeds his Eyes, but Envy tears his Heart.  
So caught was *Mars*, and *Mercury* aloud  
Proclaim'd his Grief, that he was not the God:  
So to be caught was ev'ry God's Desire,  
Nor less than *Venus* can *Zelinda* Fire.  
Forgive him then, thou more than Heav'nly Fair,  
Pardon the Crime, reveng'd by the Despair.  
All that we know, that wretched Mortals feel  
In those sad Regions, where the Tortur'd dwell,  
Is that they see the Raptures of the Blest,  
And view the Joys, that they must never taste.

---

*To M Y R A.*

*By the same Hand.*

I N lonely Shades, distracted with Despair,  
Shunning Mankind, and torn with killing Care,  
My Eyes o'er-flowing, and my frantick Mind  
Rack'd with wild Thoughts, swelling with Sighs the  
Wind;  
Thro' Paths untrodden, Day and Night I rove,  
Mourning the Fate of my successless Love.  
Who most desire to live, untimely fall;  
But when we beg to die, Death flies our Call:

*Adonis*



*Adonis* dies, and torn is the lov'd Breast  
In midst of Joy, where *Venus* wont to rest;  
That Fate, which cruel seem'd to him, wou'd be  
Pity, Relief, and Happiness to me.

As melted Gold preserves its Weight the same,  
So burns my Love, nor wastes within the Flame.  
When will my Sorrows end? In vain, in vain  
I call to Heav'n, and tell the Gods my Pain;  
The Gods averse, like *Myra*, to my Pray'r,  
Consent to doom whom she denies to spare.

Why do I seek for foreign Aids, when I  
Bear ready by my Side the Power to die?  
Be keen my Sword, and serve thy Master well,  
Heal Wounds with Wounds, and Love with Death repel,  
Strait up I rose, and to my aking Breast,  
My Bosom bare, the pointed Blade I prest;  
When lo! astonish'd! \* an unusual Light  
Pierc'd the thick Shade, and all around grew bright;  
My dazzl'd Eyes a radiant Form behold,  
Splendid with Light, like Beams of burning Gold,  
Eternal Rays his shining Temples grace,  
Eternal Youth sat blooming on his Face:  
Trembling I listen, prostrate on the Ground,  
His Breath perfumes the Grove, and Musick's in the

Cease Lover, cease, thy tender Heart to vex [Sound.  
In fruitless Plaints, of an ungrateful Sex;  
In Fate's Eternal Volumes it is writ,  
That Women ever shall be Foes to Wit;  
With proper Arts their sickly Minds command,  
And please 'em with the things they understand:  
With noisie Fopperies their Hearts assail,  
Renounce all Sense; how should thy Songs prevail, }  
When I, the God of Wit, so oft cou'd fail:  
Remember me, and in my Story find,  
How vainly Merit pleads to Womankind;  
I, by whom all things shine, who tune the Spheres,  
Who guide the Day, and gild the Night with Stars,  
Whose Youth and Beauty from all Ages past,  
Sprang with the World, and with the World shall last;

How

\* *Apollo*.

How oft with fruitless Tears have I implor'd  
 Ungrateful Nymphs, and tho' a God, ador'd?  
 When cou'd my Wit, my Beauty, or my Youth,  
 Move one hard Heart, or mov'd, secure its Truth?

Here a proud Nymph with painful Steps I chace,  
 The Winds out-flying in our nimble Race;  
 Stay *Daphne*, stay, — in vain, in vain I try  
 To stop her Speed, redoubling at my Cry;  
 O'er craggy Rocks, and rugged Hills she climbs,  
 And tears on pointed Flints her tender Limbs;  
 But caught at length, just as my Arms I fold,  
 Turn'd to a Tree, she yet escapes my hold.

In my next Love a diff'rent Fate I find,  
 Ah! which is worse, the False, or the Unkind?  
 Forgetting *Daphne*, I *Coronis* chose,  
 A kinder Nymph — too kind for my Repose:  
 The Joys I give, but more inflame her Breast,  
 She keeps a private Drudge to quench the rest;  
 \* How, and with whom, the very Birds proclaim  
 Her black Pollution, and reveal my Shame.  
 Hard lot of Beauty, fatally bestow'd,  
 Or given to the False, or to the Proud!  
 By diff'ring Ways they bring us equal Pain,  
 The False betray us, and the Proud disdain.

Scorn'd and abus'd, from Mortal Loves I fly,  
 To seek more Truth in my own Native Sky:  
*Venus* the fairest of Immortal Loves,  
 Bright as my Beams, and gentle as her Doves,  
 With glowing Eyes confessing warm Desires,  
 She summons Heav'n and Earth to quench her Fires;  
 Me she excludes, and I in vain adore,  
 Who neither God nor Man refus'd before;  
*Vulcan*, the very Monster of the Skies,  
*Vulcan* she takes, the God of Wit denies.

Then cease to murmur at thy *Myra's* Pride;  
 Whimsie, not Reason, is the Female Guide;  
 The Fate of which their Master does complain,  
 Is of bad Omen to th' inspired Train.

What

\* Discover'd by a Crow.

What Vows were lost ! Hark how *Catullus* mourns,  
 How *Ovid* weeps, and slighted *Gallus* burns ;  
 In melting Strains see gentle *Waller* bleed,  
 Unmov'd she hears, what none unmov'd can read ;  
 And thou who oft with such ambitious Choice,  
 Hast rais'd to *Myra* thy aspiring Voice ;  
 What Profit thy neglected Zeal repays,  
 Ah ! what Return ungrateful to thy Praise ?

Change, change thy Style, with mortal Rage return  
 Unjust Disdain, and Pride oppose to Scorn ;  
 Search all the Secrets of the Fair and Young,  
 And then proclaim ; soon shall they bribe thy Tongue :  
 The sharp Lampooner with Success assails,  
 Sure to be civil to the Man that rails ;  
 Women, like Cowards, tame to the severe,  
 Are only fierce when they discover Fear.

Thus spoke the God, and upward mounts in Air,  
 In just Resentment of his past Despair,  
 Provok'd to Vengeance, to my Aid I call  
 The Furies round, and dip my Pens in Gall ;  
 Not one shall 'scape of all the Coz'ning Sex,  
 Vex'd shall they be, who so delight to vex.

In vain I try, in vain to Vengeance move  
 My gentle Muse, so us'd to tender Love ;  
 Such Magick rules my Heart, what-e'er I write  
 Turns all to soft Complaint, and am'rous Flight.  
 Begone, fond Thoughts, begone ; Be bold, said I,  
 Satyr's thy Theam — in vain again I try :  
 So charming *Myra* to my Sense appears,  
 My Soul adores, my Rage dissolves in Tears.

So the gall'd Lion, smarting with his Wound,  
 Threatens his Foes, and makes the Forest sound ;  
 With his strong Teeth he bites the bloody Dart,  
 And tears his Side with more provoking Smart,  
 'Till having spent his Voice in fruitless Cries,  
 He lays him down, breaks his proud Heart, and dies.



A S O N G.

*Written by Mr. DRYDEN.*

I.

FAIR, sweet and young, receive a Prize  
Reserv'd for your Victorious Eyes:  
From Crowds, whom at your Feet you see,  
O pity, and distinguish me;  
As I from thousand Beauties more  
Distinguish you, and only you adore,

II.

Your Face for Conquest was design'd,  
Your ev'ry Motion charms my Mind;  
Angels, when you your Silence break,  
Forget their Hymns, to hear you speak;  
But when at once they hear and view,  
Are loath to mount, and long to stay with you.

III.

No Graces can your Form improve,  
But all are lost unless you love;  
While that sweet Passion you disdain,  
Your Veil and Beauty are in vain.  
In Pity then prevent my Fate,  
For after dying all Reprieves too late.

A S O N G.

*By the same Hand.*

HIGH State and Honours to others impart,

But give me your Heart:

That Treasure, that Treasure alone

I beg for my own.

So gentle a Love so fervent a Fire

My Soul does inspire.

That Treasure, that Treasure alone

I beg for my own.

Yours



Your Love let me crave,  
 Give me in Possessing  
 So matchless a Blessing,  
 That Empire is all I wou'd have.  
 Love's my Petition,  
 All my Ambition;  
 If e'er you discover  
 So faithful a Lover,  
 So real a Flame,  
 I'll die, I'll die,  
 So give up my Game.

*The Prisoner in the TOWER to the*  
 LADY M. C.

WHILST *Europe* is alarm'd with Wars,  
 And *Rome* foment's the Christian Jars;  
 Whilst guilty *Britain* fears her Fate,  
 And wou'd repent her Crime too late,  
 Here safe in my confin'd Retreat,  
 I see the Waves about me beat,  
 And envy none that dare be great.

A quiet Conscience, and a Friend,  
 Help me my happy Hours to spend;  
 Let *Celia* to my Cell resort,  
 She turns my Prison to a Court;  
 Instead of Guards by Day and Night,  
 Let *Celia* still be in my sight,  
 And then they need not fear my Flight,

Cou'd Sense of Servile Fear prevail,  
 Or cou'd my Native Honour fail,  
 Her Sight wou'd all my Doubts control,  
 And give her back my peaceful Soul:  
 Such charming Truths her Words contain;  
 Or if her Angel Voice refrain,  
 Her Eyes can never plead in vain.

To Sir THOMAS ST. SERFE: On the  
Printing his PLAY, call'd TARUGO'S  
WILES.

By my Lord BUCKHURST.

T Arugo gave us Wonder and Delight,  
When he oblig'd the World by Candle-light;  
But now he's ventur'd on the Face of Day,  
To oblige and serve his Friends a nobler way;  
Make all our old Men Wits, States-men the young,  
And teach ev'n *English* Men the *English* Tongue.  
*James*, on whose Reign all peaceful Stars did smile,  
Did but attempt th' uniting of our Isle.  
What Kings, and Nature, only cou'd design,  
Shall be accomplish'd by this Work of thine.  
For who is such a Cockney in his Heart,  
Proud of the Plenty of the Southern Part,  
To scorn that Union by which he may  
Boast 'twas his Country-man that writ this Play?  
*Phæbus* himself, indulgent to thy Muse,  
Has to thy Country sent this kind Excuse:  
Fair Northern Lads, it is not through Neglect  
Court thee at a distance, but Respect.  
I cannot act, my Passion is so great,  
But I'll make up in Light what wants in Heat.  
On thee I will bestow my longest Days,  
And Crown thy Sons with everlasting Bays.  
My Beams that reach thee shall employ their Pow'rs  
To ripen Souls of Men, not Fruits or Flow'rs,  
Yet warmer Climes my fading Favours boast,  
Poets and Stars shine brightest in thy Frost.



## EPILOGUE to TARTUFF.

By the same Hand.

**M**ANY have been the vain Attempts of Wit  
 Against the still-prevailing Hypocrite;  
 Once, and but once, a Poet got the Day,  
 And vanquish'd *Busie* in a Puppet-Play;  
 But *Busie* rallying, arm'd with Zeal, and Rage,  
 Possess the Pulpit, and pull'd down the Stage.  
 To laugh at *English* Knaves is dang'rous then,  
 While *English* Fools will think them honest Men:  
 But sure no zealous Brother can deny us  
 Free leave with this our Monsieur *Ananias*.  
 A Man may say, without being call'd an Atheist,  
 There are such Rogues among the *French* and *Papists*,  
 That fix Salvation to short Band and Hair,  
 That belche and snuffle to prolong a Pray'r;  
 That use (*enjoy the Creature*) to express  
 Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenness;  
 And, in a decent way, perform them too  
 As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you:  
 Whose fleshly Failings are but Fornication,  
 We Godly phrase it, Gospel-Propagation,  
 Just as Rebellion was call'd Reformation.  
 Zeal stands but Cent'ry at the Gate of Sin,  
 Whilst all that have the Word pass freely in.  
 Silent, and in the dark, for fear of Spies,  
 We march, and take Damnation by surprize.  
 There's not a roaring Blade in all this Town  
 Can go so far tow'rds Hell for half a Crown,  
 As I for Six-pence, for I know the way;  
 For want of Guides Men are too apt to stray:  
 Therefore give Ear to what I shall advise,  
 Let ev'ry marry'd Man, that's Grave and Wise,  
 Take a *Tartuff*, of known Ability,  
 To teach and to encrease his Family,  
 Who shall so settle lasting Reformation,  
 First get his Son, then give him Education.

Esp.

EPILOGUE *upon the Reviving of BEN. JOHNSON's Play, call'd, Every Man in his Humour.*

*By the same Hand.*

I Ntreary shall not serve, nor Violence,  
To make me speak in such a Play's defence.  
A Play, where Wit and Humour do agree  
To break all practis'd Laws of *Comedy*.  
The Scene (what more absurd) in *England* lyes,  
No Gods descend, nor dancing Devils rise;  
No Captive Prince from unknown Country brought,  
No Battel, nay there's scarce a Duel fought;  
And something yet more sharply might be said;  
But I consider the poor Author's dead;  
Let that be his Excuse—— Now for our own,  
Why,—— Faith, in my Opinion, we need none.  
The Parts were fitted well; but some will say,  
Pox on 'em Rogues, what made 'em chuse this Play?  
I do not doubt but you will credit me,  
It was not Choice, but meer Necessity;  
To all our writing Friends, in Town, we sent,  
But not a Wit durst venture out in *Lent*;  
Have patience but 'till *Easter Term*, and then  
You shall have Jigg, and Hobby-horse agen.  
Here's Mr. *Matthew*, our Domestick Wit,  
Does promise one of the ten Plays h'as writ;  
But since great Bribes weigh nothing with the Just,  
Know, we have Merits, and to them we trust:  
When any Fasts, or Holy-days, defer  
The publick Labours of the *Theatre*,  
We ride not forth, although the Day be fair,  
On ambling Tit to take the Suburb Air,  
But with our Authors meet, and spend that time  
To make up Quarrels between Sense and Rhyme.  
*Wednesdays* and *Fridays* constantly we sate,  
Till, after many a long and free Debate,



For divers weighty Reasons 'twas thought fit,  
Unruly Sense thou'd still to Rhyme submit.  
This the most wholesome Law we ever made,  
So strictly in this *Epilogue* obey'd,  
Sure no Man here will ever dare to break.

*Enter Johnson's Ghost.*

Hold, and give way, for I my self will speak;  
Can you encourage so much Insolence,  
And add new Faults still to the great Offence  
Your Ancestors so rashly did commit  
Against the mighty Pow'rs of Art and Wit?  
When they condemn'd those noble Works of mine,  
*Sejanus*, and my best lov'd *Catiline*:  
Repent, or on your guilty Heads shall fall  
The Curse of many a rhyming Pastoral:  
The three bold *Beauchamps* shall revive again,  
And with the *London-Prentice* Conquer *Spain*.  
All the dull Follies of the former Age  
Shall find Applause on this corrupted *Stage*.  
But if you pay the great Arrears of Praise,  
So long since due to my much-injur'd Plays,  
From all past Crimes I first will set you free,  
And then inspire some one to Write like me.

---

## KNOTTING.

*By the same Hand.*

**A**T Noon, in a Sunshiny Day,  
The brighter Lady of the *May*,  
Young *Chloris* innocent and gay,  
Sate Knotting in a Shade:

Each slender Finger play'd its part,  
With such Activity and Art,  
As wou'd inflame a youthful Heart,  
And warm the most decay'd.

Her Fav'rite Swain by chance came by,  
He saw no Anger in her Eye;  
Yet when the bashful Boy drew nigh,  
She wou'd have seem'd afraid.

She let her Ivory Needle fall,  
And hurl'd away the twifted Ball:  
But straight gave *Strephon* such a Call,  
As wou'd have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but thee?  
With Innocence I dare be free;  
By so much Truth and Modesty  
No Nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come lean thy Head upon my Lap;  
While thy smooth Cheeks I stroke and clap,  
Thou may'st securely take a Nap.  
Which he, poor Fool, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,  
And found him fast asleep all o'er.  
She sigh'd, and cou'd endure no more,  
But starting up she said,

Such Virtue shall rewarded be:  
For this thy dull Fidelity,  
I'll trust thee with my Flocks, not me,  
Pursue thy grazing Trade;

Go milk thy Goats, and shear thy Sheep,  
And watch all Night thy Floks to keep;  
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep  
By me mistaken Maid.



# A SONG to CHLORIS from the BLIND ARCHER.

By the same Hand.

**A**H Chloris, 'tis time to disarm your bright Eyes,  
And lay by those terrible Glances;  
We live in an Age that's more civil and wise,  
Than to follow the Rules of Romances.

II.

When once your round Bubbies begin but to pour,  
They'll allow you no long time of Courting,  
And you'll find it a very hard Task to hold out,  
For all Maidens are mortal at Fourteen.

## A S O N G.

Written some Time since.

**M**Ethinks the poor Town has been troubled too long  
With Phyllis and Chloris in every Song;  
By Fools, who, at once, can both love and despair,  
And will never leave calling them Cruel and Fair.  
Which justly provokes me, in Rhyme, to express  
The Truth that I know of bonny Black Bess.

II.

This Bess of my Heart, this Bess of my Soul,  
Has a Skin white as Milk, and Hair black as a Coal,  
She's plump, yet, with ease, you may span her round  
Waste,

But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd,  
Her Belly is soft, not a Word of the rest,  
But I know what I think when I drink to the Best.

III.

The Plowman and 'Squire, the erranter Clown,  
At home she subdu'd in her Paragon Gown;

But

But now she adorns the Boxes and Pit,  
And the proudest Town Gallants are forc'd to submit;  
All Hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,  
And beat day and night, like my Lord Craven's Drums.

IV.

I dare not permit her to come to *Whitehall*,  
For she'd out-shine the Ladies, Paint, Jewels, and all;  
If a Lord should but whisper his Love in the Croud,  
She'd sell him a Bargain, and laugh out aloud;  
Then the Queen over-hearing what *Betty* did say,  
Would send Mr. *Roper* to take her away.

V.

But to these that have had my dear *Bess* in their Arms  
She's gentle, and knows how to soften her Charms;  
And to every Beauty can add a new Grace,  
Having learn'd how to lisp, and to trip in her Pace;  
And with Head on one side, and a languishing Eye,  
To kill Us by Looking, as if she would die.

S O N G.

*Phyllis*, the Fairest of Love's Foes,  
Though fiercer than a Dragon,  
*Phyllis*, that scorn'd the powder'd Beaus,  
What has she now to brag on?  
So long she kept her Legs so close,  
'Till they had scarce a Rag on.

Compell'd through Want, this wretched Maid  
Did sad Complaints begin;  
Which surly *Strephon* hearing, said,  
It was both Shame and Sin,  
To pity such a lazy Jade,  
As will neither Play nor Spin.





## ON TYBURN.

O H Tyburn! could'st thou Reason and Dispute;  
 Could'st thou but Judge as well as Execute;  
 How often would'st thou change the Felon's Doom,  
 And truss some stern Chief-Justice in his room?

Then should thy sturdy Posts support the Laws,  
 No Promise, Frown, nor popular Applause,  
 Shou'd sway the Bench to favour a bad Cause.  
 Nor Scarlet Gown, swell'd with Poetick Fury,  
 Scare a false Verdict from a trembling Jury.  
 Justice, with steady Hand and even Scales,  
 Should stand upright, as if sustain'd by *Hales*.  
 Yet still, in Matters doubtful to decide,  
 A little bearing tow'rs the milder side.

## EPILOGUE.

*Written by a Person of Honour.*

O UR Poet, something doubtful of his Fate,  
 Made choice of me to be his Advocate;  
 Relying on my Knowledge in the Laws:  
 And I as boldly undertook the Cause.  
 I left my Client yonder in a Rant  
 Against the Envious and the Ignorant,  
 Who are, he says, his only Enemies:  
 But he contemns their Malice, and defies  
 The sharpest of his Censurers to say  
 Where there is one gross Fault in all his Play.  
 The Language is so fitted to each Part,  
 The Plot according to the Rules of Art:  
 And twenty other things he bid me tell you:  
 But I cry'd, E'en go do't your self for Nelly.  
 Reason with Judges, urg'd in the Defence  
 Of those they would condemn, is Insolence.

I there-

I therefore wave the Merits of his Play,  
 And think it fit to plead this safer way.  
 If, when too many in the Purchase share,  
 Robbing's not worth the Danger nor the Care;  
 The Men of Business must, in Policy,  
 Cherish a little harmless Poetry,  
 All Wit would else grow up to Knavery.  
 Wit is a Bird of Musick, or of Prey;  
 Mounting, she strikes at all things in her Way;  
 But if this Bird-lime once but touch her Wings,  
 On the next Bush she sits her down and Sings.  
 I have but one Word more: Tell me, I pray,  
 What you will get by damning of our Play?  
 A whipp'd Phanatick, who does not recant,  
 Is by his Brethren call'd a suff'ring Saint:  
 And by your Hands shou'd this poor Poet die,  
 Before he does renounce his Poetry,  
 His Death must needs confirm the Party more,  
 Than all his Scribbling Life could do before.  
 Where so much Zeal does in a Sect appear,  
 'Tis to no purpose, 'faith, to be severe.  
 But t'other Day I heard this rhyming Fop  
 Say Criticks were the Whips, and he the Top:  
 For as a Top spins best the more you baste her,  
 So, ev'ry Lash you give, he writes the faster.

### *An* E P I T A P H.

HERE lyes little — a Yard deep and more,  
 That never lay silent or quiet before.  
 Her Head always working, her Tongue always  
 prating,  
 And the Pulse of her Heart continually beating,  
 To the utmost Extreams of Loving and Hating.  
 Her Reason and Humour were always at Strife;  
 And yet she perform'd all the Duties of Life:  
 An excellent Friend, and a pretty good Wife.

So indulgent a Lover, that no Man cou'd say  
 Whether *Patty* or *Minta* did Rule or Obey;  
 For the Government chang'd some ten times a-day.  
 At the Hour of her Birth, some lucky Star gave her  
 Wit and Beauty enough to have lasted for ever;  
 But Fortune, still froward when Nature is kind,  
 A narrow Estate maliciously join'd,  
 To a vast Genius, and a noble Mind.

Her Body was built of that superfine Clay,  
 That is apt to grow brittle for want of Allay:  
 And, when, without shew, it was apt to decay,  
 It began by degrees to moulder away.

Her Soul, then, too busie on some Foreign Affair,  
 Of its own pretty Dwelling took so little Care,  
 That the Tenement fell for want of Repair.

Far be from hence the Fool, or the Knave,  
 But let all that pretend to be Witty or Brave,  
 Whether generous Friend, or amorous Slave,  
 Contribute some Tears to water her Grave.

### TO PHYLLIS: A SONG.

THOUGH, *Phyllis*, your prevailing Charms  
 Have forc'd me from my *Celia's* Arms,  
 That kind Defence against all Pow'rs,  
 But those resistless Eyes of yours;  
 Think not your Conquest to maintain  
 By Rigour, and unjust Disdain.  
 In vain, Fair Nymph, in vain you strive,  
 For Love does seldom Hope survive;  
 My Heart may languish for a time,  
 Whilst all your Glories in their Prime,  
 Can justifie such Cruelty,  
 By the same Force that conquer'd me.  
 When Age shall come, at whose Command  
 Those Troops of Beauties must Disband;  
 A Tyrant's Strength once took away,  
 What Slave so dull as to obey?

*A PROLOGUE, spoken at the Opening of the Duke's New Play-House in DORSET-GARDEN.*

THIS not in this as in the former Age,  
 When Wit alone suffic'd t' adorn the Stage;  
 When things well said an Audience could invite,  
 Without the Hope of such a gaudy Sight:  
 What with your Fathers took, would take with you,  
 If Wit had still the Charm of being New:  
 Had not Enjoyment dull'd your Appetite,  
 She in her homely Dress would yet delight;  
 Such stately Theatres we need not raise,  
 Our Old House would put off our dullest Plays:  
 You, Gallants, know a fresh Wench of Sixteen,  
 May drive the Trade in honest Bombarine;  
 And never want good Custom, should she lye  
 In a Back-room, two or three Stories high:  
 But such a Beauty as has long been known,  
 Though not decay'd, but to Perfection grown,  
 Must, if she think to thrive in this lewd Town,  
 Wear Points, lac'd Petticoats, and a rich Gown:  
 Her Lodgings too must with her Dress agree,  
 Be hung with Damask, or with Tapestry;  
 Have China, Cabinets, and a great Glass,  
 To strike Respect into an am'rous Ass.  
 Without the help of Stratagems and Arts,  
 An old Acquaintance cannot touch your Hearts:  
 Methinks 'tis hard our Authors should submit  
 So tamely to their Predecessors Wit,  
 Since, I am sure, among you there are few  
 Would grant your Grand-fathers had more than you,  
 But hold! I in this Business may proceed too far,  
 And raise a Storm against our Theatre;  
 And then what would the wise Adventurers say,  
 Who are in a much greater Fright to-day,  
 Than ever Poet was about his Play?



Our Apprehensions none can justly blame,  
 Money is dearer much to us than Fame:  
 This thought on, let our Poets justify  
 The Reputation of their Poetry;  
 We are resolv'd we will not have to do  
 With what's between those Gentlemen and you.  
 Be kind, and let our House have but your Praise,  
 You're welcome ev'ry Day to damn their Plays.

---

## A S O N G.

**A**S he lay in the Plain, his Arm under his Head,  
 And his Flock feeding by, the fond *Celadon* said,  
 If Love's a sweet Passion, why does it torment?  
 If a bitter (said he) whence are Lovers content?  
 Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain?  
 Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain?  
 Yet to pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,  
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart:  
 To my self I sigh often without knowing why;  
 And when absent from *Phyllis*, methinks I could die:  
 But oh! what a Pleasure still follows my Pain;  
 When kind Fortune does help me to see her again.  
 In her Eyes, the bright Stars that foretel what's to come,  
 By soft Stealth now and then I examine my Doom.  
 I press her Hand gently, look languishing down,  
 And by passionate Silence I make my Love known.  
 But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,  
 By some willing Mistake to discover her Love;  
 When in striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,  
 And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

---

## A S O N G.

**D**emon, if you will believe me,  
 'Tis not sighing round the Plain.

Song

# MISCELLANY POEMS. 131

Song nor Sonnet can relieve ye;  
Faint Attempts in Love are vain.

## II.

Urge but home the fair Occasion,  
And be Master of the Field;  
To a pow'rful kind Invasion  
'Twere a Madness not to yield.

## III.

Tho' she vows she'll ne'er permit ye,  
Cries you're rude, and much to blame;;  
And with Tears implores your Pity;  
Be not merciful for shame.

## IV.

When the fierce Assault is over,  
*Chloris* time enough will find  
This her cruel furious Lover,  
Much more gentle, not so kind.

# EPILOGUE.

**G**Allants, by all good Signs it does appear,  
That Sixty-seven's a very damning Year,  
For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.

Among the Muses there's a general Rot,  
The Rhyming *Monfrain*, and the *Spanish* Plot;  
Defie, or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.

The Ghosts of Poets walk within this Place,  
And haunt us Actors wherefoe'er we pass,  
In Visions bloodier than King *Richard's* was.

For this poor Wretch, he has not much to say,  
But quietly brings in his Part o'th' Play,  
And begs the Favour to be damn'd to-day.

He sends me only like a Sh'riff's Man here,  
To let you know the Malefactor's near,  
And that he means to die, *en Cavalier*.

For

For if you shou'd be gracious to his Pen,  
Th' Example will prove ill to other Men;  
And you'll be troubled with 'em all agen.

*Upon Four New Physicians Repairing  
to TUNBRIDGE WELLS.*

*Written several Years since.*

**Y**OU Maidens and Wives and young Widows rejoice,  
Declare your Thanksgiving with Heart and with  
Since Waters were Waters, I boldly dare say, [Voice;  
There ne'er was such cause for a Thanksgiving Day;  
For from London Town  
Are lately come down  
Four able Physicians that never wore Gown;  
Their Physick is pleasant, their Dose it is large,  
And you may be cur'd without Danger or Charge.

II.

No Bolus, no Vomit, no Potion or Pill,  
Which sometimes do Cure, but oftner do Kill,  
Your Taste or your Stomach need ever displease,  
If you'll be adviſed but by one of these;  
For they have a new Drug,  
Which is call'd the close Hug, [look smug.  
Which will mend your Complexion and make you  
A Sovereign Balsom, which once well apply'd,  
Though griev'd-at the Heart, the Patient ne'er dy'd.

III.

In the Morning you need not be robb'd of your Rest,  
For in your warm Bed your Physick works best;  
And though in the Taking some Stirring's requir'd,  
The Motion's so pleasant you need not be tir'd;  
On your Back you must lye,  
And raise your self high,  
And one of these Doctors must always be by,  
Who still will be ready to cover you warm;  
For if you take cold all Physick does harm.

IV. Be-

IV.

Before they do venture to give their Direction,  
They always consider the Patient's Complexion;  
If she have a moist Palm or a red Head of Hair,  
She requires more Physick than one Man can spare:

If she have a long Nose,

Scarce any one knows

How many large Handfulls must go to her Dose;  
You Ladies that have such ill Symptoms as these,  
In Reason and Conscience should pay double Fees.

V.

But that we may give these Doctors due Praise,  
Who to all sorts of People their Favour conveys,  
To the Ugly for Pity's sake Skill shall be shewn,  
And as for the Handsom they're cur'd for their own.

On your Silver or Gold

They never lay hold,

For what comes so freely they scorn should be sold:  
Then join with these Doctors, ard heartily pray,  
That their Power of Healing may never decay.

*A Cruel MISTRESS.*

By T. CAREW, Esq;

**W**E read of Kings, and Gods, that kindly took  
A Pitcher fill'd with Water from the Brook;  
But I have daily tendred without thanks  
Rivers of Tears that overflow their Banks.  
A slaughter'd Bull will appease angry Jove;  
A Horse the Sun; a Lamb the God of Love;  
But she disdains the spotless Sacrifice  
Of a pure Heart, that at her Altar lies.  
Vesta is not displeas'd, if her chaste Urn  
Do with repaired Fuel ever burn;  
But my Saint frowns, though to her honour'd Name  
I consecrate a never-dying Flame.

Th' Af-



Th' *Affyrian* King did none i' th' Furnace throw;  
 But those that to his Image did not bow;  
 With bended Knees I daily worship her,  
 Yet she consumes her own Idolater.  
 Of such a Goddeſs no times leave record,  
 That burnt the Temple, where ſhe was ador'd.

---

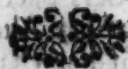
*Ingrateful Beauty threatned.*

*By the ſame Hand.*

**K** Now *Celia*, (ſince thou art ſo proud)  
 'Twas I that gave thee thy Renown:  
 Thou had'ſt, in the forgotten Crowd  
 Of Common Beauties liv'd unknown,  
 Had not my Verſe exhal'd thy Name,  
 And with it impt the Wings of Fame.

That killing Power is none of thine,  
 I gave it to thy Voice and Eyes:  
 Thy Sweets, thy Graces, all are mine;  
 Thou art my Star, ſhin'ſt in my Skies;  
 Then dart not, from thy borrow'd Sphere,  
 Lightning on him that fixt thee there.

Tempt me with ſuch Affrights no more,  
 Left what I made, I uncreate:  
 Let Fools thy myſtick Forms adore,  
 I'll know thee in thy mortal State.  
 Wiſe Poets that wrap'd Truth in Tales,  
 Knew her themſelves through all her Veils.



SONG.

## S O N G.

## I.

AT the sight of my *Phyllis*, from every Part;  
 A Spring-tide of Joy does flow up to my Heart;  
 Which quickens each Pulse, and swells ev'ry Vein:  
 But all my Delights are still mingled with Pain.

## II.

So strange a Distemper sure Love cannot bring;  
 To my Knowledge, Love was a much quieter Thing;  
 So gentle and tame, that he never was known,  
 So much as to wake me, when I lay alone.

## III.

But the Boy is much grown, and so alter'd of late,  
 He's become a more furious Passion than Hate;  
 Since, by *Phyllis*, restor'd to the Empire of Hearts,  
 He has new-string'd his Bow, and sharpen'd his Darts:  
 And strictly the Rights of his Crown to maintain,  
 He breaks ev'ry Heart, and turns ev'ry Brain.

## IV.

My Madness, alas! I too plainly discover;  
 For he is (at least) as much Madman as Lover;  
 Who, for one cruel Beauty, is ready to quit  
 All the Nymphs of the Stage, and those of the Pit;  
 The Joys of *Hide-Park*, and the *Mall's* dear Delight;  
 To live sober all Day, and chaste all the Night.

## A S O N G.

Come, *Celia*, let's agree, at last,  
 To love, and live in Quiet:  
 Let's tie the Knot so very fast,  
 That Time shall ne'er untie it.  
 Love's dearest Joys they never prove,  
 Who free from Quarrels live;  
 'Tis sure the tenderst Part of Love  
 Each other to forgive.

When

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took  
 No Pleasure, nor no Rest;  
 And when I feign'd an angry Look  
 Alas! I lov'd you best.  
 Say but the same to me, you'll find  
 How bless'd will be our Fate.  
 Ah! to be grateful, to be kind,  
 Sure never is too late.

---

*A Receipt to make an Oat-meal Pudding.*

**O**F Oats decorticated take two Pound,  
 And of new Milk enough the same to drown;  
 Of Raisins of the Sun, ston'd, Ounces eight;  
 Of Currants, cleanly pick'd, an equal Weight;  
 Of Sewet, finely slic'd, an Ounce, at least;  
 And six Eggs, newly taken from the Nest:  
 Season this Mixture well, with Salt and Spice;  
 'Twill make a Pudding far exceeding Rice;  
 And you may safely feed on it like Farmers,  
 For the Receipt is Learned Dr. Harmer's.

---

*A Receipt to make a Sack-Posset.*

**F**rom far Barbadoes, on the Western Main,  
 Fetch Sugar, half a Pound; fetch Sack, from Spain,  
 A Pint; then fetch, from India's fertile Coast,  
 Nutmeg, the Glory of the British Toast.

---

*Upon a Giant's Angling.*

**H**IS Angle-rod made of a sturdy Oak,  
 His Line a Cable which in Storms ne'er broke,  
 His Hook he baited with a Dragon's Tail,  
 And fate upon a Rock and bobb'd for Whale.

S, O N G.

## S O N G.

OF all the Torments, all the Cares,  
 With which our Lives are curst;  
 Of all the Plagues a Lover bears,  
 Sure Rivals are the worst!  
 By Partners, in each other kind,  
 Afflictions easier grow;  
 In Love alone we hate to find  
 Companions of our Woe.

*Sylvia*, for all the Pangs you see,  
 Are lab'ring in my Breast;  
 I beg not you would favour me,  
 Would you but slight the rest!  
 How great soe'er your Rigours are,  
 With them alone I'll cope;  
 I can endure my own Despair,  
 But not another's Hope.

## To STREPHON.

*Strepbon*, at last th' unhappy Veil's remov'd;  
*Sylvia*, that *Sylvia* whom your *Damon* lov'd,  
 Whom he preferr'd to all the World beside,  
 And for whose sake he had with Glory dy'd:  
*Sylvia*, in whom the Dotard thought to find  
 Beauty and Wit, with Saint-like Virtue join'd,  
 Does all the Treasure of her Charms expose  
 To Temple Wits and *Covent-Garden* Beaux!  
 Looks coy, and shuns Mankind in open Light,  
 While her Back-door admits them all at Night.



LYCON.



## LYCON. ECLOGUE.

**S** *Trephon* and *Damon's* Flocks together fed,  
 Two charming Swains as e'er *Arcadia* bred;  
 Both fam'd for Wit, and fam'd for Beauty both;  
 Both in the Lustre of their blooming Youth:  
 No sullen Cares their tender Thoughts remove,  
 No Passions discompose their Souls, but Love.  
 Once, and but once alone, as Story goes,  
 Between the Youths a fierce Dispute arose;  
 Not for the Merit of their tuneful Lays,  
 (Tho' both deserv'd, yet both despis'd that Praise;) Strep.  
 But for a Cause of greater Moment far,  
 That merited a Lover's utmost Care. Dan.  
 Each Swain the Prize of Beauty strove to gain, Strep.  
 For the bright Shepherdess that caus'd his Pain. A  
*Lycon* they chose the Difference to decide, Dan.  
*Lycon*, for Prudence and sage Counsel try'd; Strep.  
 Who Love's mysterious Arts had study'd long, S  
 And taught, when Old, what he had practis'd Young. Dan.  
 For the Dispute alternate Verse they chuse, A  
 Alternate Verse delights the Rural Muse. Strep.

*Strep.* To *Flavia*, Love, Thou justly ow'st the Prize,  
 She owns thy Pow'r, nor does thy Laws reprove. Dan.  
*Dam.* Tho' *Sylvia*, for herself, Love's Pow'r defies, Strep.  
 What Crowds of Vassals has she made to Love? W  
*Strep.* When *Flavia* comes attir'd for Rural Games, Dan.  
 Each Curl, each Flow'r she wears, a Charm express. Fl.  
*Dam.* *Sylvia*, without a foreign Aid, enflames;  
 Charm'd with her Eyes, we never mind her Dress. Ly.  
*Strep.* Have you seen *Flavia* with her Flaxen Hair? Or to  
 She seems an Image of the Queen of Love! a wel  
*Dam.* *Sylvia's* dark Hair like *Leda's* Locks appear, both  
 And yet, like her, has Charms to conquer Love. flavi  
*Strep.* *Flavia* by Crowds of Lovers is admir'd;  
 Happy that Youth who shall the Fair enjoy! as e  
*Dam.* *Sylvia* neglects her Lovers, lives retir'd;  
 Happy, that could her lonely Thoughts employ!

Strep.

*Strep.* *Flavia*, where-e'er she comes, the Swains subdues,  
And ev'ry Smile she gives conveys a Dart.

*Dam.* *Sylvia* the Swains with native Coldness views,  
And yet what Shepherd can defend his Heart?

*Strep.* *Flavia's* bright Beauties in an Instant strike;  
Gazers, before they think of it, adore.

*Dam.* *Sylvia's* soft Charms, as soon as seen we like;  
But still the more we think, we love the more.

*Strep.* Who is so stupid that has *Flavia* seen,  
As not to view the Nymph with vast Delight?

*Dam.* Who has seen *Sylvia*, and so stupid been,  
As to remember any other Sight? [views

*Strep.* What Thoughts has *Flavia*, when with Care she  
Her charming Graces in the Chrystal Lakes?

*Dam.* To see hers, *Sylvia* need no Mirrors use:  
She sees them by the Conquests that she makes.

*Strep.* With what Assurance *Flavia* walks the Plains?  
She knows the Nymphs must all their Lovers yield.

*Dam.* *Sylvia* with Blushes wounds the gazing Swains,  
And while she strives to fly, she wins the Field.

*Strep.* *Flavia* at first young *Melibæus* lov'd;  
For me she did that charming Youth forsake.

*Dam.* *Sylvia's* relentless Heart was never mov'd;  
Gods! that I might the first Impression make!

*Strep.* Shou'd *Flavia* hear that *Sylvia* vy'd with her,  
What Indignation would the Charmer show?

*Dam.* *Sylvia* wou'd *Flavia* to herself prefer:  
There we alone her Judgment disallow.

*Strep.* If *Sylvia's* Charms with *Flavia's* can compare,  
Why is This crowded still, and That alone?

*Dam.* Because their ways of Life so diff'rent are;  
*Flavia* gives all Men Hopes, and *Sylvia* none.

*Lycon.* Shepherds; enough; now cease your am'rous  
Or too much Heat may carry both too far: [War;  
I well attended the Dispute, and find  
Both Nymphs have Charms, but each in diff'rent Kind.  
*Flavia* deserves more Pains than she will cost;  
As easily got, were she not easily lost.

*Sylvia*

*Sylvia* is much more difficult to gain;  
 But, once possess'd, will well reward the Pain.  
 We wish them *Flavia's* all, when first we burn;  
 But, once possess'd, wish they would *Sylvia's* turn.  
 And, by the diff'rent Charms in each exprest,  
 One we shou'd soonest love, the other best.

---

### The DESPAIRING LOVER.

**D**istracted with Care,  
 For *Phyllis* the Fair;  
 Since nothing cou'd move her,  
 Poor *Damon* her Lover,  
 Resolves in Despair  
 No longer to languish,  
 Nor bear so much Anguish;  
 But, mad with his Love,  
 To a Precipice goes;  
 Where a Leap from above  
 Wou'd soon finish his Woes.

When in Rage he came there,  
 Beholding how steep  
 The Sides did appear,  
 And the Bottom how deep;  
 His Torments projecting,  
 And sadly reflecting,  
 That a Lover forsaken  
 A new Love may get;  
 But a Neck when once broken,  
 Can never be set:  
 And, that he cou'd die  
 Whenever he wou'd;  
 But, that he cou'd live  
 But as long as he cou'd:  
 How grievous soever  
 The Torment might grow,

MISCELLANY POEMS. 141

He scorn'd to endeavour  
To finish it so.  
But Bold, Unconcern'd  
At thoughts of the Pain,  
He calmly return'd  
To his Cottage again.

*Upon the* TRAGEDY of the *FAIR*  
PENITENT.

SEE here the various Scenes of Human Lives;  
Uncommon Husbands true, but common Wives;  
One, Charming, Faithless, Haughty when reprov'd,  
Lov'd by her Husband, her Gallant she lov'd;  
One, an Indulgent, Faithful, Constant Bride,  
Fond of her Spouse, neglects the World beside.  
That Husband, tho' with Friends and Fortune blest,  
Finds a Domestick Ill that racks his Breast:  
While this, tho' Fortune frown, tho' Friends desert,  
Finds one to hush his Cares, and charm his Heart.

Wou'd Women rather, from the Throng retir'd,  
Be lov'd by one, than be by Crowds admir'd:  
Wou'd Men, before their Hearts were quite resign'd,  
Forget the Faces, and inspect the Mind:  
Such Objects, shou'd they fainter Charms possess,  
Wou'd please 'em longer, tho' they pleas'd 'em less.  
For Beauty's Blaze, tho' fierce, is quickly past;  
While Love, good Sense, and Virtue always last.

S O N G.

Cupid! Instruct an am'rous Swain,  
Some Way to tell the Nymph his Pain,  
To common Youths unknown:  
To talk of Sighs, of Flames, of Darts;  
Of bleeding Wounds, and burning Hearts;  
Are Methods vulgar grown.

What



What need'st thou tell? (the God reply'd)  
 That Love the Shepherd cannot hide  
 The Nymph will quickly find:  
 When *Phæbus* does his Beams display,  
 To tell Men gravely that 'tis Day,  
 Is to suppose 'em blind.

## S O N G.

**A**S the Snow in Vallies lying,  
*Phæbus* his warm Beams applying,  
 Soon dissolves and runs away;  
 So the Beauties, so the Graces,  
 Of the most bewitching Faces,  
 At approaching Age decay.

As a Tyrant, when degraded,  
 Is despis'd, and is upbraided,  
 By the Slaves he once controll'd;  
 So the Nymph, if none cou'd move her,  
 Is contemn'd by ev'ry Lover,  
 When her Charms are growing old.

Melancholick Looks, and Whining,  
 Grieving, Quarelling, and Pining,  
 Are th' Effects your Rigours move;  
 Soft Caresses, am'rous Glances,  
 Melting Sighs, transporting Trances,  
 Are the bless'd Effects of Love.

Fair ones! while your Beauty's blooming,  
 Use your Time, lest Age resumming  
 What your Youth profusely lends;  
 You are robb'd of all your Glories,  
 And condemn'd to tell old Stories,  
 To your unbelieving Friends.

To a LADY, sent her with Mr.  
GRANVILL'S Play, call'd HEROICK  
LOVE.

THE noble Granvill here has nicely shown  
Heroick Love, a Copy of his own;  
No Flight of Fancy, but his Heart Indires  
These moving Scenes, and what he feels, he writes.  
With Love like his, tho' in unequal Lays,  
Too charming Maid, I offer at thy Praise.  
Look on *Chryseis*, she each Feature drew  
In Nature's Pride, and sure she fate for you.  
Observe her sad Farewel, she best can give  
The dire Account, what 'tis to Part and Live.  
You've all her Charms, her Beauty, and her Youth,  
But want, I fear, her Kindness, and her Truth.

Well had it been for *Priam* and his Race,  
Had Fate set me in *Agamemnon*'s place,  
And you *Chryseis*: Glory shou'd have strove  
But faintly then against the force of Love.  
Deaf to Renown, and scorning to be Great,  
I'd left the Camp for some obscure Retreat.  
There gazing on those lovely Eyes, prefer  
One Smile of yours to all the Pomp of War;  
And, ev'ry Mark of Royalty laid down,  
Had languish'd at your Feet, and sav'd the Town.

---

EPITAPH, on a Young Gentleman, who  
dy'd for Love of a Married Lady.

By the same Hand.

HERE lyes a Youth, who fell a Sacrifice,  
In his first Bloom, to Fair *Aurelia*'s Eyes.  
Whom shall we blame? Her Duty was her Guard,  
And his Injustice was its own Reward.

(If

(If he's unjust, whose Reason cannot prove  
 Of force enough against Imperious Love)  
 Th' aspiring Youth, who scorn'd to stoop so low,  
 To take what Pity only cou'd bestow;  
 Still wish'd for more, 'till in the fatal Strife  
 He sunk beneath the Virtue of a Wife;  
 Resign'd his Blood to quench his guilty Flame.  
 But Crimes of Love deserve a gentle Name:  
 And I must neither praise him, nor condemn,  
 For I wou'd die to be bewail'd like him:  
 Since she, whose Piety deny'd to save,  
 Now pours her fruitless Tears upon his Grave.

**TASSO'S JERUSALEM.** *Book the*  
*Fourth.*

*English'd by Mrs. ELIZ. SINGER.*

**B**UT while to bring about their great Intent,  
 The Christian Army all their Vigour bent;  
 The potent Enemy of Human-kind,  
 Revolv'd their happy Progress in his Mind.  
 His baleful Eyes with hellish Envy glare,  
 Half-stifled Murmurs show his inward Care,  
 And hollow Groans betray his deep Despair:  
 With such a heavy, hoarse, and bellowing Sound,  
 Wild Bulls, when stung with Grief, they trace the  
 Ground,  
 Fill all the Groves, and all the Vallies round.  
 Collecting all the Rage within his Breast,  
 For Means the active Christians to molest.  
 Fool! to believe with any Force or Skill,  
 T'oppose the Methods of th' Eternal Will;  
 And those avenging Thunders to awake,  
 That plung'd him headlong down the flaming Lake.  
 Regardless of that memorable Day,  
 He summons now the States of Hell away.

Theo

VOL.

Thro' all the Climes of endless Darkness round;  
 The jarring Calls of the hoarse Trumpet sound:  
 Trembled the wide infernal Caves again,  
 And long the murmur'ing Air retain'd the sullen Strain,  
 Not half so dreadful in a Romy Wreck,  
 From low'ring Clouds the noise Thunders break;  
 Nor Vapors close-imprison'd in the Earth,  
 With such wild Rumour give themselves a Birth.  
 In various Troops, the gloomy Deities  
 Together came, that share the vast Abyss:  
 Unnumber'd Forms, and monstrous all appear,  
 And deadly Terror in their Looks they wear;  
 With horrid snaky Tresses some were Crown'd;  
 Some stamp'd with brutal Hoofs the burning Ground;  
 Others more curst a Human Visage find,  
 But scaly Serpents end below, and wind  
 In circling Folds prodigious lengths behind:  
 And many a lewd detested Harpy there,  
 Centaurs, and Sphinx's hideous Forms appear:  
 Hydra, and Python, hissing thro' the Gloom,  
 With Gorgon here, and barking Scylla, come:  
 Gyants and ghastly Shapes that want a Name,  
 And fierce Chimera spitting angry Flame;  
 Many and many a frightful Monster more,  
 With wild Confusion crowd the lofty Door.  
 Great Lucifer the regal Seat commands,  
 Making a rusty Scepter in his Hands:  
 Nor Alpine Hill, nor some exalted Rock,  
 That proudly stands the raging Ocean's Shock,  
 Nor half so tall th' Atlantick Mount appears,  
 So vast his Bulk, so high his tow'ring Front he rears,  
 So horrid Majesty surrounds his Face,  
 As Terror, Pride, and growing Rage increase.  
 His redning Eyes like fatal Comets glare,  
 And shoot malignant Venom thro' the Air:  
 Beneath his Breast descends a loathsome Beard,  
 His Mouth a deep polluted Gulf appear'd;  
 Whence issue Sulphur, Smoak, and pois'nous Streams,  
 With mutt'ring Thunder, and destructive Flames:



He spake, all Hell astonish'd at the Noise;  
 Stood mute, grim *Cerberus* restrains his Voice;  
*Cocytus* stops, the Snakes to Hiss forbear, [we hear,  
 While thro' the sounding Deep these dreadful Words

Infernal Gods, worthy the Thrones of Light,  
 And Monarchies of Heav'n, your native Right,  
 Whom from the Realms of Bliss, your ancient Lot,  
 The just, the glorious Cause for which we fought,  
 With me to this opprobrious Dungeon brought,  
 Other Success, ev'n he that rules the Skies,  
 Expected from our Noble Enterprize:

But unmolested now he Reigns above,  
 And us from thence as conquer'd Rebels drove;  
 From a serene, and everlasting Day,  
 From Stars, and from the Sun's delightful Ray,  
 To Shades, and everlasting Night retire,  
 Nor dare again to those gay Climes aspire.

But I th' Effects of all his Wrath disdain,  
 'Till one curst Thought exasperates my Pain,  
 That racking Thought I never can sustain:  
 I could with Joy in Heav'n resign my Place,  
 But rage to see it fill'd with Man's degenerate Race:  
 To see vile Dust exalted to supply

Our once Illustrious Stations in the Sky;  
 And what distracts me more——

As all too little to our mighty Foe  
 Appear'd, that he for worthless Man could do;  
 The ruin'd Wretches Forfeiture to pay,  
 He gave to Death his Darling Son a Prey;  
 Victorious o'er the meagre King, in State  
 He proudly enters the infernal Gate;

Within my gloomy Confines dar'd to tread,  
 And here in Scorn his shining Banners spread.  
 Millions of Captive Souls, our destin'd Prey,  
 He led triumphant from the Shades away:

And, what my Discontent and Pain renews,  
 The ancient Enterprize he still pursues;  
 And while we idly here consume the Day,  
 To him the *Asian* Empire drops away,  
 And false *Judaea* shortly owns his Sway:

Loud Hymns in ev'ry Language to his Name  
They sing, and spread around the World his Fame.  
Inscrib'd in Brass, and lasting Marble, they  
His Glory down to future Times convey.  
To him alone devoted Flames arise,  
And Vows, and Od'rous Incense mount the Skies.  
No blazing Fire upon our Altar shines,  
Neglected stand our Temples, and our Shrines:  
No more with Gifts they crowd our rich Abodes,  
Nor fall before us as assisting Gods.  
Empty of Human Souls our Regions grow,  
While all the Roads of Hell unpeopled show:  
And can we tamely suffer this? — And rests  
No Spark of ancient Vigour in your Breasts?  
Have you forgot when in bright Arms we shone,  
Engag'd with Heav'n, and shook his lofty Throne?  
Our native Vigour, our immortal Flame,  
And ardent Thirst of Glory, is the same.  
But why, you dear Companions of my Woe,  
In pleasing Mischief are you grown so slow?  
Lost here in Sloth and Darknets we remain,  
While new Allies the prosp'rous Christians gain:  
Haste then, with all the Rage of Hell assail  
Our dreaded Foes, by Arts or Force prevail;  
In all their Solemn Councils raise Dissent,  
Ungrounded Jealousies, and Discontent:  
Let some the Slaves of shameful Passions prove,  
Plung'd in the soft licentious Joys of Love;  
And others treach'rously the Cause decline,  
Confound their Army, sink the curst Design.



*To a LADY more Cruel than Fair.*

By Mr. VANBROOK.

**W**HY d'y'e with such Disdain refuse  
An humble Lover's Plea?

Since Heav'n denies you Pow'r to chuse,  
You ought to value me.

II.

Ungrateful Mistress of a Heart,

Which I so freely gave;

Tho' weak your Bow, tho' blunt your Dart,

I soon resign'd your Slave.

III.

Nor was I weary of your Reign,

'Till you a Tyrant grew,

And seem'd regardless of my Pain,

As Nature seem'd of you.

IV.

When thousands with unerring Eyes

Your Beauty wou'd decry,

What Graces did my Love devise,

To give their Truths the Lie?

V.

To ev'ry Grove I told your Charms,

In you my Heav'n I plac'd,

Proposing Pleasures in your Arms,

Which none but I cou'd taste.

VI.

For me t'admire, at such a rate,

So damn'd a Face, will prove

You have as little Cause to hate,

As I had Cause to love.



# A FABLE of a Council held by the R A T S.

ONE *Rhodilard* by Name,  
A Cat of wond'rous Fame,  
So many Rats had slain,  
Few only did remain:  
Those few were lean, and starv'd,  
And did but seldom eat;  
They durst not seek for Meat,  
For fear of *Rhodilard*:  
Who pass'd with ev'ry sober Rat,  
More for a Devil, than a Cat.

Now *Rhodilard* being in Love,  
One Day he chanc'd to rove,  
To seek his Lady Fair,  
On the House Top, or in the Air;  
In short, so far he did remove  
About that grand Affair,  
That the few Rats he left alive,  
Would not th' occasion lose,  
But sate in Council close,  
To think how they once more might thrive:

Their Reverend Dean, both Grave and Wise,  
Did prudently advise  
On the Cat's Neck to tye a Bell;  
All do agree he counsell'd well;  
But the main Point is still behind;  
The Difficulty was, to find  
The means to tie it on:  
One frankly own'd he was afraid;  
D'ye think me mad? another said.  
They rise, and nothing's done.

How many Councils have I seen  
Appl'y with this compas'd?

H 3:

Councils



*Councils of other Note I men,  
 Than about Rhodilard;  
 Where all, while 'tis but to Disputes  
 Can bravely stand their Ground;  
 But when it comes to execute,  
 Not one is to be found.*

### From *ANACREON*.

**T**HAT *Niobé* to Stone was chang'd,  
 And *Progné* like a Swallow rang'd  
 About the Fields, old Poets tell;  
 Why might not I transform as well?  
 Oh! that I might become the Glass,  
 In which you use to see your Face;  
 Or if I cou'd be chang'd, my Fair,  
 Into the Garment that you wear,  
 The Bath in which your Body swims,  
 The Essence that anoints your Limbs,  
 The Pearls with which your Neck is dress'd,  
 The Steenkirk ty'd upon your Breast:  
 Nay, I wou'd be your very Shoe,  
 Still to be trod upon by you.

### From *OVID*.

**I**N Summer, and the Heat of all the Day,  
 At my full Ease in a large Bed I lay,  
 One Window shut, t'other half open stood,  
 Casting a gloomy Light, as thro' a Wood;  
 Such as we use to see when the Sun sets,  
 Or as the Dawning of the Day begets;  
 Such we shou'd still afford a blushing Maid,  
 Whose Bashfulness of greater is afraid.  
*Corinna* enters, with her Neck all bare,  
 But where 'twas cover'd by loose dangling Hair;

# MISCELLANY POEMS 151

Such did of old *Semiramis* appear,  
 Or *Lais* to so many Lovers dear.  
 About her Shoulders carelessly was thrown  
 A Veil, so thin that all was thro' it shown.  
 I strove to pluck it off; she to retain,  
 But so, as if she meant to strive in vain.  
 When she quite naked stood, my wond'ring Eye  
 Could not one Fault in her whole Body spy.  
 What Arms, what Shoulders had she! what a Breast!  
 How firm, and how inviting to be prest!  
 How smooth and even did her Belly lye!  
 What lusty Sides! and what a youthful Thigh!  
 There needs no more, but all was most Divine.  
 I drew her naked Body close to mine;  
 The rest you guess: We were both tir'd too soon;  
 May ev'ry Day of mine have such a Noon.

## A Hue and Cry after FAIR AMORET.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

FAIR *Amoret* is gone astray;  
 Pursue and seek her, ev'ry Lover;  
 I'll tell the Signs, by which you may  
 The wand'ring Shepherdess discover.

II.

Coquet and Coy at once her Air,  
 Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;  
 Careless she is with artful Care,  
 Affecting to seem unaffected.

III.

With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,  
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;  
 For she'd persuade they wound by Chance,  
 Tho' certain Aim and Art direct 'em.

H 4

IV. She

## IV.

She likes herself, yet others hates  
 For that which in herself she prizes;  
 And while she Laughs at them, forgets  
 She is the Thing that she despises.

---

## A S O N G.

*By the same Hand.*

I Look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I cou'd speak,  
 For I very fain wou'd have been at her;  
 But when I strove most my Passion to break,  
 Still then I said least of the Matter.

## II.

I swore to my self, and resolv'd I wou'd try  
 Some way my poor Heart to recover;  
 But that was all vain, for I sooner cou'd die,  
 Than live with forbearing to love her.

## III.

Dear *Celia* be kind then; and since your own Eyes  
 By Looks can command Adoration,  
 Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise  
 Those Oglings that tell you my Passion.

## IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither shou'd  
 The Pleasure we'll still be pursuing; [speak,  
 And so, without Words, I don't doubt we may make  
 A very good end of this Wooing.

---

## A S O N G.

*By the same Hand.*

AH! what Pains, what racking Thoughts he proves,  
 Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves,

In cruel Absence doom'd past Joys to mourn,  
And think on Hours that will no more return.  
Oh! let me ne'er the Pangs of Absence try;  
Save me from Absence, Love, or let me die.

*Song in Dialogue, for two Women.*

*By the same Hand.*

I.

I Love, and am belov'd again,  
I Strephon no more shall sigh in vain:  
I've try'd his Faith, and found him true,  
And all my Coyness bid adieu.

II.

I love, and am belov'd again,  
Yet still my *Thyrsis* shall complain;  
I'm sure he's mine, while I refuse him,  
But shou'd I yield, I fear to lose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious Fasting.
  2. And will both tire with often Tasting.
- When they find the Bliss not lasting.

1. Love is compleat in kind Possessing.
2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the Blessing.

Chorus of both.

Then let us beware how far we consent,  
Too soon when we yield, too late we repent;  
'Tis Ignorance makes Men admire,  
And granting Desire,  
We feed not the Fire,  
But make it more quickly expire.

A S O N G.

*By the same Hand.*

Grant me, gentle Love, said I,  
One dear Blessing ere I die;

H. 5.

Long



154      *The FIFTH PART of*

Long I've born Excess of Pain,  
Let me now some Bliss obtain.

Thus to Almighty Love I cry'd,  
When angry, thus the God reply'd.

Blessings greater none can have,  
Art thou not *Amynta's* Slave?  
Cease, fond Mortal, to implore,  
For Love, Love himself's no more.

S O N G.

*By the same Hand.*

**C**Ruel *Amynta*, can you see  
A Heart thus torn which you betray'd?  
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,  
But thro' your Eyes the Conquest made.

In Ambush there the Traitor lay,  
Where I was led by faithless Smiles.  
No Wretches are so lost as they,  
Who much Security beguiles.

S O N G.

*By the same Hand.*

**S**EE, see she wakes, *Sabina* wakes!  
And now the Sun begins to rise;  
Less glorious is the Morn that breaks  
From his bright Beams, than her fair Eyes.

With Light united, Day they give,  
But diff'rent Fates ere Night fulfil:  
How many by his Warmth will live!  
How many will her Coldness kill!

S O N G.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 155

S O N G.

*By the same Hand.*

Pious Selinda goes to Pray'rs,  
If I but ask the Favour;  
And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,  
When she believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this Restraint,  
Or else had hopes to win her;  
Wou'd she cou'd make of me a Saint,  
Or I of her a Sinner.

---

L E S B I A.

*By the same Hand.*

W H E N *Lesbia* first I saw so heav'nly Fair,  
With Eyes so bright, and with that awful Air;  
I thought my Heart, which durst so high aspire,  
As bold as his who snatch'd Cœlestial Fire.  
But soon as e'er the beauteous Idiot spoke,  
Forth from her Coral Lips such Folly broke,  
Like Balm the trickling Nonsense heal'd my Wound,  
And what her Eyes enthrall'd, her Tongue unbound.

---

PROLOGUE to the PRINCESS.

*Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.*

*By the same Hand.*

I F what we feel of Joy cou'd be express'd,  
It were unworthy of our Royal Guest:  
Great

Great Blessings, when bestow'd above Desert,  
 Suppress the Speech, tho' they inspire the Heart,  
 Thus, tho' the Muse her grateful Homage pays,  
 She dares not strive her trembling Voice to raise,  
 And pay unequal Thanks, or disproportion'd Praise,  
 Such Awe there is in all sublime Delight,  
 And so severe is Joy when Exquisite.

Our sickly Clime, which has for ten Years past,  
 With one continu'd Winter been o'er-cast,  
 Has this new Age with wonted Health begun,  
 Reviv'd and cheer'd by the relenting Sun.  
 Again, the Spring does early Blossoms yield,  
 And Nature laughs in ev'ry living Field.  
 The Stage alone remains a frozen Soil,  
 And fruitless mocks the weary Lab'ers Toil;  
 But this bright Presence darts enliv'ning Fires,  
 And ev'ry Muse with Genial Warmth inspires:  
 Health to the World, the Sun's kind Heat assures;  
 That lives by his, but we survive by yours.

---

*VERSES Sacred to the Memory of GRACE  
 Lady GETHIN. Occasioned by reading  
 her Book, intitled, Reliquiæ Gethinianæ.*

*By the same Hand.*

**A**fter a painful Life in Study spent,  
 The Learn'd themselves their Ignorance lament;  
 And aged Men, whose Lives exceed the Space,  
 Which seems the Bound prescrib'd to mortal Race,  
 With hoary Heads, their short Experience grieve,  
 As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live.  
 So hard it is true Knowledge to attain,  
 So frail is Life, and fruitless Human Pain!  
 Who-e'er on this reflects, and then beholds,  
 With strict Attention what this Book unfolds,

With

With Admiration struck, shall question Who  
 So very long cou'd live, so much to know?  
 For so compleat the finish'd Piece appears,  
 That Learning seems combin'd with length of Years;  
 And both improv'd by purest Wit, to reach  
 At all that Study, or that Time can teach.  
 But to what height must his Amazement rise!  
 When having read the Work, he turns his Eyes  
 Again to view the foremost op'ning Page,  
 And there the Beauty, Sex, and tender Age  
 Of Her beholds, in whose pure Mind arose  
 Th'Ætherial Source from whence this Current flows!  
 When Prodigies appear, our Reason fails,  
 And Superstition o'er Philosophy prevails.  
 Some heav'nly Minister we strait conclude,  
 Some Angel-Mind with Female Form indu'd,  
 To make a short Abode on Earth, was sent,  
 (Where no Perfection can be permanent)  
 And having left her bright Example here,  
 Was quick recall'd, and bid to disappear.  
 Whether around the Throne, Eternal Hymns  
 She Sings, amid the Choir of Seraphims;  
 Or some refulgent Star informs, and guides,  
 Where she, the blest Intelligence, presides;  
 Is not for us to know who here remain;  
 For 'twere as Impious to enquire, as Vain:  
 And all we ought, or can, in this dark State,  
 Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

---

EPITAPH upon ROBERT HUNTINGTON,  
 of Stanton Harcourt, Esq; and ROBERT  
 his Son.

*By the same Hand.*

THIS peaceful Tomb does now contain,  
 Father and Son, together laid;

Whose



158      *The FIFTH PART of*

Whose living Virtues shall remain,  
When they, and this are quite decay'd.

What Man shou'd be, to Ripeness grown,  
And finish'd Worth shou'd do, or shun,  
At full was in the Father shown;  
What Youth cou'd promise, in the Son.

But Death obdurate, both destroy'd,  
The perfect Fruit, and op'ning Bud:  
First seiz'd those Sweets we had enjoy'd,  
Then robb'd us of the coming Good.

**BRITANNIA REDIVIVA: A**  
*Poem on the PRINCE, Born on the*  
*10th of June, 1688.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

**O**UR Vows are heard betimes! and Heav'n takes care  
To grant, before we can conclude the Pray'r:  
Preventing Angels met it half the way,  
And sent us back to Praise, who came to Pray.

Just on the Day, when the high-mounted Sun  
Did farthest in his Northern Progress run,  
He bended forward, and ev'n stretch'd the Sphere  
Beyond the Limits of the lengthen'd Year,  
To view a brighter Sun in *Britain* born;  
That was the Bus'ness of his longest Morn;  
The glorious Object seen, 'twas time to turn.

Departing Spring cou'd only stay to shed  
Her gloomy Beauties on the genial Bed,  
But left the Manly Summer in her stead,  
With timely Fruit the longing Land to chear,  
And to fulfill the Promise of the Year.  
Betwixt two Seasons comes th' Auspicious Heir,  
This Age to blossom, and the next to bear.

\* Last

\* Last solemn Sabbath saw the Church attend,  
The Paraclete in fiery Pomp descend;  
But when his wond'rous † Octave roll'd again,  
He brought a Royal Infant in his Train,  
So great a Blessing to so good a King  
None but th' Eternal Comforter cou'd bring.

Or did the mighty Trinity conspire,  
As once, in Council to Create our Sire?  
It seems as if they sent the new-born Guest  
To wait on the Procession of their Feast;  
And on their Sacred Anniverse decreed  
To stamp their Image on the promis'd Seed.  
Three Realms united, and on One bestow'd,  
An Emblem of their Mystick Union show'd:  
The mighty Trine the triple Empire shar'd,  
As every Person wou'd have one to guard.

Hail Son of Pray'rs! by Holy Violence  
Drawn down from Heav'n; but long be banish'd thence.  
And late to thy Paternal Skies retire:  
To mend our Crimes whole Ages wou'd require:  
To change th' inveterate habit of our Sins,  
And finish what thy Godlike Sire begins.  
Kind Heaven, to make us *English-men* again,  
No less can give us than a Patriarch's Reign.

The Sacred Cradle to your Charge receive  
Ye Seraphs, and by turns the Guard relieve;  
Thy Father's Angel and thy Father join  
To keep Possession, and secure the Line;  
But long defer the Honours of thy Fate.  
Great may they be like his, like his be late,  
That *James* his running Century may view,  
And give this Son an Auspice to the New.

Our Wants exact at least that moderate stay:  
For see the ‡ Dragon winged on his way,  
To watch the § Travail; and devour the Prey.

\* *Whit-Sunday.* † *Trinity-Sunday.* ‡ *Alluding only to the  
Common-wealth Party, here and in other Places of the Poem.*

§ *Rev. 12. V. 4.*

Or,

Or, if Allusions may not rise so high,  
 Thus, when *Alcides* rais'd his Infant Cry,  
 The Snakes besieg'd his Young Divinity:  
 But vainly with their forked Tongues they threat;  
 For Opposition makes a Hero Great.  
 To needful Succour all the Good will run;  
 And *Jove* assert the Godhead of his Son.

O still repining at your present State,  
 Grudging your selves the Benefits of Fate,  
 Look up, and read in Characters of Light  
 A Blessing sent you in your own Despight.  
 The Manna falls, yet that Celestial Bread  
 Like *Jews* you munch, and murmur while you feed,  
 May not your Fortune be like theirs, Exil'd,  
 Yet Forty Years to wander in the Wild:  
 Or if it be, may *Moses* live at least.  
 To lead you to the Verge of promis'd Rest.

Tho' Poets are not Prophets, to foreknow  
 What Plants will take the Blite, and what will grow,  
 By tracing Heav'n his Footsteps may be found.  
 Behold! how awfully he walks the round!  
 God is abroad, and wond'rous in his ways,  
 The Rise of Empires, and their Fall surveys,  
 More (might I say) than with an usual Eye,  
 He sees his bleeding Church in Ruin lye,  
 And hears the Souls of Saints beneath his Altar cry.  
 Already has he lifted high, the \* Sign  
 Which Crown'd the Conquering Arms of *Constantine*:  
 The † Moon grows pale at that presaging sight,  
 And half her Train of Stars have lost their Light.

Behold another ‡ *Sylvester*, to bless  
 The sacred Standard, and secure Success;  
 Large of his Treasures, of a Soul so great,  
 As fills and crowds his Universal Seat.

Now view at home a § second *Constantine*;  
 (The former too was of the *British* Line)

\* The Cross. † The Crescent, which the Turks bear for their Arms.  
 ‡ The Pope in the time of *Constantine* the Great, alluding to the present Pope, § K. James the Second.

Has not his healing Balm your Breaches clos'd,  
 Whose Exile many fought, and few oppos'd?  
 O, did not Heav'n by its Eternal Doom  
 Permit those Evils, that this Good might come?  
 So manifest, that even the Moon-ey'd Sects  
 See *Whom* and *What* this Providence protects.  
 Methinks, had we within our Minds no more  
 Than that one Shipwrack on the Fatal \* Ore,  
 That only thought may make us think again,  
 What Wonders God reserves for such a Reign.  
 To dream that Chance his Preservation wrought,  
 Were to think Noah was preserv'd for nought;  
 Or the Surviving Eight were not design'd  
 To People Earth, and to restore their Kind.

When humbly on the Royal Babe we gaze,  
 The Manly Lines of a Majestick Face  
 Give awful Joy; 'Tis Paradise to look  
 On the fair Frontispiece of Nature's Book;  
 If the first opening Page so charms the sight,  
 Think how th' unfolded Volume will delight!  
 See how the Venerable Infant lies  
 In early Pomp; how through the Mother's Eyes  
 The Father's Soul, with an undaunted view  
 Looks out, and takes our Homage as his due,  
 See on his future Subjects how he smiles,  
 Nor meanly flatters, nor with Craft beguiles;  
 But with an open Face, as on this Throne,  
 Assures our Birthrights, and assumes his own.

Born in broad Day-light, that th' ungrateful Rout  
 May find no room for a remaining Doubt:  
 Truth, which it self is Light, does Darkness shun,  
 And the true Eaglet safely dares the Sun.

† Fain wou'd the Fiend have made a dubious Birth,  
 Loth to confess the Godhead cloath'd in Earth.  
 But sicken'd after all their baffled Lies,  
 To find an Heir apparent in the Skies:

\* The Lemmon Ore. † Alluding to the Temptations in the Wilderness.



Abandon'd to Despair, still may they grudge,  
And owning not the Saviour, prove the Judge.

Not great \* *Aeneas* stood in plainer Day,  
When, the dark mantling Mist dissolv'd away,  
He to the *Tyrians* shew'd his sudden Face,  
Shining with all his Goddess Mother's Grace:  
For she herself had made his Count'nance bright,  
Breath'd Honour on his Eyes, and her own Purple Light.

If our Victorious † *Edward*, as they say,  
Gave *Wales* a Prince on that propitious Day,  
Why may not Years revolving with his Fate  
Produce his Like, but with a longer Date?  
One who may carry to a distant Shoar  
The Terror that his Fam'd Forefather bore.  
But why shou'd *James* or his young Heroe stay  
For slight Presages of a Name or Day?  
We need no *Edward's* Fortune to Adorn  
That happy Moment when our Prince was born:  
Our Prince Adorns this Day, and Ages hence  
Shall wish his Birth-day for some future Prince.

‡ Great *Michael*, Prince of all the *Ætherial* Hosts,  
And whate'er Inn-born Saints our *Britain* boasts;  
And thou, th' adopted § *Patron* of our Isle,  
With chearful Aspects on this Infant smile:  
The Pledge of Heav'n, which dropping from above,  
Secures our Bliss, and reconciles his Love.

Enough of Ills our dire Rebellion wrought,  
When, to the Dregs, we drank the bitter Draught;  
Then Airy Atoms did in Plagues conspire,  
Nor did th' avenging Angel yet retire,  
But purg'd our still-encreasing Crimes with Fire.  
Then perjur'd Plots, the still impending Test;  
And worse; but Charity conceals the rest:  
Here stop the Current of the sanguine Flood,  
Require not, gracious God, thy Martyr's Blood;  
But let their dying Pangs, their living Toil,  
Spread a rich Harvest through their Native Soil:

\* *Virg. Aeneid. 1.* † *Edward the black Prince, born on Trinity-Sunday.* ‡ *The Motto of the Poem explain'd.* § *St. George.*

# MISCELLANY POEMS. 163

A Harvest ripening for another Reign,  
Of which this Royal Babe may reap the Grain.

Enough of Early Saints one Womb has giv'n;  
Enough encreas'd the Family of Heav'n:  
Let them for his, and our Atonement go;  
And Reigning blest above, leave him to Rule below.

Enough already has the Year foreshow'd  
His wonted Course, the Seas have overflow'd,  
The Meads were floated with a weeping Spring,  
And frighten'd Birds in Woods forgot to sing;  
The strong-limb'd Steed beneath his Harness faints,  
And the same shiv'ring Sweat his Lord attaints.

When will the Minister of Wrath give o'er?  
Behold him; at † Araunah's threshing-floor.  
He stops, and seems to sheath his flaming Brand;  
Pleas'd with burnt Incense, from our David's Hand:  
David has bought the Jebusite's Abode,  
And rais'd an Altar to the Living God.

Heav'n to reward him, make his Joys sincere;  
No future Ills, nor Accidents appear,  
To sully and pollute the Sacred Infant's Year.  
Five Months to Discord and Debate were giv'n:  
He sanctifies the yet remaining Seven.  
Sabbath of Months! henceforth in him be blest,  
And prelude to the Realms perpetual Rest!

Let his Baptismal Drops for us atone;  
Lustrations for † Offences not his own.  
Let Conscience, which is Int'rest ill disguis'd,  
In the same Font be cleans'd, and all the Land Baptiz'd.

‡ Un-nam'd as yet: at least unknown to Fame:  
Is there a strife in Heaven about his Name?  
Where every famous Predecessor vies,  
And makes a Faction for it in the Skies?  
Or must it be reserv'd to Thought alone?  
Such was the Sacred § Tetragrammaton.

\* Alluding to the Passage in the 1st Book of Kings, Ch. 24.  
v. 20. † Original Sin. ‡ The Prince Christen'd but not nam'd.  
§ Jehovah, or the name of God, unlawful to be pronounc'd by  
the Jews.

Things worthy Silence must not be reveal'd:  
 Thus the true Name of \* *Rome* was kept conceal'd,  
 To shun the Spells, and Sorceries of those  
 Who durst her Infant Majesty oppose.  
 But when his tender Strength in time shall rise  
 To dare ill Tongues, and fascinating Eyes;  
 This Isle, which hides the little Thunderer's Fame,  
 Shall be too narrow to contain his Name:  
 Th' Artillery of Heav'n shall make him known;  
 † *Crete* could not hold the God, when *Jove* was grown.  
 As *Jove's* ‡ Increase, who from his Brain was born,  
 Whom Arms and Arts did equally adorn,  
 Free of the Breast was bred, whose milky Taste  
*Minerva's* Name to *Venus* had debas'd;  
 So this Imperial Babe rejects the Food  
 That mixes Monarchs with *Plebeian* Blood:  
 Food that his inborn Courage might controul,  
 Extinguish all the Father in his Soul,  
 And, for his *Estian* Race, and *Saxon* Strain,  
 Might re-produce some second *Richard's* Reign.  
 Mildness he shares from both his Parents Blood,  
 But Kings too tame are despicably good:  
 Be this the Mixture of this Regal Child,  
 By Nature Manly, but by Virtue Mild.  
 Thus far the Furious Transport of the News,  
 Had to Prophetick Madness fir'd the Muse;  
 Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,  
 Swift to foretell whatever she desir'd;  
 Was it for me the dark Abyss to tread,  
 And read the Book which Angels cannot read?  
 How was I punish'd when the § sudden Blast,  
 The Face of Heav'n, and our young Sun o'er-cast!  
 Fame, the swift Ill, encreasing as she rowl'd,  
 Disease, Despair, and Death, at three reprises told:

\* Some Authors say, That the true Name of *Rome* was kept a secret; ne hostis incantamentis Deos elicerent. † *Candide* where *Jupiter* was born and bred secretly. ‡ *Pallas*, or *Minerva*; said by the Poets, to have been bred up by *Hann*. § The sudden false Report of the Prince's Death.

At three insulting Strides she stalk'd the Town,  
And, like Contagion, struck the Loyal down.  
Down fell the winnow'd Wheat; but mounted high,  
The Whirl-wind bore the Chaff, and hid the Sky.  
Here black Rebellion shooting from below  
(As Earth's \* Gigantick Brood by Moments grow)  
And here the Sons of God are perrify'd with Woe:  
An Apoplex of Grief! so low were driv'n  
The Saints, as hardly to defend their Heav'n.

As, when pent Vapours run their hollow round,  
Earth-quakes, which are Convulsions of the Ground,  
Break bellowing forth, and no Confinement brook,  
'Till the Third settles, what the former shook;  
Such Heavings had our Souls; 'till slow and late,  
Our Life with his return'd, and Faith prevail'd on Fate,  
By Prayers the mighty Blessing was implor'd,  
To Pray'rs was granted, and by Pray'rs restor'd.

So ere the † Shunamite a Son conceiv'd,  
The Prophet promis'd, and the Wife believ'd.  
A Son was sent, the Son so much desir'd,  
But soon upon the Mother's Knees expir'd.  
The troubled Seer approach'd the mournful Door,  
Ran, pray'd, and sent his Past'ral Staff before,  
Then stretch'd his Limbs upon the Child, and mourn'd;  
Till Warmth, and Breath, and a new Soul return'd.

Thus Mercy stretches out her Hand, and saves  
Desponding Peter sinking in the Waves.

As when a sudden Storm of Hail and Rain  
Beats to the Ground the yet unbearded Grain,  
Think not the Hopes of Harvest are destroy'd  
On the flat Field, and on the naked Void;  
The light, unloaded Stem, from Tempest freed,  
Will raise the youthful Honours of his Head;  
And, soon restor'd by native Vigour, bear  
The timely product of the bounteous Year.

Nor yet conclude all fiery Tryals past;  
For Heav'n will exercise us to the last;

\* These Giants are feign'd to have grown 15. Ells every day  
In the second Book of Kings, Chap. 4.



Sometimes will check us in our full Career,  
 With doubtful Blessings, and with mingled Fear;  
 That, still depending on his daily Grace,  
 His every Mercy for an Alms may pass,  
 With sparing Hands will Dyet us to good;  
 Preventing Surfeits of our pamper'd Blood.  
 So feeds the Mother-bird her craving Young,  
 With little Morfels, and delays 'em long.

True, this last Blessing was a Royal Feast,  
 But, where's the Wedding-Garment on the Guest?  
 Our Manners, as Religion were a Dream,  
 Are such as teach the Nations to *Blasphe*me.  
 In Lusts we wallow, and with Pride we swell,  
 And Injuries with Injuries repell;  
 Prompt to Revenge, not daring to forgive,  
 Our Lives unteach the Doctrine we believe;  
 Thus *Israel* sin'd, impenitently hard,  
 And vainly thought the \* present Ark their Guard;  
 But when the haughty *Philistines* appear,  
 They fled, abandon'd to their Foes and Fear;  
 Their God was absent, though his Ark was there. }  
 Ah! lest our Crimes shou'd snatch this Pledge away,  
 And make our Joys the Blessings of a Day!  
 For we have sin'd him hence, and that he lives,  
 God to his Promise, not our Practice gives.  
 Our Crimes wou'd soon weigh down the guilty Scale,  
 But *James*, and *Mary*, and the Church prevail.  
 Nor † *Amaleck* can rout the *Chosen Bands*,  
 While *Hur* and *Aaron* hold up *Moses*' Hands.

By living well, let us secure his Days,  
 Mod'rate in Hopes, and humble in our Ways.  
 No force the free-born Spirit can constrain,  
 But Charity, and great Examples gain.  
 Forgiveness is our Thanks for such a Day;  
 'Tis God-like, God in his own Coin to pay.

But you, Propitious Queen, translated here,  
 From your mild Heav'n, to Rule our rugged Sphere, }  
 Beyond the Sunny Walks, and circling Year:

\* 1 Sam. 4. 10.

† Exod. 17. v. 8.

You, who your native Climate have bereft  
 Of all the Virtues, and the Vices left;  
 Whom Piety and Beauty make their Boast,  
 Though Beautiful is well in Pious lost;  
 So lost as Star-light is dissolv'd away,  
 And melts into the brightness of the Day;  
 Or Gold about the Regal Diadem,  
 Lost to improve the Lustre of the Gem.  
 What can we add to your Triumphant Day?  
 Let the Great Gift the beauteous Giver pay.  
 For shou'd our Thanks awake the Rising-Sun,  
 And lengthen, as his latest shadows run, [done. }  
 That, tho' the longest Day, wou'd soon, too soon be }  
 Let Angels Voices, with their Harps conspire,  
 But keep th' Auspicious Infant from the Quire;  
 Late let him sing above, and let us know  
 No sweeter Musick, than his Cries below.

Nor can I wish to you, Great Monarch, more  
 Than such an Annual Income to your Store;  
 The Day, which gave this *Unit*, did not shine  
 For a less Omen, than to fill the *Trine*.

After a *Prince*, an *Admiral* beget,  
 The Royal Sov'reign wants an Anchor yet.  
 Our Isle has younger Titles still in store,  
 And when th' exhausted Land can yield no more, }  
 Your Line can force them from a foreign Shore. }

The Name of Great, your Martial Mind will suit,  
 But Justice is your Darling Attribute:  
 Of all the *Greeks*, 'twas but † one *Heroe's* due,  
 And, in him, *Plutarch* Prophecy'd of you.  
 A Prince's Favours but on few can fall,  
 But Justice is a Virtue shar'd by all.

Some Kings the name of Conqu'rors have assum'd,  
 Some to be Great, some to be Gods presum'd;  
 But boundless Pow'r, and Arbitrary Lust  
 Made Tyrants still abhor the Name of Just;  
 They shun'd the Praise this God-like Virtue gives,  
 And fear'd a Title, that reproach'd their Lives.

† Aristides, see his Life in Plutarch.

The Pow'r from which all Kings derive their State,  
Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate,  
Is equal both to punish and reward;  
For few wou'd love their God, unless they fear'd.

Resistless Force and Immortality  
Make but a Lame, Imperfect Deity:  
Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,  
And Deathless Being ev'n the Damn'd enjoy;  
And yet Heaven's Attributes, both last and first,  
One without Life, and one with Life accurs'd;  
But Justice is Heaven's Self, so strictly He,  
That cou'd it fail, the God-head cou'd not be.  
This Virtue is your own; but Life and State  
Are one to Fortune subject, One to Fate:  
Equal to all, you justly frown or smile,  
Nor Hopes, nor Fears your steady Hand beguile;  
Your self our Ballance hold, the World's our Isle.

## On the CREATION.

By Mrs. ELIZ. SINGER.

NOR yet the crude Materials of the Earth  
Were form'd; nor Time, nor Motion yet had  
Nor yet one solitary spark of Light [Birth:  
Glar'd thro' the dusky Shades of ancient Night;  
Nor on the barren Wastes of endless Space,  
As yet were circumscrib'd the Bounds of Place:  
When at th' Almighty's Word, from nothing springs  
The first confus'd Original of Things.  
Whatever now the Heav'n's wide Arms embrace,  
Together then lay blended in a Mass;  
The Dull, the Active, the Refin'd, and Base,  
The Cold, the Hot, the Temp'rate, Moist, and Dry,  
All mingled in profound Disorder lye;  
In one prodigious undistinguish'd Heap,  
Th' extreamest Contraries of Nature sleep:

Not

Nor yet the sprightly Seeds of Fire ascend,  
 Nor downwards yet the pond'rous Atoms tend,  
 A monstrous Face the new Creation wears,  
 And void of Order, Form, and Light, appears;  
 'Till the Almighty *Fiat*, once again  
 Pronounc'd, did Motion to each Part ordain,  
 Awoke the tender Principles of Life,  
 And urg'd the growing Elemental Strife.  
 And now Confusions infinite arise,  
 From Nature's most remote Antipathies:  
 But while against their furious Opposites  
 Each Hostile Atom all its Force unites,  
 Their own lov'd Species, thro' the formless Mass,  
 With am'rous Zeal officiously they trace,  
 And join, and mingle in a strict Embrace.  
 The lively shining Particles of Light,  
 On dazzling Wings attempt their nimble Flight.  
 The fine transparent Air, with mighty Force,  
 Thro' Fix'd and Fluid, upward takes its Course.  
 The grosser Seeds with heavy Motion press,  
 And meeting in the midst, the Central Parts possess;  
 While the united Waves, without Control,  
 About the slimy Surface proudly roll,  
 Till an Imperial Word their Force divides,  
 And lo! the Deep by smooth degrees subsides;  
 And lo! the rising, stately Mountains leave  
 Their oozy Beds: and lo! the Vallies cleave,  
 The congregated Waters to receive;  
 And down the sinking Billows calmly go,  
 Part to the Subterranean Caves below,  
 And Part around the Hills in circling Currents flow,  
 And now the slimy, soft fermented Earth,  
 Prepar'd to give her various Species Birth,  
 Obedient to the Voice, produces all  
 Her boundless Stores at her Creator's Call.  
 A sudden Spring at his Command arose,  
 And various Plants their verdant Tops disclose;  
 The teeming Ground to rising Groves gives way,  
 Which Leaves and Blossoms instantly display,  
 And ev'ry Branch with tempting Fruit looks gay.



When he again, whose active Word fulfill'd  
 Exactly all the mighty Things he will'd,  
 Commands, and strait the Heav'nly Arches rise,  
 And kindling Glories brighten all the Skies.  
 A sudden Day with gaudy Lustre gilds  
 Th' expanded Air, the new-made Streams, and Fields;  
 Ten thousand sprightly dazzling Lights advance,  
 And trembling Rays in the wide *Aether* dance:  
 The Sun, beyond them all immense and gay,  
 Assumes the bright Dominion of the Day;  
 And whirling up the Skies with rapid force,  
 Along the radiant *Zone* begins his destin'd Course.  
 And now another Efficacious Word,  
 The Air, and Earth, and wat'ry Region stor'd;  
 The num'rous Vehicles for Breath prepar'd,  
 The mighty Summons of their Maker heard;  
 And from the Bosom of their native Clay  
 Sprung into Life, and caught the vital Ray.  
 Millions of footed Creatures range the Woods,  
 Millions with Fins divide the Crystal Floods;  
 Millions besides, with wanton Liberty;  
 On painted Wings rise singing to the Sky.  
 But last of all, two of a nobler Kind,  
 After the brightest Model in his Mind,  
 With Care the great Artificer design'd:  
 Beyond his other Works, compleat and fair,  
 He form'd with ev'ry Grace the lovely Pair,  
 Adorn'd with Beauty, crown'd with Dignity,  
 Immortal, Godlike, Rational, and Free:  
 Serene Impressions of a Stamp Divine,  
 Upon their matchless Faces clearly shine:  
 In deep Suspence, and at themselves amaz'd,  
 With curious Eyes they on each other gaz'd;  
 Themselves, and all the fair Creation round,  
 Survey, and still fresh Cause of Wonder found.  
 For now, in their Primæval Lustre gay,  
 The Earth and Heav'ns their utmost Pride display.  
 The blazing Sun from his Meridian height,  
 Thro' an unclouded Sky darts round his flaming Light.

The Fields, the Floods, and all th' enlighten'd Air,  
 In open Day look ravishingly Fair,  
 The bright Carnation, and the fragrant Rose,  
 Their Beauties fresh with Heav'nly Dew disclose.  
 The noble *Amaranths* show their Purple Dye,  
 Splendid, as that which paints the Morning Sky.  
 Ten thousand od'rous Flow'rs of various Hue,  
 In ev'ry Shade and Plain, spontaneous grew;  
 And down the smooth Descent of verdant Hills,  
 From Marble Fountains gush a thousand Rills;  
 Thro' many a pleasant Shade they murmur'ing go,  
 And mingle with the larger Streams below,  
 Which thro' the flow'ry Vallies softly flow;  
 And all along their lovely, spacious Banks,  
 Immortal Trees are plac'd in equal Ranks,  
 Whose charming Shades might God himself delight,  
 And Angels from their Heav'nly Bow'rs invite.  
 Here gentle Breezes, from their fragrant Wings,  
 Shed all the Odours of a thousand Springs:  
 Harmonious Birds among the Branches sing,  
 And all the Groves with chearful Ecchoes ring.  
 Hail mighty Maker of the Universe!  
 My Song shall still thy glorious Deeds rehearse:  
 Thy Praise, whatever Subject others chuse,  
 Shall be the lofty Theam of my aspiring Muse.

---

*A PASTORAL inscrib'd to the  
 Honourable Mrs. —*

*By the same Hand.*

*A MARYLLIS.*

While swiftly down the Skies the Day descends,  
 And rising Night the Ev'ning Shade extends;  
 While pearly Dews o'er-spread the fruitful Field,  
 And closing Flow'rs refreshing Odours yield,  
 Let us beneath these gentle Shades recite  
 What Love, and what the Rural Muse indite:

Nor need we in this close Retirement, fear  
Left list'ning Swains our am'rous Secrets hear.

SILVIA.

To ev'ry Shepherd I wou'd mine proclaim,  
Since fair *Corinna* is my softest Theam;  
A Stranger to the looser Joys of Love,  
My Thoughts alone the Warmth of Friendship prove;  
And, while its pure and sacred Force I sing,  
Chaste Goddess of the Groves, thy Succour bring.

MARYLLIS.

Propitious God of Love, my Breast inspire  
With all thy Charms, with all thy pleasing Fire:  
Propitious God of Love, thy Succour bring,  
While I thy Darling, thy *Alexis* sing;  
*Alexis*, as the op'ning Blossoms, Fair,  
Lovely as Light, Soft as the yielding Air;  
For him each Virgin sighs, and on the Plains  
The matchless Youth without a Rival reigns;  
With such an Air, with such a graceful Mien,  
No Shepherd dances on the flow'ry Green:  
Nor to the echoing Groves, and whisp'ring Springs,  
In sweeter Strains the tuneful Co—ve sings.

SILVIA.

*Corinna's* lovely as the breaking Day,  
And such a chearful Light her Eyes display:  
Where-e'er she comes, all sullen Care retires;  
And sprightly Joys, and Love, and gay Desires,  
In ev'ry Breast the beauteous Nymph inspires.  
But oh! methinks when she no more appears,  
The Plain a dark and gloomy Prospect wears;  
In vain the Streams roll on, the Eastern Breeze  
Dances in vain among the trembling Trees:  
In vain the Birds begin their Ev'ning Song,  
And to the silent Night their Notes prolong.  
The Groves, the Crystal Streams, and verdant Field,  
*Corinna* absent, no Diversions yield.

MARYLLIS.

*Alexis* absent, all the pensive Day  
In some obscure Retreat I sigh away;

All Day to the repeating Caves complain  
In mournful Accents, and a dying Strain;  
Dear, lovely Youth, I cry; and all around  
The flatt'ring Vales restore the tender Sound.

SILVIA.

On flow'ry Banks, to ev'ry murm'ring Stream,  
Corinna is my Muse's constant Theam;  
'Tis she that does my artless Thoughts refine,  
And with her Name my noblest Verse shall shine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine fresh Garlands for *Alexis'* Brows,  
And consecrate to him my softest Vows:  
The charming Youth shall my *Apollo* prove,  
Adorn my Songs, and tune my Voice to Love.

*In Praise of MEMORY; inscrib'd to the  
Honourable the Lady WORSELY.*

*By the same Hand.*

**B**EST Gift that Heav'n's Indulgence cou'd bestow!  
To thee our surest Happiness we owe;  
Thou all the flying Pleasures dost restore,  
Which, but for thee, blest *Mem'ry*, were no more:  
For we no sooner grasp some frail Delight,  
But, ready for its everlasting Flight,  
Ere we can call the hasty Bliss our own,  
If not retain'd by thee, it is for ever gone.

Thou to the fond successful Lover's Heart,  
A thousand melting Raptures dost impart;  
When, yet more lovely than herself, and kind,  
Thou bring'st his fancy'd Mistress to his Mind;  
The flatt'ring Image wears a livelier Grace,  
A softer Mien, and more inticing Face.

Thou from the flying Minutes dost retrieve  
The Joys, *Chlorinda's* Wit and Humour give;



Those Joys that I had once possess'd in vain,  
 Did not the dear Remembrance still remain:  
 She speaks, methinks; and all my Soul inspires,  
 Brightens each Thought, and gives my Muse new Fires;  
 'Tis she that lends my daring Fancy Wings,  
 Softens my Lyre, and tunes its warbling Strings.

Thou only to the Guilty art severe,  
 Who the Review of their past Actions fear;  
 But to the Innocent and Virtuous Mind,  
 Art still propitious, smiling still, and kind.  
 To thee we all those charming Pleasures owe,  
 The Pleasures that from gen'rous Actions flow,  
 And they are still the noblest we possess below.

*An Imitation of a PASTORAL of*  
*Mrs. KILLIGREW'S.*

*By the same Hand.*

MYRTILLA.

LET fragrant Eastern Breezes round thee play,  
 And op'ning Blossoms still adorn thy Way;  
 Let bubbling Fountains murmur to thy Sleep,  
 And Pan himself the while protect thy Sheep;  
 Thy wanton Herds thro' verdant Pastures stray,  
 Pastures like thee, all flourishing and gay.  
 And when with guiltless Sports, the Rival Swains  
 For Rural Glory strive upon the Plains,  
 Still, brave *Alexis*, let the Prize be thine,  
 And on thy Brows the fairest Garland shine.

ALEXIS.

Unfading Wreaths may'st thou, *Myrtilla*, gain,  
 And deathless Honours by thy Verse obtain;  
 May such smooth Numbers warble from thy Tongue,  
 As late the skilful *Melibœus* sung.

M Y R.

MYRTILLA.

No such ambitious Aim my Mind pursues,  
'Tis Love, ah charming Youth! inspires my Muse:  
Could I but please thee with my artless Lays,  
I proudly shou'd neglect all other Praise;  
Wou'dst thou be grateful, ev'ry Grove, and Stream,  
And sounding Vale, shou'd eccho with thy Name;  
Each Rock, each winding Cavern and Retreat,  
The soft enchanting Accents shou'd repeat:  
And if my Muse Immortal Fame cou'd give,  
Thy Name in deathless Numbers shou'd survive.

ALEXIS.

Secure from Fate, he needs no further crave,  
Who such a lasting Monument may have:  
But oh! his Glory ne'er can be improv'd,  
Who by the bright *Lycoris* has been lov'd.

MYRTILLA.

Fond Youth, in yonder solitary Shade,  
I saw *Narcissus* with the perjur'd Maid;  
A thousand tender things she look'd, and said,  
Her ravish'd Eyes upon his Beauty fed;  
With Flow'rs his graceful flowing Hair she dress'd,  
And all her Smiles tumultuous Joys express'd.

ALEXIS.

What pass'd before I saw my lovely Fair,  
Deserves not now my Jealousie or Care:  
Had I at first the gentle Charmer known,  
She had been constant then, and all my own.

The C O N V E R T.

Written by the Right Honourable the EARL of  
MULGRAVE.

**D**Ejected as true Converts die,  
But yet with fervent Thoughts inflam'd;  
So, Fairest, at your Feet I lye,  
Of all my Sex's Faults asham'd.

Too long, alas, have I defy'd  
 The force of Love's almighty Flame;  
 And often did aloud deride  
 His Godhead, as an empty Name.

But, since so freely I confess  
 A Crime, which may your Scorn produce,  
 Allow me now to make it less,  
 By any just, and fair Excuse.

I then did vulgar Joys pursue;  
 Variety was all my Bliss;  
 But ignorant of Love, and you,  
 How could I chuse but do amiss?

If ever now my wand'ring Eyes  
 Search out Temptations, as before;  
 If once I look, but to despise  
 Their Charms, and value yours the more:

May sad Remorse, and guilty Shame,  
 Revenge your Wrongs on faithless me;  
 And, what I tremble ev'n to Name,  
 May I lose all, in losing Thee.

## *The RECOVERY.*

*By the same Hand.*

Sighing and languishing I lay,  
 A Stranger grown to all Delight;  
 Passing in tedious Thoughts the Day,  
 And with unquiet Dreams the Night,

For your dear sake, my only Care  
 Was how my constant Love to hide;  
 And ever drooping with Despair,  
 Neglected all the World beside.

'Till,

'Till, like some Angel from Above,  
Your Mercy came to my Relief;  
And then I found the Joys of Love,  
Can make Amends for all the Grief.

Those pleasing Hopes I now pursue,  
Might fail, if you cou'd prove unjust;  
But Promises from Heav'n, and you,  
Who is so impious to mistrust?

Here all my Doubts and Troubles end;  
That tender Sigh my Soul assures;  
Nor am I vain, since I depend,  
Not on my own Desert, but yours.

*The* R E L A P S E.

*By the same Hand.*

LIKE Children in a starry Night,  
When I beheld those Eyes before;  
I gaz'd with Wonder, and Delight,  
Insensible of all their Pow'r.

I play'd about the Flame so long,  
At length I felt the scorching Fire;  
My Hopes grew weak, my Passion strong,  
And I lay dying with Desire.

By all the help of Human Art,  
I just recover'd so much Sense,  
As to avoid, with heavy Heart,  
The Fair, but Fatal Influence.

But, since you shine away Despair,  
And now my Sighs no longer shun;  
No Person in his zealous Pray'r,  
So much adores the Rising Sun.



If once again my Vows displease,  
 There never was so lost a Lover;  
 In Love, that languishing Disease,  
 A sad Relapse we ne'er recover.

*An ODE on Mr. HENRY PURCELL's Death.*

GOOD Angels snatch'd him eagerly on high;  
 Joyful they flew, singing, and soaring through the  
 Teaching his New-fledg'd Soul to fly, [Sky,  
 While we, alas, did plung'd in Sorrow lye.

He went musing all along,

And new compos'd their Heav'nly Song.  
 Awhile his skilful Notes loud Hallelujahs drown'd  
 But soon they ceas'd their own, to catch his pleasing  
 Sound;

Then, with Divine Transport, echo'd it all around;  
 And *David's* tuneful Lyre improv'd the Harmony;

*David*, in Sacred Story so Renown'd,

No less for Musick, than for Poetry.

Oh Genius most sublime in either Art!

Crown'd with Applause surpassing all Desert!

A Man just after God's own Heart!

If Human Cares are lawful to the Blest,

Already settled in Eternal Rest,

Needs must thou wish, that *Purcell* only might

Have liv'd to Set whatever thou didst Write.

For, sure, the noble Thirst of Fame

In our frail Body never dies,

But with the Soul ascends the Skies,

From whence at first it came.

'Tis not the slightest Proof we have,

That part of us survives the Grave,

And in our Fame below still bears a share:

Why is the Future else so much our Care,

Ev'n in our latest Moment of Despair?

And Death itself despis'd by all the Wise, and Brave!

Oh

Oh, all ye Blest Harmonious Quire!  
 Whose only happy Bus'ness is to Love, and to Admire;  
 Look down with Pity from your peaceful Bower,  
 On wretched Men perplex'd,  
 And ever, ever vex'd

With anxious Care of Trifles, Wealth, and Pow'r.  
 In our rough Minds due Reverence infuse  
 For sweet melodious Sounds, and ev'ry artful Muse.  
 Musick improves our Nature, and inspires  
 Nothing but elevated Thoughts and gentle soft Desires.

## S O N G.

*By the same Hand.*

O H how I languish! What a strange,  
 Unruly, fierce Desire?  
 My Spirits feel some wond'rous Change,  
 My Heart is all on Fire.

Now all my wiser Thoughts, away;  
 In vain your Tale ye tell  
 Of patient Hopes, and dull Delay;  
 Love's Foppish Part, farewell.

Suppose one Week's Delay wou'd give—  
 All that my Wishes move;  
 Oh! who so long a time can live,  
 Stretch'd on the Rack, on Love?

Her Soul, perhaps, is too sublime  
 To like such slavish Fear;  
 Discretion, Prudence, all is Crime,  
 If once condemn'd by her.

When Honour does the Soldier call  
 To some unequal Fight,  
 Resolv'd to Conquer, or to Fall,  
 Before his General's Sight;

Ad

Advanc'd the happy Heroe lives:  
 Or if Ill Fate denies,  
 The noble Rashness Heav'n forgives,  
 And gloriously he dies.

## To a COQUET BEAUTY.

*By the same Hand.*

FROM Wars, and Plagues, come no such Harms,  
 As from a Nymph so full of Charms;  
 So much Beauty in her Face,  
 In her Motions such a Grace;  
 In her kind inviting Eyes  
 Such a soft Inchantment lyes,  
 That we please our selves too soon,  
 And are with vain Hopes undone.  
 After all her Softness, we  
 Are but Slaves, while she is free,  
 Free, alas, from all Desire,  
 Unless to set the World on Fire.

Thou, Fair Dissembler, dost but thus  
 Deceive the World, as well as us:  
 Like some ancient Heroe, thou  
 Wou'dst rather force Mankind to bow,  
 And venture round the World to roam,  
 Than govern with Content at home:  
 But trust me, *Celia*, trust me when  
 The Muse herself inspires my Pen;  
 A Minute spent in Love, out-weighs  
 Whole Years of Universal Praise;  
 And one Adorer kindly us'd,  
 Gives truer Joys than Crouds refus'd.

For what does Youth and Beauty serve?  
 Why more than all your Sex deserve?  
 Why such soft alluring Arts  
 To catch our Eyes, and charm our Hearts?  
 By our Loss you nothing gain:  
 Unless you Love, you Please in vain.

B R U T U S.

## B R U T U S.

By Mr. COWLEY.

Excellent *Brutus*, of all Human Race,  
 The best, 'till *Nature* was improv'd by *Grace*,  
 'Till Men above *themselves* *Faith* rais'd more,  
 Than *Reason* above *Beasts* before;  
 Virtue was thy *Life's Center*, and from thence,  
 Did *silently* and *constantly* Dispende.

The gentle vigorous *Influence*,  
 To all the wide and fair *Circumference*:  
 And all the *Parts* upon it lean'd so easily,  
 Obey'd the mighty *Force* so willingly,  
 That none cou'd *Discord* or *Disorder* see.

In all their *Contrariety*.

Each had his *Motion* natural and free, [cou'd be]  
 And the *Whole* no more mov'd, than the *Whole World*.

## II.

From thy strict *Rule* some think that thou didst swerve  
 (*Mistaken Honest Man*) in *Caesar's Blood*,  
 What *Mercy* cou'd the *Tyrant's Life* deserve,  
 From him who kill'd *Himself*, rather than *serve*!  
 Th' *Heroick Exaltations* of *Good*

Are so far from *Understood*,

We count them *Vice*: Alas, our *Sight's* so ill,  
 That things which swiftest *Move*, seem to *stand still*,  
 We look not upon *Virtue* in her height,  
 On her *Supream Idea* brave and bright,

In the *Original Light*:

But as her *Beams* reflected pass  
 Through our own *Nature*, or ill *Custom's Glasse*,

And 'tis no wonder so,

If with dejected *Eye*

In *standing Pools* we seek the *Sky*,  
 That *Stars* so high *above* should seem to us *below*.

## III.

Can we stand by and see  
 Our *Mother* Robb'd, and *Bound*, and *Ravish'd* be,

Yet



Yet not to her Assistance stir,  
Pleas'd with the *Strength and Beauty* of the *Ravisher*?  
Or shall we fear to kill him, if before

The *Cancell'd Name* of *Friend* he bore?

*Ingrateful Brutus* do they call?

*Ingrateful Caesar*, who cou'd *Rome* enthral!

An *Act* more barbarous and unnatural

(In th' exact *Ballance* of true *Virtue* try'd)

Than his *Successor Nero's Parricide*!

There's none but *Brutus* cou'd deserve

That all Men else shou'd wish to serve,

And *Caesar's* usurp'd Place to him shou'd proffer;

None can deserve't but he who wou'd refuse the Offer.

## IV.

*Ill Fate* assum'd a *Body* thee t' affright,

And wrap'd it self i' th' *Terrors* of the *Night*,

I'll meet thee at *Philippi*, said the *Spright*;

I'll meet thee there, saidst Thou,

With such a *Voice*, and such a *Brow*,

As put the trembling *Ghost* to sudden *Flight*;

It vanish'd as a *Taper's Light*

Goes out when *Spirits* appear in sight.

One wou'd have thought 't had heard the *Morning Crow*,

Or seen her well-appointed *Star*

Coming marching up the *Eastern-Hill* afar.

Nor durst it in *Philippi's Field* appear,

But *unseen* attack'd thee there.

Had it presum'd in any *Shape* thee to oppose,

Thou wou'dst have forc'd it back upon thy *Foes*:

Or slain't like *Caesar*, though it be

A *Conqueror* and a *Monarch* mightier far than He.

## V.

What *Joy* can *Human things* to us afford,

When we see perish thus, by odd *Events*,

*Ill Men*, and wretched *Accidents*,

The best *Cause* and best *Man* that ever drew a *Sword*!

When we see

The false *Octavius*, and wild *Antonie*,

God-like *Brutus*, Conquer Thee;

What can we say, but thine one *Tragick Word*,

That

That *Virtue*, which had worshipp'd been by thee  
 As the most solid *Good*, and greatest *Deity*,  
 By this fatal *Proof* became  
 An *Idol* only, and a *Name*;  
 Hold, Noble *Brutus*, and restrain  
 The bold *Voice* of thy generous *Disdain*:  
 These mighty *Gulphs* are yet  
 Too deep for all thy *Judgment* and thy *Wit*.  
 The *Time's* set forth already which shall quell  
 Stiff *Reason* when it offers to *Rebel*:  
 Which these great *Secrets* shall unseal,  
 And new *Philosophers* reveal.  
 A few *Years* more, so soon hadst thou not dy'd,  
 Would have confounded *Human Virtue's Pride*,  
 And shew'd thee a *God Crucify'd*.

*An ODE on BRUTUS.*

—*Si quid novisti rectius istis,*  
*Candidus imperi; si non, his utere mecum.*

**T**IS said, that Favourite, Mankind,  
 Was made the Lord of all below;  
 But yet the Doubtful are concern'd to find,  
 'Tis only one Man tells another so.  
 And for this vast Dominion here,  
 Which over other Beasts we claim,  
 Reason, our best Credential does appear,  
 By which indeed we Domineer;  
 But how absurdly, we may see with Shame,  
 Reason, that solemn Trifle! light as Air!  
 Mov'd with each blast of Censure, or Applause;  
 By partial Love away 'tis blown;  
 Or the least Prejudice can weigh it down;  
 Thus our high Privilege becomes our Snare.  
 In any nice, and weighty Cause,  
 How wav'ring are the Wisest! yet the Grave  
 Impose on that small Judgment which we have.

## II.

In Works of Fame, whose Names have spread so wide,  
 And ev'n the force of Time defy'd,  
 Some Failings yet may be descry'd,  
 Among the rest, with Wonder be it told,  
 That *Brutus* is ador'd for *Cæsar's* Death;  
 By which he still survives in Fame's Immortal Breath;  
*Brutus!* ev'n He, of all the rest,  
 In whom we shou'd that Deed the most detest,  
 Is of Mankind esteem'd the best!  
 As Snow descending from some lofty Hill,  
 Is by its rolling Course augmenting still;  
 So from Illustrious Authors down has roll'd  
 'Till now, that Rev'ence he receiv'd of old;  
 Still ev'ry Age adds a profound Esteem,  
 And gild their Eloquence with Praise of him.  
 But Truth unvail'd, like a bright Sun appears,  
 To Shine away this heap of sev'nteen hundred Years.

## III.

In vain 'tis urg'd by an Illustrious Wit, \*  
 (To whom I otherwise submit)  
 That *Cæsar's* Life no Pity cou'd deserve  
 From one who kill'd himself, rather than serve.  
 Had *Brutus* chose rather himself to slay,  
 Than any Master to obey,  
 Happy for *Rome* had been that noble Pride: [dy'd:  
 The World had then remain'd in Peace, and only *Brutus*.  
 For he, whose Virtue wou'd disdain to own  
 Subjection to a Tyrant's Frown,  
 And his own Life had rather end, [his Friend.  
 Wou'd sure, much rather kill himself, than only hurt  
 To his own Sword in the *Philippian* Field,  
*Brutus* indeed at last did yield;  
 But in those Times such Actions were not rare,  
 And then proceeded only from Despair:  
 Else, he perhaps had chose to live,  
 In hopes another *Cæsar* would forgive;  
 That so he might for Publick Good, once more,  
 Conspire against a Life which had spar'd his before.

\* Mr. Cowley.

IV.

Our Country claims, indeed, our chiefest Care;  
 And in our Thoughts deserves the tend'rest Share;  
 Her to a thousand Friends we shou'd prefer,  
 But not betray 'em, tho' it be for her.  
 Hard is his Heart whom no Desert can move,  
 A Wife, a Mistress, or a Friend to Love,  
 Above what'er he does besides enjoy;  
 But may he for their Sakes his Sire, or Sons destroy?  
 Sacred be all the Tyes of publick Good;  
 We to our Country owe our dearest Blood;  
 To suffer in her Service, were a Bliss,  
 And ev'n to fall, the noblest Fate that is;  
 So brave a Death, tho' in Youth's early Bloom,  
 Is above all the longest-Life to come;  
 But 'tis not, surely, of so great Renown,  
 To take another's, as to lose our own:  
 Of all that's ours we cannot give too much,  
 But what belongs to Friendship, Oh! 'tis Sacrilege to

V.

[touch]

*Can we stand by unmov'd, and see  
 Our Mother robb'd, and ravish'd? Can we be  
 Excus'd, if in her Cause we never stir,  
 Pleas'd with the Strength and Beauty of the Ravisher?*  
 Thus Sings our \* Bard with almost Heat Divine;  
 'Tis pity that his Thought was not as strong, as fine;  
 Wou'd it more justly did the Case express,  
 Or that its Beauty, and its Grace were less,  
 (Thus a loose Nymph sometimes we see,  
 Who so charming seems to be,  
 That, jealous of a soft Surprise,  
 We scarce dare trust our eager Eyes.)  
 So dangerous an Ambush to escape,  
 We shall not plead a willing Rape;  
 A Valiant Son wou'd be provok'd the more,  
 A Force we therefore must confess, but acted long before.  
 A Marriage since did intervene,  
 With all the solemn, and the sacred Scene;

\* Mr. Cowley.



Loud was the *Hymenean* Song,  
 The violated \* *Dame* walk'd smilingly along,  
 And in the midst of the most sacred Dance,  
 As if enamour'd of his Sight,  
 Often she cast a kind admiring Glance  
 On the bold Struggler for Delight;  
 Who afterwards appear'd so moderate and cool,  
 As if for Publick Good alone he so aspir'd to Rule.

## VI.

But, oh! that this were all the Muse can urge  
 Against a *Roman* of so great a Soul!  
 And that fair Truth permitted us to purge  
 His Fact of what appears so foul!  
 Friendship, that sacred and sublimest Thing!  
 The noblest Quality, and chiefest Good!  
 (In this base Age scarce understood)  
 Inspires us with unusual Warmth its injur'd Rites to sing.  
 Assist, ye Angels, whose Immortal Bliss,  
 Tho' more refin'd, chiefly consists in this!  
 How plainly your bright Thoughts to one another shine!  
 Oh! how ye all agree in Harmony Divine!  
 The Course of mutual Love with equal Zeal ye run,  
 A Course as far from any End, as when at first begun,  
 You saw, and smil'd on this most worthy Pair,  
 Who did betwixt them both so many Virtues share;  
 Some which belong to Peace, and some to Strife,  
 Those of a calm, and of an active Life,  
 That all the Excellence of Human Kind,  
 Concurr'd to make of both but one united Mind;  
 Which Friendship did so fast and closely bind,  
 Not the least Cement cou'd appear, by which their Souls  
 [were join'd,  
 That Tie which holds our Mortal Frame,  
 Which poor unknowing We a Soul and Body name,  
 Seems not a Composition more Divine,  
 Or more abstruse than all that does in Friendship shine.

## VII.

From mighty *Cæsar's* boundless Grace,  
*Brutus* indeed his Life receiv'd;

# MISCELLANY POEMS. 187

But Obligations, tho' so great believ'd,  
 We count but slight in such a Case,  
 Where Friendship so possesses all the Place,  
 There is no room for Gratitude; since he [can be]  
 Who so obliges, is more pleas'd, than his sav'd Friend  
 Just in the midst of all this noble Heat,  
 While their great Hearts did both so kindly beat,  
 That it amaz'd the Lookers on,  
 And forc'd them to suspect a \* Father and a Son;  
 (Yet here ev'n Nature's self did seem to be outdone)  
 From such a Friendship unprovok'd to fall,  
 Is Crime enough; but oh, that such a Crime were all  
 Which does, with too much Cause, ungrateful Brutus

## VIII.

[call!]

He calmly laid a long Design  
 Against his best and dearest Friend;  
 Did all his Care and Credit bend  
 To Spirit others up, to work his barb'rous End;  
 Himself the Center where they all did join.  
*Caesar*, mean-time, fearless, and fond of him,  
 Was as industrious all the while  
 To give such ample Marks of his Esteem,  
 As made the Gravest *Romans* smile  
 To see with how much ease Love can the Wise beguile.  
 For he, whom *Brutus* doom'd to bleed,  
 Did, setting his own Race aside,  
 No less a thing for him provide,  
 Than to the World's great Empire to succeed:  
 Which we are bound in Justice to allow,  
 Is All-sufficient Proof to shew  
 That *Brutus* did not strike for his own sake;  
 And if, alas, he fail'd, 'twas only by Mistake.

\* *Caesar was suspected to have begotten Brutus.*



*An*

*An EPITAPH on the Lady WHITMORE.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

**F**AIR, Kind, and True, a Treasure each alone;  
 A Wife, a Mistress, and a Friend in one;  
 Rest in this Tomb, rais'd at thy Husband's cost,  
 Here sadly summing, what he had, and lost.

Come Virgins, ere in equal Bands you join,  
 Come first and offer at her sacred Shrine;  
 Pray but for half the Virtues of this Wife,  
 Compound for all the rest, with longer Life.  
 And wish your Vows like hers may be return'd,  
 So Lov'd when Living, and when Dead so Mourn'd.

*An EPITAPH on Sir PALMES FAIR-  
BONE's Tomb in Westminster-Abby.*

*Sacred to the Immortal Memory of Sir Palmes Fairbone  
 Knight, Governor of Tangier; in Execution of which  
 Command, he was mortally wounded by a Shot from  
 the Moors, then Besieging the Town, in the Forty Sixth  
 Year of his Age. October 24, 1680.*

*By the same Hand.*

**Y**E Sacred Relicks which your Marble keep,  
 Here undisturb'd by Wars in quiet sleep:  
 Discharge the Trust which when it was below  
 Fairbone's undaunted Soul did undergo,  
 And be the Town's Palladium from the Foe.  
 Alive and dead these Walls he will defend,  
 Great Actions great Examples must attend.  
 The Candian Siege his early Valour knew,  
 Where Turkish Blood did his young Hands imbrew.  
 From thence returning with deserv'd Applause,  
 Against the Moors his well-flesh'd Sword he draws;  
 The same the Courage, and the same the Cause.

His

His Youth and Age, his Life and Death combine,  
 As in some great and regular Design,  
 All of a Piece throughout, and all Divine.  
 Still nearer Heaven his Virtues shone more bright,  
 Like rising Flames expanding in their height,  
 The Martyr's Glory Crown'd the Soldier's Fight.  
 More bravely *British* General never fell,  
 Nor General's Death was e'er reveng'd so well,  
 Which his pleas'd Eyes beheld before their close,  
 Follow'd by thousand Victims of his Foes.  
 To his lamented Loss for time to come,  
 His pious Widow Consecrates this Tomb.

*Good Counsel to a young Maid.*

By T. CAREW, Esq;

WHEN you the Sun-burnt Pilgrim see,  
 Fainting with Thirst, haste to the Springs;  
 Mark how at first with bended Knee  
 He courts the crystal Nymphs, and flings  
 His Body to the Earth; where he  
 Prostrate adores the flowing Deity.

But when his sweaty Face is drencht  
 In her cool Waves, when from her sweet  
 Bosom his burning Thirst is quench'd;  
 Then mark how with disdainful Feet  
 He kicks her Banks, and from the place  
 That thus refresh'd him, moves with sullen pace.

So shalt thou be despis'd, fair Maid,  
 When by the sated Lover tasted;  
 What first he did with Tears invade,  
 Shall afterwards with Scorn be wasted;  
 When all the Virgin-springs grow dry,  
 When no Streams shall be left, but in thine Eye.

E L E O



The Youth and Age, his Life and Death combine  
 In forms great and majestic, All  
 All of a Piece throughout and all Divine  
 All nearer than his Virtues those more bright  
 Like rising Flames expanding in their height  
 The same's a Glorious Crown'd the Soldier's Right  
 More bravely than the General never dies  
 The General's Death was ever living to us  
 With his good Eyes the old man's then close  
 Follow'd by thousand Victims of his loss  
 To his lamented loss for mine to come  
 The good Widow Comforts this To me

Good Country is a young Maid.

2000



*ELEONORA:*

---

A PANEGYRICAL

P O E M,

Dedicated to the

M E M O R Y

Of the Late

C O U N T E S S

O F

*A B I N G D O N.*

---

By Mr. *J. DRYDEN.*

---

Printed in the Year MDCCXXVII.

ELFONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL

POEM

Dedicated to the

MEMORY



OF

ARRANGED

By Mr. J. DRYDEN.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXVII

his  
to h  
his  
new  
Wit  
sten  
a da  
late  
thing  
and  
scap  
by ha  
gathe  
nran  
V



To the Right Honourable the  
Earl of Abingdon, &c.

My LORD,



THE Commands, with which You honour'd me some Months ago, are now perform'd: They had been sooner; but betwixt ill Health, some Business, and many Troubles, I was forc'd to deferr them 'till this time. Ovid, going to his Banishment, and Writing from on Ship-board to his Friends, excus'd the Faults of his Poetry by his Misfortunes; and told them, that good Verses never flow, but from a serene and compos'd Spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with Wings fasten'd to his Head and Heels, can fly but slowly, in a damp Air. I therefore chose rather to Obey You late than ill: if at least I am capable of Writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy Your Perusal and Your Patronage. I cannot say that I have escap'd from a Shipwreck; but have only gain'd a Rock by hard Swimming; where I may pant a while and gather breath: For the Doctors give me a sad Assurance, that my Disease never took its leave of any

VOL. V.

K

Man,



## D E D I C A T I O N.

Man, but with a purpose to return. However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the Interval, and manag'd the small Stock which Age has left me, to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my Lady's Memory. We, who are Priests of Apollo, have not the Inspiration when we please; but must wait 'till the God comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury, which we are not able to resist: which gives us double Strength while the Fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent, at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my Lord; for I have really felt it on this Occasion; and prophecy'd beyond my natural Power. Let me add, and hope to be believ'd, that the Excellency of the Subject contributed much to the Happiness of the Execution: And that the weight of thirty Years was taken off me, while I was writing. I swam with the Tyde, and the Water under me was buoyant. The Reader will easily observe, that I was transported, by the multitude and variety of my Similitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant Fancy, and the wantonness of Wit. Had I call'd in my Judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrench'd many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better sort of Critiques: For the whole Poem, though written in that which they call Heroique Verse, is of the Pindarique nature, as well in the Thought as the Expression; and as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, at Your Lordship sees in the Title, not for an Elegie, but a Panegyrique. A kind of Apotheosis; indeed; if a Heathen Word may be applied to a Christian use. And on all Occasions of Praise, if we take the Ancients for our Patterns, we are bound by Prescription to employ the magnificence of Words, and the force of Figures, to adorn the sublimity of Thoughts. Ilocrates amongst the Grecian Orators, and Cicero, and the younger

## D E D I C A T I O N.

younger Pliny, amongst the Romans, have left us their Precedents for our security: For I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these Pinions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another World.

This at least my Lord, I may justly plead, that if I have not perform'd so well as I think I have, yet I have us'd my best endeavours to excel my self. One Disadvantage I have had, which is, never to have known or seen my Lady: And to draw the Lineaments of her Mind, from the Description which I have receiv'd from others, is for a Painter to set himself at work without the living Original before him. Which the more beautiful it is will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive; when he has only a Relation given him of such and such Features by an Acquaintance or a Friend; without the Nice Touches which give the best Resemblance, and make the Graces of the Picture. Every Artist is apt enough to flatter himself (and I amongst the rest) that their own ocular Observations would have discover'd more Perfections, at least others, than have been deliver'd to them: Though I have receiv'd mine from the best Hands, that is, from Persons who neither want a just Understanding of my Lady's Worth, nor a due Veneration for her Memory.

Doctor Donne, the greatest Wit, though not the greatest Poet of our Nation, acknowledges, that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made Immortal in his admirable Anniversaries. I have had the same Fortune; though I have not succeeded to the same Genius. However, I have follow'd his Footsteps in the Design of his Panegyrick; which was to raise an Emulation in the Living, to Copy out the Example of the Dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have call'd this Poem the Pattern: And though on a second Consideration, I chang'd the Title

## D E D I C A T I O N.

into the Name of that Illustrious Person, yet the Design continues, and Eleonora is still the Pattern of Charity, Devotion and Humility; of the best Wife, the best Mother, and the best of Friends.

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavour'd to answer Your Commands, yet I cou'd not answer it to the World, nor to my Conscience, if I gave not Your Lordship my Testimony of being the best Husband now living: I say my Testimony only: For the Praise of it, is given You by Your self. They who despise the Rules of Virtue both in their Practice and their Morals, will think this a very trivial Commendation. But I think it the peculiar Happiness of the Countess of Abingdon, to have been so truly lov'd by You, while she was living, and so gratefully honour'd, after she was dead. Few there are who have either had or cou'd have such a Loss; and yet fewer who carried their Love and Constancy beyond the Grave. The exteriors of Mourning, a decent Funeral, and black Habits, are the usual stints of common Husbands: and perhaps their Wives deserve no better than to be mourn'd with Hypocrisie, and forgot with Ease. But you have distinguish'd yourself from ordinary Lovers, by a real and lasting Grief for the Deceas'd: And by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable Monument, which is that of Verse. And so it would have prov'd, if the Workman had been equal to the Work; and your Choice of the Artificer, as happy as your Design. Yet, as Phidias when he had made the Statue of Minerva, cou'd not forbear to engrave his own Name, as Author of the Piece: so give me leave to hope, that by Subscribing mine to this Poem, I may live by the Goddess, and transmit my Name to Posterity by the Memory of Hers. 'Tis no Flattery to assure Your Lordship, that she is remember'd in the present Age, by all who have had

the

## D E D I C A T I O N.

*the Honour of her Conversation and Acquaintance: And that I have never been in any Company since the News of her Death was first brought me, where they have not extoll'd her Virtues; and even spoken the same things of her in Prose, which I have done in Verse.*

*I therefore think my self oblig'd to thank Your Lordship for the Commission which you have given me: How I have acquitted my self of it, must be left to the Opinion of the World, in spite of any Protestation, which I can enter against the present Age, as Incompetent, or corrupt Judges. For my Comfort they are but Englishmen, and as such, if they Think ill of me To-day, they are inconstant enough to Think well of me To-morrow. And after all, I have not much to thank my Fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of both Sexes are so few, in England, that they stand like Exceptions against General Rules: And though one of them has deserv'd a greater Commendation than I cou'd give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my Pen, with frequent exercise on the like Subjects; that Praises, like Taxes, shou'd be appropriated; and left almost as Individual as the Person. They say my Talent is Satyr; if it be so, 'tis a fruitful Age; and there is an extraordinary Crop to gather. But a single Hand is insufficient for such a Harvest: They have sown the Dragons Teeth themselves, and 'tis but just they should reap each other in Lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the Character of Honour, though 'tis not my Happiness to know You, may stand aside, with the small Remainders of the English Nobility, truly such, and, unhurt your selves, behold the mad Combat. If I have pleas'd You, and some few others, I have obtain'd my end. You see I have disabled my self like an Elected Speaker of the House;*



## DEDICATION.

yet like him I have undertaken the Charge; and find  
the Burden sufficiently recompens'd by the Honour.  
Be pleas'd to accept of these my unworthy Labours,  
this Paper Monument; and let her Pious Memory,  
which I am sure is Sacred to You, not only lead  
the Pardon of my many Faults, but gain me Your  
Protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

E L E.

ELEONORA: *A Panegyricall Poem,*  
*Dedicated to the Memory of the late*  
*Countess of ABINGDON.*



When some Great and Gracious Monarch dies,  
 Soft Whispers, first, and mournful Murmurs rise  
 Among the sad Attendants; then the Sound

Soon gathers Voice, and spreads the News around,  
 Through Town and Country, 'till the dreadful blast  
 Is blown to distant Colonies at last;  
 Who, then perhaps, were offering Vows in vain,  
 For his long Life, and for his happy Reign:  
 So slowly, by Degrees, unwilling Fame  
 Did Matchless *Eleonora's* Fate proclaim,  
 'Till publick as the Loss, the News became.

The Nation felt it, in th' extremest Parts;  
 With Eyes, o'erflowing, and with bleeding Hearts:  
 But most the Poor, whom daily she supply'd;  
 Beginning to be such, but when she dy'd.  
 For, while she liv'd, they slept in Peace by Night;  
 Secure of Bread, as of returning Light;  
 And, with such firm Dependance on the Day,  
 That Need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray;  
 So sure the Dole, so ready at their Call,  
 They stood prepar'd to see the Manna fall.

Such Multitudes she fed, she cloath'd, she nurs'd,  
 That she, her self, might fear her wanting first.  
 Of her five Talents, other five she made;  
 Heaven, that had largely giv'n, was largely pay'd:  
 And in few Lives, in wond'rous few, we find  
 A Fortune better fitted to the Mind.

Nor did her Alms from Ostentation fall,  
 Or proud desire of Praise; the Soul gave all:  
 Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a Bribe appear,  
 No less than Heaven; to heap huge Treasures there.

Want pass'd for Merit, at her open Door,  
 Heaven saw, he safely might increase his Poor,  
 And trust their Sustenance with her so well,  
 As not to be at charge of Miracle.

None cou'd be needy, whom she saw, or knew;  
 All in the Compass of her Sphere, she drew:

He who cou'd touch her Garment, was as sure,  
 As the first Christians of th' Apostle's Cure.

The distant heard, by Fame, her pious Deeds;  
 And laid her up, for their extreamest Needs;

A future 'Cordial, for a fainting Mind;

For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find;

Each in his turn: The Rich might freely come,

As to a Friend; but to the Poor, 'twas Home.

As to some Holy House th' Afflicted came;

The Hunger-starv'd, the Naked, and the Lame;

Want and Diseases fled before her Name.

For Zeal like hers, her Servants were too slow;

She was the first, where need requir'd, to go;

Her self the Foundress, and Attendant too.

Sure she had Guests sometimes to entertain,

Guests in Disguise, of her great Master's Train:

Her Lord himself might come, for ought we know;

Since in a Servant's Form he liv'd below:

Beneath her Roof, he might be pleas'd to stay:

Or some benighted Angel, in his way

Might ease his Wings; and seeing Heav'n appear

In its best Work of Mercy, think it there,

Where all the Deeds of Charity and Love

Were in as constant Method, as above,

All carry'd on; all of a Piece with theirs;

As free her Alms, as diligent her Cares;

As loud her Praises, and as warm her Pray'rs.

Yet was she not profuse, but fear'd to waste,

And wisely manag'd, that the Stock might last;

That all might be supply'd; and she not grieve  
When Clouds appear'd, she had not to relieve,  
Which to prevent, she still increas'd her Store;  
Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more:  
So *Pharaoh*, or some Greater King than he,  
Provided for the seventh Necessity:  
Taught from above, his Magazines to frame;  
That Famine was prevented ere it came.  
Thus Heaven, though All-sufficient, shows a thrift  
In his Oeconomy, and bounds his Gift:  
Creating for our Day, one single Light;  
And his Reflection too supplies the Night;  
Perhaps a thousand other Worlds, that lye  
Remote from us, and latent in the Sky,  
Are lighten'd by his Beams, and kindly nurst;  
Of which our earthly Dunghill is the worst.

Now, as all Virtues keep the middle Line,  
Yet somewhat more to one Extream incline,  
Such was her Soul; abhorring Avarice,  
Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a Vice:  
Had she giv'n more, it had Profusion been,  
And turn'd th' Excess of Goodness into Sin.

These Virtues rais'd her Fabrick to the Sky,  
For that which is next Heav'n, is Charity.  
But, as high Turrets, for their Ay'ry steep  
Require Foundations, in Proportion deep:  
And lofty Cedars as far upwards shoot,  
As to the neather Heavens they drive the Root;  
So low did her secure Foundation lye,  
She was not humble, but Humility.  
Scarcely she knew that she was Great, or Fair,  
Or Wise, beyond what other Women are,  
Or, which is better, knew; but never durst compare.  
For to be conscious of what all admire,  
And not be vain, advances Virtue high'r:  
But still she found, or rather thought she found,  
Her own Worth wanting, others to abound:  
Ascrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,  
Unjust and scanty to her self alone.



Such her Devotion was, as might give Rules  
 Of Speculation to disputing Schools;  
 And teach us equally the Scales to hold  
 Betwixt the two Extreame of hot and cold;  
 That pious Heat may mod'rately prevail,  
 And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with Zeal.  
 Business might shorten, not disturb her Pray'r;  
 Heaven had the best, if not the greater share.  
 An active Life, long Oraisons forbids;  
 Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by Deeds.

Her ev'ry Day was Sabbath: Only free  
 From Hours of Pray'r, for Hours of Charity.  
 Such as the Jews from servile Toil releas't;  
 Where Works of Mercy were a part of Rest:  
 Such as blest Angels exercise above,  
 Vary'd with Sacred Hymns and Acts of Love;  
 Such Sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,  
 Ev'n that perpetual one, which she employs,  
 (For such Vicissitudes in Heav'n there are)  
 In Praise alternate, and alternate Pray'r.

All this she practis'd here; that when she sprung  
 Amidst the Quires, at the first sight she sung,  
 Sung, and was sung her self in Angels Lays;  
 For praising her, they did her Maker praise.  
 All Offices of Heav'n so well she knew,  
 Before she came, that nothing there was new.  
 And she was so familiarly receiv'd,  
 As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

Muse, down again precipitate thy Flight;  
 For how can Mortal Eyes sustain Immortal Light?  
 But as the Sun in Water we can bear,  
 Yet not the Sun, but his Reflection there,  
 So let us view her here, in what she was,  
 And rake her Image, in this wat'ry Glasse:  
 Yet look not ev'ry Lineament to see;  
 Some will be cast in Shades; and some will be  
 So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know, 'tis she.  
 For where such various Virtues we recite,  
 'Tis like the Milky Way, all over bright,  
 But sown so thick with Stars, 'tis undistinguish'd Light.

Her Virtue, not her Virtues let us call,  
 For one Heroick comprehends 'em all:  
 One, as a Constellation is but one;  
 Though 'tis a Train of Stars, that, rolling on,  
 Rise in their turn, and in the Zodiac run.  
 Ever in Motion; now 'tis Faith ascends,  
 Now Hope, now Charity, that upward tends,  
 And downwards with diffusive Good descends.

As in Perfumes compos'd with Art and Cost,  
 'Tis hard to say what Scent is uppermost;  
 Nor this part Musk or Civet can we call,  
 Or Amber, but a rich Result of all;  
 So she was all a Sweet; whose ev'ry part,  
 In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's Art.  
 No single Virtue we cou'd most commend;  
 Whether the Wife, the Mother, or the Friend;  
 For she was all, in that supreme degree,  
 That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.  
 The sev'ral parts lay hidden in the Piece;  
 Th' Occasion but exerted that, or this.

A Wife as tender, and as true withal,  
 As the first Woman was before her Fall:  
 Made for the Man, of whom she was a part;  
 Made, to attract his Eyes, and keep his Heart.  
 A second Eve, but by no Crime accus'd;  
 As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.  
 Had she been first, still Paradise had been;  
 And Death had found no Entrance by her Sin.  
 So she not only had preserv'd from ill  
 Her Sex and ours, but liv'd their Pattern still.

Love and Obedience to her Lord she bore,  
 She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more.  
 Not aw'd to Duty by superior Sway,  
 But taught by his Indulgence to obey.  
 Thus we love God, as Author of our Good;  
 So Subjects love just Kings, or so they shou'd.  
 Nor was it with Ingratitude return'd;  
 In equal Fires the blissful Couple burn'd:  
 One Joy possess'd 'em both, and in one Grief they  
 mourn'd.

His

His Passion still improv'd; he lov'd so fast  
 As if he fear'd each Day would be her last.  
 Too true a Prophet to foresee the Fate  
 That shou'd so soon divide their happy State:  
 When he to Heav'n entirely must restore  
 That Love, that Heart, where he went halves before,  
 Yet as the Soul is all in ev'ry part,  
 So God and He might each have all her Heart.

So had her Children too; for Charity  
 Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she:  
 Each under other by degrees they grew;  
 A goodly Perspective of distant View:  
*Anchises* look'd not with so pleas'd a Face,  
 In numb'ring o'er his future *Roman* Race,  
 And Marshalling the Heroes of his Name,  
 As, in their Order, next, to Light they came;  
 Nor *Cybele* with half so kind an Eye,  
 Survey'd her Sons and Daughters of the Sky.  
 Proud, shall I say, of her immortal Fruit?  
 As far as Pride with Heav'nly Minds may suit,  
 Her pious Love excell'd to all she bore;  
 New Objects only multiply'd it more.  
 And as the Chosen found the pearly Grain  
 As much as ev'ry Vessel cou'd contain;  
 As in the Blissful Vision each shall share  
 As much of Glory, as his Soul can bear;  
 So did she love, and so dispense her Care.  
 Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best;  
 As longer cultivated than the rest:  
 The Babe had all that Infant care beguiles,  
 And early knew his Mother in her Smiles:  
 But when dilated Organs let in Day  
 To the young Soul, and gave it room to play,  
 At his first Aptness, the Maternal Love  
 Those Rudiments of Reason did improve:  
 The tender Age was pliant to command;  
 Like Wax it yielded to the forming Hand:  
 True to th' Artificer, the labour'd Mind  
 With Ease was pious, generous, just and kind;

Soft for Impression from the first, prepar'd,  
'Till Virtue with long Exercise, grew hard;  
With ev'ry Act confirm'd; and made at last  
So durable as not to be effac'd,  
It turn'd to Habit; and from Vices free,  
Goodness resolv'd into Necessity.

Thus fix'd the Virtue's Image, that's her own,  
'Till the whole Mother in the Children shone;  
For that was their Perfection: She was such,  
They never cou'd express her Mind too much.  
So unexhausted her Perfections were,  
That, for more Children, she had more to spare;  
For Souls unborn, whom her untimely Death  
Depriv'd of Bodies, and of mortal Breath;  
And (cou'd they take th' Impressions of her Mind)  
Enough still left to sanctifie her Kind.

Then wonder not to see this Soul extend  
The Bounds, and seek some other self, a Friend:  
As swelling Seas to gentle Rivers glide,  
To seek Repose, and empty out the Tide;  
So this full Soul, in narrow Limits pent,  
Unable to contain her, sought a Vent,  
To issue out, and in some friendly Breast  
Discharge her Treasures, and securely rest.  
T' unbosom all the Secrets of her Heart,  
Take good Advice, but better to impart.  
For 'tis the Bliss of Friendship's holy State  
To mix their Minds, and to communicate;  
Though Bodies cannot, Souls can penetrate.  
Fixt to her Choice; inviolably true;  
And wisely chusing, for she chose but few.  
Some she must have; but in no one cou'd find  
A Tally fitted for so large a Mind.

The Souls of Friends, like Kings in Progres are;  
Still in their own, though from the Palace far:  
Thus her Friend's Heart her Country Dwelling was,  
A sweet Retirement to a courser Place;  
Where Pomp and Ceremonies enter'd not;  
Where Greatness was shut out, and Bus'ness well forgot.

This



This is th' imperfect Draught; but short as far  
 As the true Height and Bigness of a Star  
 Exceeds the Measures of th' Astronomer.  
 She shines above, we know; but in what Place,  
 How near the Throne, and Heav'n's Imperial Face,  
 By our weak Opticks is but vainly quest;  
 Distance and Altitude conceal the rest.

Tho' all these rare Endowments of the Mind  
 Were in a narrow Space of Life confin'd,  
 The Figure was with full Perfection crown'd;  
 Though not so large an Orb, as truly round.

As when in Glory, through the publick Place,  
 The Spoils of conquer'd Nations were to pass,  
 And but one Day for Triumph was allow'd,  
 The Consul was constrain'd his Pomp to crowd;  
 And so the swift Procession hurry'd on,  
 That all, though not distinctly, might be shown;  
 So in the straighten'd Bounds of Life confin'd,  
 She gave but glimpses of her glorious Mind:  
 And Multitudes of Virtues pass'd along;  
 Each pressing foremost in the mighty Throng;  
 Ambitious to be seen, and then make Room,  
 For greater Multitudes that were to come.

Yet unemploy'd no Minute slipt away;  
 Moments were precious in so short a stay.  
 The haste of Heav'n to have her was so great,  
 That some were single Acts, though each compleat,  
 But ev'ry Act stood ready to repeat.

Her fellow Saints with busie Care will look  
 For her blest Name, in Fate's eternal Book.  
 And, pleas'd to be outdone, with Joy will see  
 Numberless Virtues, endless Charity;  
 But more will wonder at so short an Age;  
 To find a Blank beyond the thirti'th Page;  
 And with a pious Fear begin to doubt  
 The Piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.  
 But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, cou'd there be  
 A Copy near th' Original, 'twas she.

As precious Gums are not for lasting Fire,  
 They but perfume the Temple, and expire:

So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence;  
 A short sweet Odour, of a vast Expanse,  
 She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd;  
 For but a Now, did Heav'n and Earth divide:  
 She pass'd serenely with a single Breath,  
 This Moment perfect Health, the next was Death:  
 One Sigh, did her eternal Bliss assure;  
 So little Penance needs, when Souls are almost pure,  
 As gentle Dreams our waking Thoughts pursue;  
 Or, one Dream pass'd, we slide into a new;  
 (So close they follow, such wild Order keep,  
 We think our selves awake, and are asleep;) 302  
 So softly Death succeeded Life in her;  
 She did but dream of Heav'n, and she was there.

No Pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with Noise;  
 Her Soul was whisper'd out with God's still Voice:  
 As an old Friend is beckon'd to a Feast,  
 And treated like a long-familiar Guest;  
 He took her as he found; but found her so,  
 As one in hourly Readiness to go. 303  
 Ev'n on that Day, in all her Trim prepar'd;  
 As early Notice she from Heav'n had heard,  
 And some descending Courtier, from above,  
 Had giv'n her timely Warning to remove:  
 Or counsell'd her to dress the Nuptial Room;  
 For on that Night the Bridegroom was to come.  
 He kept his Hour, and found her where she lay  
 Cloath'd all in white, the Liv'ry of the Day:  
 Scarce had she sinn'd, in Thought, or Word, or Act;  
 Unless Omissions were to pass for Fact:  
 That hardly Death a Consequence cou'd draw,  
 To make her liable to Nature's Law.  
 And that she dy'd we only have to show,  
 The mortal part of her she left below:  
 The rest (so smooth, so suddenly she went)  
 Look'd like Translation, through the Firmament;  
 Or like the fiery Carr, on the third Errand sent.

O happy Soul! if thou canst view from high,  
 Where thou art all Intelligence, all Eye,

If looking up to God, or down to us,  
 Thou find'st, that any way be perviews,  
 Survey the Ruins of thy House, and see  
 Thy widow'd, and thy Orphan Family;  
 Look on thy tender Pledges left behind:  
 And, if thou canst a vacant Minute find  
 From Heavenly Joys, that Interval afford  
 To thy sad Children, and thy mourning Lord.  
 See how they grieve, mistaken in their Love,  
 And shed a Beam of Comfort from above;  
 Give 'em, as much as mortal Eyes can bear,  
 A transient View of thy full Glories there;  
 That they with mod'rate Sorrow may sustain  
 And mollifie their Losses, in thy Gain.  
 Or else divide the Grief, for such thou wert,  
 That shoud' not all Relations bear a part,  
 It were enough to break a single Heart.

Let this suffice: Nor thou, great Saint, refuse  
 This humble Tribute of no vulgar Muse:  
 Who, not by Cares, or Wants, or Age deprest,  
 Stems a wild Deluge with a dauntless Breast:  
 And dares to sing thy Praises in a Clime  
 Where Vice triumphs, and Virtue is a Crime;  
 Where ev'n to draw the Picture of thy Mind,  
 Is Satyr on the most of Human Kind:  
 Take it, while yet 'tis Praise; before my Rage,  
 Unsafely just, break loose on this bad Age;  
 So bad, that thou thy self hadst no Defence  
 From Vice, but barely by departing hence.

Be what, and where thou art: To wish thy place,  
 Were, in the best, Presumption more than Grace.  
 Thy Reliques (such thy Works of Mercy are)  
 Have in this Poem, been my holy care,  
 As Earth thy Body keeps, thy Soul the Sky,  
 So shall this Verse preserve thy Memory;  
 For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee.



## R O N D E L A Y.

By the same Hand.

## I.

**C**HLOE found *Amyntas* lying  
 All in Tears, upon the Plain;  
 Sighing to himself, and crying,  
 Wretched I, to love in vain!  
 Kifs me, Dear, before my dying;  
 Kifs me once, and ease my Pain!

## II.

Sighing to himself, and crying  
 Wretched I, to love in vain!  
 Ever scorning and denying  
 To reward your faithful Swain:  
 Kifs me, Dear, before my dying;  
 Kifs me once, and ease my Pain!

## III.

Ever scorning, and denying  
 To reward your faithful Swain;  
*Chloe*, laughing at his crying,  
 Told him, that he lov'd in vain:  
 Kifs me, Dear, before my dying;  
 Kifs me once, and ease my Pain!

## IV.

*Chloe*, laughing at his crying,  
 Told him, that he lov'd in vain:  
 But repenting, and complying,  
 When he kifs'd, she kifs'd again:  
 Kifs'd him up before his dying;  
 Kifs'd him up, and eas'd his Pain.





To the Pious Memory of the Accomplish'd  
Young Lady, Mrs. ANNE KILLIGREW,  
Excellent in the two Sister-Arts of Poesie,  
and Painting. An ODE.

By the same Hand.

## I.

THOU youngest Virgin-Daughter of the Skies,  
Made in the last Promotion of the Blest;  
Whose Palms, new pluckt from Paradise,  
In spreading Branches more sublimely rise,  
Rich with Immortal Green above the rest:  
Whether, adopted to some Neighbouring Star,  
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring Race,  
Or, in Procession fixt and regular,  
Mov'd with the Heav'n's Majestick Pace;  
Or, call'd to more Superior Bliss,  
Thou tread'st, with Seraphims, the vast Abyss:  
Whatever happy Region is thy Place,  
Cease thy Celestial Song a little space;  
(Thou wilt have time enough for Hymns Divine,  
Since Heav'n's Eternal Year is thine.)  
Hear then a Mortal Muse thy Praise rehearse,  
In no ignoble Verse;  
But such as thy own Voice did practise here,  
When thy first Fruits of Poesie were giv'n;  
To make thy self a welcome Inmate there:  
While yet a young Probationer,  
And Candidate of Heav'n,

## II.

If by Traduction came thy Mind,  
Our Wonder is the less to find  
A Soul so charming from a Stock so good;  
Thy Father was transfus'd into thy Blood:  
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,  
(An early, rich, and inexhausted Vein.)

But

But if thy Præ-existing Soul  
Was form'd, at first, with Myriads more,  
It did through all the Mighty Poets roll,  
Who Greek or Latin Lawrels wore,  
And was that *Sappho* last, which once it was before?  
If so, then cease thy flight, O Heav'n-born Mind!  
Thou hast no *Dross* to purge from thy rich Ore:  
Nor can thy Soul a fairer Mansion find,  
Than was the *Beauteous* Frame she left behind:  
Return to fill or mend the Quire, of thy Celestial

III.

[kind.

May we presume to say, that at thy Birth,  
New joy was sprung in Heav'n, as well as here on Earth?  
For sure the milder Planets did combine  
On thy *Auspicious* Horoscope to shine,  
And ev'n the most Malicious were in Trine.

Thy Brother-Angels at thy Birth

Strung each his Lyre, and tun'd it high,  
That all the People of the Sky  
Might know a Poetess was born on Earth.

And then, if ever, Mortals Ears  
Had heard the Musick of the Spheres!  
And if no clust'ring Swarm of Bees  
On thy sweet Mouth distill'd their golden Dew,

'Twas that, such vulgar Miracles  
Heav'n had not Leisure to renew:

For all thy *Bless* Fraternity of Love  
Solemniz'd there thy Birth, and kept thy Holy-day

IV.

[above.

O Gracious God! How far have we  
Prophan'd thy Heav'nly Gift of Poesie?  
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,  
Devot'd to each obscene and impious Use,  
Whose Harmony was first ordain'd Above  
For Tongues of Angels, and for Hymns of Love?  
Wretched We! why were we hurry'd down

This lubrique and adult'rate Age,  
(Nay added far Pollutions of our own)

T'increase the steaming Ordures of the Stage?  
What can we say t'excuse our *Second Fall*?

Let this thy *Vestal*, Heav'n, attone for all:

Her *Arethusian* Stream remains unfoil'd,  
 Unmixt with Foreign Filth, and undefil'd,  
 Her Wit was more than Man, her Innocence a Child?

## V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none:  
 For Nature did that Want supply:  
 So rich in Treasures of her Own,  
 She might our boasted *Stores* defy:  
 Such noble Vigour did her Verse adorn,  
 That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born,  
 Her Morals too were in her *Bosom* bred,  
 By great Examples daily fed,  
 What in the best of *Books*, her Father's Life, she read,  
 And to be read herself she need not fear,  
 Each Test, and ev'ry Light, her Muse will bear,  
 Though *Epictetus* with his Lamp were there.  
 Ev'n Love (for Love sometimes her Muse express)  
 Was but a *Lambent-flame* which play'd about her Breast:  
 Light as the Vapours of a Morning Dream,  
 So cold herself, whilst she such Warmth express,  
 'Twas *Cupid* bathing in *Diana's* Stream.

## VI.

Born to the Spacious Empire of the *Nine*,  
 One wou'd have thought, she shou'd have been content  
 To manage well that mighty Government;  
 But what can young ambitious Souls confine?  
 To the next Realm she stretcht her Sway,  
 For *Painture* near adjoining lay,  
 A plenteous Province, and alluring Prey.  
 A Chamber of Dependences was fram'd,  
 (As Conquerors will never want Pretences;  
 When arm'd, to justifie th' Offence)  
 And the whole Fief, in right of Poetry she claim'd.  
 The Country open lay without Defence:  
 For Poets frequent Inrodes there had made,  
 And perfectly cou'd represent  
 The Shape, the Face, with ev'ry Lineament;  
 And all the large Domains which the *Dumb-sister* sway'd  
 All bow'd beneath her Government,  
 Receiv'd in Triumph wheresoe'er she went.

Her Pencil drew, whate'er her Soul design'd,  
 And oft the happy Draught surpass'd the Image in her  
 The *Sylvan* Scenes of Herds and Flocks, [Mind,  
 And fruitful Plains and barren Rocks,  
 Of shallow Brooks that flow'd so clear,  
 The bottom did the top appear;  
 Of deeper too and ampler Floods,  
 Which, as in Mirrors, shew'd the Woods;  
 Of lofty Trees, with Sacred Shades,  
 And Perspectives of pleasant Glades,  
 Where Nymphs of brightest Form appear,  
 And shaggy Satyrs standing near,  
 Which them at once admire and fear.  
 The Ruins too of some Majestick Piece,  
 Boasting the Pow'r of ancient Rome or Greece,  
 Whose Statues, Freezes, Columns broken lie,  
 And tho' defac'd, the Wonder of the Eye,  
 What Nature, Art, bold Fiction e'er durst frame,  
 Her forming Hand gave Feature to the Name.  
 So strange a Concourse ne'er was seen before,  
 But when the peopl'd Ark the whole Creation bore.

## VII.

The Scene then chang'd, with bold erected Look  
 Our Martial King the sight with Rev'rence strook:  
 For not content t' express his outward Part,  
 Her Hand call'd out the Image of his Heart,  
 His warlike Mind, his Soul devoid of Fear,  
 His High-designing Thoughts were figur'd there,  
 As when, by Magick, Ghosts are made appear.  
 Our Phenix Queen was pourtrai'd too so bright,  
 Beauty alone cou'd Beauty take so right:  
 Her Drefs, her Shape, her matchless Grace,  
 Were all observ'd, as well as Heavenly Face.  
 With such a Peerless Majesty she stands,  
 As in that Day she took the Crown from sacred Hands:  
 Before a Train of Heroines was seen,  
 Beauty foremost, as in Rank, the Queen!  
 Thus nothing to her Genius was deny'd,  
 As if a Ball of Fire the further thrown,  
 Still with a greater Blaze she shone,  
 And her bright Soul broke out on ev'ry side.



What next she had design'd, Heaven only knows,  
To such Immoderate Growth her Conquest rose,  
That Fate alone its Progress could oppose.

## VIII.

Now all those Charms, that blooming Grace,  
The well-proportion'd Shape, and beauteous Face,  
Shall never more be seen by Mortal Eyes;  
In Earth the much-lamented Virgin lies!

Not Wit, nor Piety could Fate prevent;  
Nor was the cruel *Destiny* content  
To finish all the Murder at a blow,  
To sweep at once her Life, and Beauty too;  
But, like a harden'd Felon, took a pride

To work more Mischievously slow,  
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd,  
O double Sacrilege on things Divine,  
To rob the Relique, and deface the Shrine!

But thus *Orinda* dy'd:

Heaven, by the same Disease, did both translate,  
As equal were their Souls, so equal was their Fate.

## IX.

Mean-time her Warlike Brother on the Seas  
His waving Streamers to the Winds displays,  
And Vows for his Return, with vain Devotion, pays.

Ah, Generous Youth, that Wish forbear,  
The Winds too soon will waft thee here!

Slack all thy Sails; and fear to come,  
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!

No more shalt thou behold thy Sister's Face,  
Thou hast already had her last Embrace.

But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,  
Among the *Pleiads* a New-kindled Star,

If any Sparkles, than the rest more bright,  
'Tis she that shines in that propitious Light.

## X.

When in mid-Air the Golden Trump shall sound  
To raise the Nations under Ground;

When in the Valley of *Jehosaphat*,  
The Judging God shall close the Book of Fate;

And

# MISCELLANY POEMS. 215

And there the last *Assizes* keep,  
For those who Wake, and those who Sleep:  
When ratling *Bones* together fly,  
From the four Corners of the Sky,  
When Sinews o'er the Skeletons are spread,  
Those cloath'd with Flesh, and Life inspires the Dead;  
The Sacred Poets first shall hear the Sound,  
And foremost from the Tomb shall bound,  
For they are cover'd with the lightest Ground,  
And streight, with in-born Vigour, on the Wing,  
Like mounting Larks, to the New Morning sing.  
There *Thou*, sweet Saint, before the Quire shalt go,  
As Harbinger of Heaven, the Way to show,  
The Way which thou so well hast learnt below.

## Nymphidia. *The Court of FAYRIE.*

By MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esq;

OLD Chaucer doth of *Topas* tell,  
Mad *Rablais* of *Pantagruell*,  
A latter third of *Dowfabell*,  
With such poor trifles playing:  
Others the like have labour'd an;  
Some of this thing, and some of that,  
And many of they know not what,  
But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will  
Be talking of the *Fayries* still,  
Nor never can they have their fill,  
As they were wedded to them;  
No Tales of them their Thirst can slake,  
So much delight therein they take,  
And some strange thing they fain would make,  
Knew they the way to do them.

Then

Then since no Muse hath been so bold,  
 Or of the Later, or the Old,  
 Those Elvish Secrets to unfold,  
 Which lye from others reading,  
 My active Muse to Light shall bring  
 The Court of that proud Fayrie King,  
 And tell there of the Revelling.  
*Joan*, prosper my proceeding.

And thou *Nymphidia*, gentle *Fay*,  
 Which meeting me upon the way,  
 These Secrets didst to me bewray,  
 Which now I am in telling:  
 My pretty light fantastick Maid,  
 I here invoke thee to my Aid,  
 That I may speak what thou hast said,  
 In Numbers smoothly swelling.

This Palace standeth in the Air,  
 By Necromancy placed there,  
 That it no Tempests needs to fear,  
 Which way so-e'er it blow it.  
 And somewhat Southward tow'rd the Noon,  
 Whence lies a way up to the Moon,  
 And thence the *Fayrie* can as soon  
 Pass to the Earth below it.

The Walls of Spiders Legs are made,  
 Well mortized and finely laid,  
 He was the master of his Trade  
 It curiously that builded:  
 The Windows of the Eyes of Cats,  
 And for the Roof, instead of Slat,  
 Is cover'd with the Skins of Batts,  
 That are with Moon-shine gilded.

Hence *Oberon* him sport to make,  
 (Their Rest when weary Mortals take)  
 And none but only *Fayries* wake,  
 Descendeth for his pleasure.

And *Mab* his merry Queen by night  
Besrides young Folks that lye upright,  
(In elder Times the *Mare* that hight)  
Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence Shadows, seeming Idle Shapes,  
Of little frisking Elves and Apes,  
To Earth do make their wanton Scapes,  
As hope of pastime hastes them:  
Which Maids think on the Hearth they see,  
When Fires well near consumed be,  
There dancing Hays by two and three,  
Just as their Fancy casts them.

These make our Girls their sluttish rue,  
By pinching them both black and blue;  
And put a penny in their shoe,  
The House for cleanly sweeping:  
And in their Courses make that Round,  
In Meadows, and in Marshes found,  
Of them so call'd the *Fayrie* ground,  
Of which they have the keeping.

These when a Child haps to be got,  
Which after proves an Idiot,  
Then Folk perceives it thriveth not,  
The fault therein to smother:  
Some silly doting brainless Calf,  
That understands things by the half,  
Says that the *Fayrie* left his Oase,  
And took away the other.

Listen, and I shall you tell,  
Chance in *Fayrie* that befell,  
Which certainly may please some well,  
In Love and Arms delighting:  
Oberon that Jealous grew,  
One of his own *Fayrie* crue,  
So well (he fear'd) his Queen that knew,  
His love but ill requiting.



*Pigwigen* was this *Fayrie Knight*,  
 One wond'rous gracious in the sight  
 Of fair Queen *Mab*, which day and night  
 He amorously observed;  
 Which made King *Oberon* suspect  
 His Service took too good effect,  
 His sauciness he often checkt,  
 And could have wisht him starved.

*Pigwigen* gladly would commend,  
 Some token to Queen *Mab* to send,  
 If Sea, or Land, him ought could lend,  
 Were worthy of her wearing;  
 At length this Lover doth devise  
 A Bracelet, made of Emmetts Eyes,  
 A thing he thought that she would prize,  
 No whit her state impairing.

And to the Queen a Letter writes,  
 Which he most curiously endites,  
 Conjuring her by all the rites  
 Of Love, she would be pleased  
 To meet him, her true Servant, where  
 They might, without suspect or fear,  
 Themselves to one another clear,  
 And have their poor hearts eased.

At mid-night the appointed hour,  
 And for the Queen a fitting Bower,  
 (Quoth he) is that fair Cowslip flower,  
 On *Hipcut* hill that groweth;  
 In all your Train there's not a *Fay*,  
 That ever went to gather May,  
 But she hath made it in her way,  
 The tallest there that knoweth.

When by *Tom Thumb* a *Fayrie Page*,  
 He sent it, and doth him engage,  
 By promise of a mighty wage,  
 It secretly to carry:

Which

Which done, the Queen her Maids doth call,  
And bids them to be ready all,  
She would go see her Summer Hall,  
She could no longer tarry.

Her Chariot ready straight is made,  
Each thing therein is fitting laid,  
That she by nothing might be staid,  
For naught must her be letting.  
Four nimble Gnats the Horses were,  
Their Harnesses of Gossamere,  
Fly *Cranion* her Charioteer,  
Upon the Coach-box getting,

Her Chariot of a Snail's fine shell,  
Which for the Colours did excell:  
The fair Queen *Mab*, becoming well,  
So lively was the limning:  
The seat the soft Wool of the Bee;  
The cover (gallantly to see)  
The wing of a py'd Butterflee,  
I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The Wheels compos'd of Crickets Bones,  
And daintily made for the nonce,  
For fear of ratling on the stones,  
With Thistle down they shod it;  
For all her Maidens much did fear,  
If *Oberon* had chanc'd to hear,  
That *Mab* his Queen should have been there,  
He would not have abroad it.

She mounts her Chariot in a trice,  
Nor would she stay for no Advice,  
Untill her Maids that were so nice,  
To wait on her were fitted,  
But ran her self away alone;  
Which when they heard, there was not one  
But hasted after to be gone,  
As she had been diswitted.

*Hop*, and *Mop*, and *Drop* so clear,  
*Pip*, and *Trip*, and *Skip*, that were  
 To *Mab* their Sovereign ever dear;

Her special Maids of Honour:

*Fib*, and *Tib*, and *Pinck*, and *Pin*,  
*Tick*, and *Quick*, and *Jill*, and *Fin*,  
*Tit*, and *Nit*, and *Wap*, and *Win*,

The Train that wait upon her.

Upon a Grasshopper they got,  
 And what with Amble, and with Trot,  
 For Hedge nor Ditch they spared not,  
 But after her they hie them.

A Cobweb over them they throw,  
 To shield the wind if it should blow,  
 Themselves they wisely could bestow,  
 Lest any should espie them.

But let us leave Queen *Mab* awhile,  
 Through many a Gate, o'er many a Stile,  
 That now had gotten by this wile,

Her dear *Pigwiggan* kissing;  
 And tell how *Oberon* doth fare,  
 Who grew as mad as any Hare,  
 When he had fought each place with care,  
 And found his Queen was missing.

By grisly *Pluto* he doth swear,  
 He rent his Cloaths, and tore his Hair,  
 And as he runneth here and there,

An Acorn Cup he greeteth;  
 Which soon he taketh by the stalk,  
 About his head he lets it walk,  
 Nor doth he any Creature balk,  
 But lays on all he meeteth.

The *Thufcan* Poet doth advance  
 The frantick *Paladine* of *France*,  
 And those more ancient do inhance  
*Alcides* in his fury;

And

And others *Ajax Telamon* :  
But to this time there hath been none  
So *Bedlam* as our *Oberon*,  
Of which I dare assure you.

And first encountring with a Wasp,  
He in his Arms the Fly doth clasp,  
As though his breath he forth would grasp,  
Him for *Pigwigen* taking:  
Where is my Wife, thou Rogue, quoth he,  
*Pigwigen*, she is come to thee,  
Restore her, or thou dy'st by me:  
Whereat the poor Wasp quaking,

Cries, *Oberon*! great *Fayrie King*,  
Content thee, I am no such thing,  
I am a Wasp, behold my sting:  
At which the *Fayrie* started:  
When soon away the Wasp doth go,  
Poor Wretch was never frightened so,  
He thought his Wings were much too slow,  
O'erjoy'd, they so were parted.

He next upon a Glow-worm light,  
(You must suppose it now was Night,)  
Which, for her hinder part was bright,  
He took to be a Devil.  
And furiously doth her assail  
For carrying fire in her tail,  
He thrasht her rough Coat with his flail,  
The mad King fear'd no Evil.

A new Adventure him betides,  
He met an Ant which he bestrides,  
And post thereon away he rides,  
Which with his haste doth stumble;  
And came full over on her snout,  
Her heels so threw the dirt about,  
For she by no means could get out,  
But over him doth tumble.



And falling down into a Lake  
Which him up to the Neck doth take,  
His fury somewhat it doth flake,  
He calleth for a Ferry;  
Where you may some recovery note,  
What was his Club, he made his Boat,  
And in his Oaken Cup doth float,  
As safe as in a Wherry.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal,  
He meeteth *Puck*, which most Men call  
*Hobgoblin*, and on him doth fall,  
With words from frenzy spoken;  
Hoh hoh, quoth *Hob*, God save thy Grace;  
Who drest thee in this piteous case?  
He thus that spoil'd my Sovereign's face,  
I would his neck were broken,

This *Puck* seems but a dreaming Dolt,  
Still walking like a ragged Colt,  
And oft out of a Bush doth bolt,  
Of purpose to deceive us;  
And leading us, makes us to stray  
Long Winters nights out of the way,  
And when we stick in mire and clay  
*Hob* doth with laughter leave us.

Dear *Puck* (quoth he) my Wife is gone;  
As e'er thou lovest King *Oheron*,  
Let every thing but this alone,  
With vengeance and pursue her;  
Bring her to me alive or dead,  
Or that vile Thief, *Pigwiggon's* head,  
That Villain hath defil'd my Bed,  
He to this folly drew her.

Quoth *Puck*, My Liege, I'll never lin,  
But I will thorough thick and thin,  
Untill at length I bring her in,  
My dearest Lord ne'er doubt it;

Thorough

# MISCELLANY POEMS.

223

Thorough Brake, and thorough Brier,  
Thorough Muck, and thorough Mire,  
Thorough Water, thorough Fire,  
And thus goes *Puck* about it.

This thing *Nymphidia* over-heard,  
That on this mad King had a guard,  
Not doubting of a great reward,  
For first this Business broaching;  
And through the Air away doth go,  
Swift as an Arrow from the Bow,  
To let her Sovereign *Mab* to know  
What peril was approaching.

The Queen bound with Love's powerful'st charm  
Sate with *Pigwigen* arm in arm,  
Her merry Maids that thought no harm  
About the Room were skipping:  
A Humble-Bee, their Minstrel, plaid  
Upon his Hautboy; ev'ry Maid  
Fit for this Revells was array'd,  
The Horn-pipe neatly tripping.

In comes *Nymphidia*, and doth cry,  
My Sovereign, for your safety fly,  
For there is danger but too nigh,  
I posted to forewarn you:  
The King hath sent *Hobgoblin* out,  
To seek you all the Fields about,  
And of your safety you may doubt,  
If he but once discern you.

When like an uproar in a Town,  
Before them every thing went down,  
Some tore a Ruff, and some a Gown,  
'Gainst one another jostling:  
They flew about like Chaff i'th' wind,  
For haste some left their Masks behind;  
Some could not stay their Gloves to find,  
There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they by a secret way,  
 Into a brake that near them lay;  
 Yet much they doubted there to stay,  
 Lest *Hob* should hap to find them:  
 He had a sharp and piercing sight,  
 All one to him the day and night,  
 And therefore were resolv'd by flight  
 To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a Nut,  
 In th' end of which a hole was cut,  
 Which lay upon a Hazel Root,  
 There scatter'd by a Squirrel:  
 Which out the kernel gotten had;  
 When quoth this *Fay*, dear Queen be glad,  
 Let *Oberon* be ne'er so mad,  
 I'll set you safe from peril.

Come all into this Nut (quoth she)  
 Come closely in, be rul'd by me,  
 Each one may here a chuser be,  
 For room you need not wrastle:  
 Nor need ye be together heapt:  
 So one by one therein they crept,  
 And lying down they soundly slept,  
 And safe as in a Castle.

*Nymphidia* that this while doth watch,  
 Perceiv'd, if *Puck* the Queen should catch,  
 That he should be her over-match,  
 Of which she well bethought her;  
 Found it must be some powerful Charm,  
 The Queen against him that must arm,  
 Or surely he would do her harm,  
 For throughly he had sought her.

And listning if she ought could hear,  
 That her might hinder, or might fear:  
 But finding still the coast was clear,  
 Nor creature had descry'd her;

Each circumstance and having scan'd,  
 She came thereby to understand,  
*Puck* would be with them out of hand,  
 When to her Charms she hy'd her:

And first her Fern-seed doth bestow,  
 The kernel of the Mistletoe:  
 And here and there as *Puck* should go,  
 With terror to affright him:  
 She Night-shade strows to work him ill,  
 Therewith her Vervain and her Dill,  
 That hindreth Witches of their will,  
 Of purpose to despise him.

Then sprinkles she the Juice of Rue,  
 That groweth underneath the Yew:  
 With nine drops of the midnight dew,  
 From Lunary distilling:  
 The Molewarp's Brain mixt therewithal;  
 And with the same the Pismire's Gall,  
 For she in nothing short would fall;  
 The *Fayrie* was so willing.

Then thrice under a Brier doth creep,  
 Which at both ends was rooted deep,  
 And over it three times doth leap;  
 Her Magick much availing:  
 Then on *Proserpina* doth call,  
 And so upon her Spell doth fall,  
 Which here to you repeat I shall,  
 Not in one tittle failing.

By the croaking of the Frog;  
 By the howling of the Dog;  
 By the crying of the Hog,  
 Against the storm arising;  
 By the Evehng Curfew Bell,  
 By the doleful dying knell,  
 O let this my direful Spell,  
 Hob, hinder thy surprizing.

L 5

By



By the Mandrakes dreadful groans;  
 By the Lubricans sad moans;  
 By the noise of dead Mens bones,  
     In Charnel-houses rattling:  
 By the hissing of the Snake,  
 The rustling of the fire-Drake,  
 I charge thee thou this place forsake,  
     Nor of Queen *Mab* be prattling.

By the Whirlwinds hollow sound,  
 By the Thunders dreadful sound,  
 Yells of Spirits under Ground,  
     I charge thee not to fear us:  
 By the Schreech-owl's dismal note,  
 By the Black Night-Raven's throat,  
 I charge thee *Hob* to tear thy Coat  
     With thorns, if thou come near us.

Her Spell thus spoke, she stept aside,  
 And in a Chink her self doth hide,  
 To see there of what would betide,  
     For she doth only mind him:  
 When presently she *Puck* espies,  
 And well she mark'd his gloating Byes,  
 How under every leaf he pries,  
     In seeking still to find them.

But once the Circle got within,  
 The Charms to work do straight begin,  
 And he was caught as in a Gin;  
     For as he thus was busie,  
 A pain he in his Head-piece feels,  
 Against a stubbed Tree he reels,  
 And up went poor *Hobgoblin's* heels,  
     Alas his Brain was dizzy.

At length upon his Feet he gets,  
*Hobgoblin* fumes, *Hobgoblin* frets,  
 And as again he forward sets,  
     And through the Bushes scrambles:

A Stump

A Stump doth trip him in his pace,  
Down comes poor *Hob* upon his Face,  
And lamentably tore his case,  
Amongst the Briers and Brambles.

A plague upon Queen *Mab*, quoth he,  
And all her Maids where-e'er they be,  
I think the Devil guided me,  
To seek her so provoked:  
Where stumbling at a piece of Wood,  
He fell into a ditch of Mud,  
Where to the very Chin he stood,  
In danger to be choaked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,  
Poor *Puck* doth yell, poor *Puck* doth roar;  
That wak'd Queen *Mab*, who doubted sore  
Some Treason had been wrought her:  
Until *Nymphidia* told the Queen  
What she had done, what she had seen,  
Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen  
With very extream Laughter.

But leave we *Hob* to clamber out;  
Queen *Mab* and all her *Fayrie* rout:  
And come again to have a bout  
With *Oberon* yet madding:  
And with *Pigwiggen* now distrougt,  
Who much was troubled in his thought,  
That he so long the Queen had fought,  
And through the Fields was gadding.

And as he runs he still doth cry,  
King *Oberon* I thee defie,  
And dare thee here in Arms to try,  
For my dear Lady's honour:  
For that she is a Queen right good,  
In whose defence I'll shed my Blood,  
And that thou in this jealous mood  
Hast lay'd this slander on her.

And

And quickly arms him for the Field,  
 A little Cockle-shell his Shield,  
 Which he could very bravely wield:  
 Yet could it not be pierced:  
 His Spear a Bent both stiff and strong,  
 And well near of two Inches long:  
 The Pile was of a Horse-fly's tongue,  
 Whose sharpness naught reverfed.

And puts him on a Coat of Male,  
 Which was made of a Fishes scale,  
 That when his Foe should him assail,  
 No point should be prevailing:  
 His Rapier was a Horner's sting,  
 It was a very dangerous thing:  
 For if he chanc'd to hurt the King,  
 It would be long in healing.

His Helmet was a Beetle's head,  
 Most horrible and full of dread,  
 That was able to strike one dead,  
 Yet did it well become him:  
 And for a plume, a Horse's Hair  
 Which being tossed with the Air,  
 Had force to strike his Foe with fear,  
 And turn his Weapon from him.

Himself he on an Earwig set,  
 Yet scarce he on his back could get,  
 So oft and high he did curvet,  
 Ere he himself could settle:  
 He made him turn, and stop and bound,  
 To gallop, and to trot the Round,  
 He scarce could stand on any ground,  
 He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with *Tomalin*,  
 One that a valiant Knight had been,  
 And to King *Oberon* of Kin;  
 Quoth he, thou manly *Fayrie*,

Tell *Oberon* I come prepar'd,  
 Then bid him stand upon his Guard;  
 This hand his baseness shall reward,  
 Let him be ne'er so wary.

Say to him thus, that I defie  
 His slanders, and his infamy,  
 And as a mortal Enemy,

Do publickly proclaim him:  
 Withal, that if I had mine own,  
 He should not wear the *Fayrie Crown*,  
 But with a vengeance should come down:  
 Nor we a King should name him.

'This *Tomalin* could not abide,  
 To hear his Sovereign vilify'd:  
 But to the *Fayrie Court* him hy'd;  
 Full furiously he posted,  
 With ev'ry thing *Pigwigen* said;  
 How title to the Crown he laid,  
 And in what Arms he was aray'd,  
 And how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,  
 He told the arming of each joint,  
 In every piece, how neat, and quaint,  
 For *Tomalin* could do it:  
 How fair he sate, how sure he rid,  
 As of the Courser he bestrid,  
 How manag'd, and how well he did;  
 The King he listned to it.

Quoth he, go *Tomalin* with speed,  
 Provide me Arms, provide my Steed,  
 And every thing that I shall need,  
 By thee I will be guided;  
 To strait account call thou thy wit,  
 See there be wanting not a whit,  
 In every thing see thou me fit,  
 Just as my Foe's provided.

Soon



Soon flew this news through *Fayrie* land,  
Which gave Queen *Mab* to understand  
The combat that was then in hand,

    Betwixt those Fairies mighty :  
Which greatly she began to rue,  
Perceiving that all *Fayrie* knew  
The first occasion from her grew,  
    Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her Maids,  
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she wades,  
To *Proserpine* the Queen of shades,

    To treat, that it would please her,  
The cause into her hands to take,  
For ancient Love and Friendship's sake,  
And soon thereof an end to make,  
    Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we *Mab* alone,  
And come we to King *Oberon*,  
Who arm'd to meet his Foe is gone,  
    For proud *Pigwigen* crying :  
Who fought the *Fayrie* King as fast,  
And had so well his journeys cast,  
That he arrived at the last,  
    His puissant foe espying.

Stout *Tomalin* came with the King,  
*Tom Thumb* doth on *Pigwigen* bring,  
They perfect were in every thing,  
    To single fights belonging :  
And therefore they themselves ingage,  
To see them exercise their rage,  
With fair and comely equipage,  
    Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these Champions were,  
As they had been a very pair,  
So that a Man would almost swear,  
    That either had been either;

Their

Their furious Steeds began to Neigh,  
That they were heard a mighty way,  
Their staves upon their rests they lay:  
Yet ere they flew together,

Their Seconds minister an Oath,  
Which was indifferent to them both,  
That on their Knightly faith and troth,  
No Magick them supplied;  
And sought them that they had no charms,  
Wherewith to work each other's harms,  
But came with simple open arms,  
To have their causes tried,

Together furiously they ran,  
That to the ground came horse and man,  
The Blood out of their Helmets span,  
So sharp were their Encounters;  
And though they to the earth were thrown,  
Yet quickly they regain'd their own,  
Such nimbleness was never shown,  
They were two Gallant Mounters.

When in a second Course again,  
They forward came with might and main,  
Yet which had better of the twain,  
The Seconds could not judge yet;  
Their shields were into pieces cleft,  
Their Helmets from their heads were rest,  
And to defend them nothing left.  
These Champions would not budge yet!

Away from them their Staves they threw,  
Their cruel Swords they quickly drew,  
And freshly they the fight renew;  
They every stroke redoubled:  
Which made *Proserpina* take heed,  
And make to them the greater speed,  
For fear lest they too much should bleed,  
Which wond'rously her troubled,

When

When to th' infernal *Styx* she goes,  
 She takes the Fogs from thence that rose,  
 And in a Bagg doth them enclose;  
 When well she had them blended:  
 She hies her then to *Lethe* Spring,  
 A Bottle and thereof doth bring,  
 Wherewith she meant to work the thing,  
 Which only she intended.

Now *Proserpine* with *Mab* is gone  
 Unto the place where *Oberon*  
 And proud *Pigwiggen*, one to one,  
 Both to be slain were likely:  
 And there themselves they closely hide,  
 Because they would not be espy'd;  
 For *Proserpine* meant to decide  
 The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the Poke,  
 Which out of it sent such a smoak:  
 As ready was them all to choak,  
 So grievous was the pother;  
 So that the Knights each other lost,  
 And stood as still as any post,  
*Tom Thumb*, nor *Tomalin* could boast  
 Themselves of any other.

But when the mist gan somewhat cease,  
*Proserpina* commandeth peace:  
 And that a while they should release  
 Each other of their Peril:  
 Which here (quoth she) I do proclaim  
 To all, in dreadful *Pluto's* name,  
 That as ye will eschew his blame,  
 You let me hear the quarrel.

But here your selves you must engage,  
 Somewhat to cool your spleenish Rage,  
 Your grievous thirst and to assuage,  
 That first you drink this liquor:

Which

Which shall your understanding clear,  
As plainly shall to you appear;  
Those things from me that you shall hear,  
Conceiving much the quicker.

This *Lethe* water, you must know,  
The Memory destroyeth so,  
That of our weal, or of our woe,  
It all remembrance blotted;  
Of it nor can you ever think:  
For they no sooner took this drink,  
But nought into their Brains could sink,  
Of what had them besotted.

King *Oberon* forgotten had,  
That he for jealousy ran mad,  
But of his Queen was wond'rous glad,  
And ask'd how they came thither:  
*Pigwigen* likewise doth forget,  
That he Queen *Mab* had ever met;  
Or that they were so hard beset,  
When they were found together.

Nor neither of them both had thought,  
That e'er they had each other fought;  
Much less that they a Combat fought,  
But such a dream were loathing:  
*Tom Thumb* had got a little sup,  
And *Tomalin* scarce kist the Cup,  
Yet had their Brains so sure lockt up,  
That they remembred nothing.

Queen *Mab* and her light Maids the while,  
Amongst themselves do closely smile,  
To see the King caught with this wile,  
With one another jesting:  
And to the *Fayrie* Court they went,  
With mickle Joy and Merriment,  
Which thing was done with good intent,  
And thus I left them feasting.

The



*The Quest of CYNTHIA.**By the same Hand.*

WHAT time the Groves were clad in green,  
The Fields drest all in flowers,  
And that the sleek-hair'd Nymphs were seen,  
To seek them Summer Bowers;

Forth rov'd I by the sliding Rills  
To find where *Cynthia* sat,  
Whose name so often from the hills  
The Ecchos wondred at.

When me upon my Quest to bring,  
That pleasure might excell,  
The Birds strove which should sweetliest sing,  
The Flowers which sweet'st should smell.

Long wand'ring in the Woods (said I)  
Oh whither's *Cynthia* gone?  
When soon the Eccho doth reply  
To my last word, Go on.

At length upon a lofty Firr,  
It was my chance to find,  
Where that dear name most due to her,  
Was carv'd upon the rind.

Which whilst with wonder I beheld,  
The Bees their honey brought,  
And up the carved letters fill'd,  
As they with Gold were wrought.

And near that Tree's more spacious root,  
Then looking on the ground,  
The shape of her most dainty foot  
Imprinted there I found.

Which

Which stuck there like a curious Seal,  
As though it should forbid  
Us, wretched Mortals, to reveal  
What under it was hid.

Besides, the flowers which it had press'd,  
Appeared to my view  
More fresh and lovely than the rest,  
That in the Meadows grew:

The clear drops in the steps that stood,  
Of that delicious Girl,  
The Nymphs amongst their dainty food  
Drunk, for dissolved Pearl.

The yielding sand, where she had trod,  
Untouch'd yet with the wind,  
By the fair posture plainly shew'd,  
Where I might *Cynthia* find.

When on upon my wayless walk,  
As my desires me draw,  
I like a madman fell to talk,  
With every thing I saw.

I ask'd some Lillies, why so white  
They from their fellows were;  
Who answered me, that *Cynthia's* sight  
Had made them look so clear.

I ask'd a nodding Violet, why  
It sadly hung the head;  
It told me *Cynthia* late past by.  
Too soon from it she fled.

A Bed of Roses saw I there,  
Bewitching with their grace:  
Besides so wond'rous sweet they were,  
That they perfum'd the place.

I of a Shrub of those enquir'd,  
From others of that kind,  
Who with such virtue them inspir'd,  
It answer'd (to my mind,)

As the base Hemlock were we such,  
The poyson'dst Weed that grows,  
Till *Cynthia*, by her god-like touch,  
Transform'd us to the Rose:

Since when those Frosts that Winter brings  
Which candy every green,  
Renew us like the teeming Springs,  
And we thus fresh are seen.

At length I on a Fountain light,  
Whose Brim with Pinks was platted;  
The Bank with Daffadillies dight,  
With Grass like sleeve was matted,

When I demanded of that Well,  
What Power frequented there;  
Desiring, it would please to tell  
What Name it ufe to bear!

It told me it was *Cynthia's* own,  
Within whose cheerful brims,  
That curious Nymph had oft been known  
To bathe her snowy Limbs.

Since when that Water had the Power  
Lost Maiden-heads to restore,  
And make one Twenty in an hour,  
Of *Æson* Age before:

And told me that the bottom clear,  
Now laid with many a set  
Of seed-pearl, ere she bath'd her there,  
Was known as black as jet.

When Chance me to an Arbor led,  
Whereas I might behold  
Two blest *Eliziums* in one sted,  
The less the great enfold.

The place which she had chosen out,  
Herself in to repose;  
Had they come down, the Gods no doubt  
The very same had chose.

The wealthy Spring yet never bore  
That sweet, nor dainty Flow'r,  
That damask'd not the chequer'd floor  
Of *Cynthia's* Summer Bow'r.

The Birch, the Myrtle, and the Bay,  
Like Friends did all embrace;  
And their large Branches did display,  
To Canopy the Place,

Where she like *Venus* doth appear,  
Upon a rosie Bed;  
As Lillies the soft Pillows were,  
Whereon she laid her Head.

Heav'n on her Shape such Cost bestow'd,  
And with such Bounties blest:  
No Limb of hers but might have made  
A Goddess at the least.

The Flies by chance mesht in her Hair,  
By the bright Radiance thrown  
From her clear Eyes, rich Jewels were,  
They so like Diamonds shone.

The meanest weed the Soil there bare,  
Her Breath did so refine,  
That it with Woodbine durst compare,  
And beard the Eglantine.

The



The Dew which on the tender Grasse  
The Ev'ning had distill'd,  
To pure Rose-water turned was,  
The Shades with Sweets that fill'd.

The Winds were hush'd, no Leaf so small  
At all was seen to stir:  
Whilst tuning to the Waters Fall,  
The small Birds sang to her.

Where she too quickly me espies,  
When I might plainly see  
A thousand *Cupids* from her Eyes  
Shoot all at once at me.

Into these secret Shades (cry'd she)  
How dar'st thou be so bold  
To enter, consecrate to me,  
Or touch this hallow'd mold?

Those Words (she said) I can pronounce  
Which to that Shape can bring  
Thee, which the Hunter had who once  
Saw *Dian* in the Spring.

Bright Nymph, again I thus reply,  
This cannot me affright:  
I had rather in thy Presence die,  
Than live out of thy sight.

I first upon the Mountains high  
Built Altars to thy Name;  
And grav'd it on the Rocks thereby,  
To propagate thy Fame.

I taught the Shepherds on the Downs,  
Of thee to frame their Lays:  
'Twas I that fill'd the neighb'ring Towns  
With Ditties of thy Praise.

Thy Colours I devis'd with Care,  
Which were unknown before :  
Which since that, in their braded Hair,  
The Nymphs and Silvans wore.

Transform me to what Shape you can,  
I pass not what it be :  
Yea what most hateful is to Man,  
So I may follow thee.

Which when she heard, full pearly Floods  
I in her Eyes might view :  
(Quoth she) most welcome to these Woods,  
Too mean for one so true.

Here from the hateful World we'll live,  
A den of meer despight ;  
To Idiots only that doth give,  
Which be her sole delight.

To People the infernal Pit,  
That more and more doth strive,  
Where only Villany is Wit,  
And Devils only thrive.

Whose Vileness us shall never awe :  
But here our Sports shall be :  
Such as the Golden World first saw,  
Most innocent and free.

Of Simples in these Groves that grow,  
We'll learn the perfect Skill ;  
The nature of each Herb to know,  
Which cures, and which can kill.

The waxen Palace of the Bee  
We seeking will surprize,  
The curious Workmanship to see,  
Of her full-laden Thighs.

We'll

We'll suck the Sweets out of the Comb,  
And make the Gods repine:  
As they do Feast in *Jove's* great Room,  
To see with what we dine.

Yet when there haps a honey fall,  
We'll lick the Syrupt Leaves:  
And tell the Bees that theirs is Gall,  
To this upon the Greaves.

The nimble Squirrel noting here,  
Her mossy Dray that makes,  
And laugh to see the lusty Deer  
Come bounding o'er the Brakes.

The Spider's Web to watch we'll stand,  
And when it takes the Bee,  
We'll help out of the Tyrant's hand  
The Innocent to free.

Sometime we'll angle at the Brook,  
The freckl'd Trout to take,  
With silken worms, and bait the hook,  
Which him our prey shall make,

Of meddling with such subtle Tools,  
Such Dangers that enclose,  
The Moral is, that painted Fools  
Are caught with silken shows.

And when the Moon doth once appear,  
We'll trace the lower Grounds,  
When *Fayries* in their Ringlets there  
Do dance their nightly Rounds:

And have a Flock of Turtle Doves,  
A guard on us to keep,  
As witness of our honest Loves,  
To watch us 'till we sleep.

Which

MISCELLANY POEMS. 241

Which spoke, I felt such holy fires  
To overspread my Breast,  
As lent Life to my chaste Desires,  
And gave me endless Rest.

By *Cynthia* thus do I subsist,  
On Earth Heav'n's only Pride,  
Let her be mine, and let who list  
Take all the World beside.

*Verses by Sir JOHN DENHAM.*

NOW Priests, whose sacred Office 'tis to bring  
Kings to obey their God, and Men their King;  
By these mysterious Links to fix and tie  
Them to the foot-stool of the Deity;  
Even by these Men, Religion, that should be  
The curb, is made the spur to Tyranny;  
They with their double key of Conscience bind  
The Subjects Souls, and leave Kings unconfin'd;  
While their poor Vassals sacrifice their Bloods  
T' Ambition; and to Avarice, their Goods:  
Blind with Devotion. They themselves esteem  
Made for themselves, and all the World for them;  
While Heaven's great Law, given for their Guide, ap-  
pears

Just, or unjust, but as it waits on theirs:  
Us'd, but to give the Ecchoe to their Words,  
Power to their Wills, and Edges to their Swords.  
To varnish all their Errors, and secure  
The Ills they act, and all the World endure.  
Thus by their Arts Kings awe the World, while they  
Religion, as their Mistress, seem t' obey;  
Yet as their Slave command her: while they seem  
To rise to Heaven, they make Heaven stoop to them.  
Nor is this all, where feign'd Devotion bends  
The highest Things, to serve the lowest Ends:

W. V.

M

For

For if the many-headed Beast hath broke,  
 Or shaken from his Neck the Royal Yoke,  
 With popular Rage, Religion doth conspire,  
 Flows into that, and swells the Torrent higher;  
 Then Powers first Pedigree from Force derives,  
 And calls to mind the old Prerogatives  
 Of Free-born Man; and with a saucy Eye  
 Searches the Heart and Soul of Majesty;  
 Then to a strict Account, and Censure brings  
 The Actions, Errours, and the End of Kings;  
 Treads on Authority, and sacred Laws;  
 Yet all for God, and his pretended Cause,  
 Acting such things for him, which he in them,  
 And which themselves in others will condemn;  
 And thus engag'd, nor safely can retire,  
 Nor safely stand, but blindly bold aspire,  
 Forcing their Hopes, even through Despair, to climb  
 To new Attempts; disdain the present Time,  
 Grow from Disdain to Threats, from Threats to Arms;  
 While they ( though Sons of Peace ) still sound th'A-  
 larms:

Thus whether Kings or People seek Extreame,  
 Still Conscience and Religion are their Theame:  
 And whatsoever Change the State invades,  
 The Pulpit either forces, or persuades.  
 Others may give the Fewel, or the Fire;  
 But they the Breath, that makes the Flame, inspire.

## NATURA NATURATA.

*By the same Hand.*

**W**HAT gives us that Fantastick Fit,  
 That all our Judgment and our Wit  
 To vulgar Custom we submit?

Treason, Theft, Murder, and the rest  
 Of that foul Legion we detest,  
 Are in their proper Names exprest.

Why



Why is it then taught Sin or Shame,  
Those necessary Parts to name,  
From whence we went, and whence we came?

Nature, whate'er she wants, requires;  
With Love enflaming our Desires,  
Finds Engins fit to quench those Fires:

Death she abhors; yet when Men die,  
We are present; but no Stander-by  
Looks on, when we that Loss supply:

Forbidden Wares sell twice as dear;  
Even Sack prohibited last Year,  
A most abominable rate did bear.

'Tis plain our Eyes and Ears are nice,  
Only to raise, by that Device,  
Of those Commodities the Price.

Thus Reason's Shadows us betray;  
By Tropes and Figures led astray  
From Nature, both her Guide and Way.

*On Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY, his  
Death and Burial amongst the An-  
cient Poets.*

*By the same Hand.*

OLD Chaucer, like the Morning-Star,  
To us discovers Day from far,  
His light those Mists and Clouds dissolv'd,  
Which our dark Nation long involv'd;  
But he descending to the Shades,  
Darkness again the Age invades.

Next (like *Aurora*) *Spencer* rose,  
 Whose Purple Blush the Day foreshows;  
 The other Three, with his own Fires,  
*Phœbus*, the Poets God, inspires;  
 By *Shakespear's*, *Johnson's*, *Fletcher's* Lines,  
 Our Stage's Lustre *Rome's* out-shines:  
 These Poets near our Princes sleep,  
 And in one Grave their Mansion keep;  
 They liv'd to see so many Days,  
 'Till Time had blasted all their Bays;  
 But curst be the fatal Hour,  
 That pluckt the fairest, sweetest Flower,  
 That in the Muses Garden grew,  
 And amongst wither'd Lawrels threw.  
 Time, which made them their Fame out-live,  
 To *Cowley* scarce did Ripeness give.  
 Old Mother Wit, and Nature gave  
*Shakespear* and *Fletcher* all they have;  
 In *Spencer*, and in *Johnson*, Art  
 Of slower Nature got the start;  
 But both in him so equal are,  
 None knows which bears the happy't share;  
 To him no Author was unknown,  
 Yet what he wrote was all his own;  
 He melted not the ancient Gold,  
 Nor with *Ben Johnson* did make bold  
 To plunder all the Roman Stores  
 Of Poets; and of Orators:  
*Horace* his Wit, and *Virgil's* State,  
 He did not steal, but emulate;  
 And when he would like them appear,  
 Their Garb, but not their Cloaths did wear;  
 He not from *Rome* alone, but *Greece*,  
 Like *Jason*, brought the Golden Fleece;  
 To him that Language (though to none  
 Of th' others) as his own was known.  
 \* On a stiff Gale (as *Flaccus* sings)  
 The *Theban* Swan extends his Wings,

\* His *Pindarick's*.

When

When through Æthereal Clouds he flies,  
 To the same pitch our Swan doth rise;  
 Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,  
 When on that Gale his Wings are stretch'd;  
 His Fancy and his Judgment such,  
 Each to the other seem'd too much.  
 His severe Judgment (giving Law)  
 His modest Fancy kept in awe:  
 As rigid Husbands jealous are,  
 When they believe their Wives too Fair,  
 His *English* Streams so pure did flow,  
 As all that saw, and tasted, know.  
 But for his *Latin* Vein, so clear,  
 \* Strong, full and high it doth appear,  
 That were Immortal *Virgil* here,  
 Him, for his Judge, he would not fear;  
 Of that great Portraicture, so true  
 A Copy, Pencil never drew.  
 My Muse her Song had ended here,  
 But both her *Genu* strait appear,  
 Joy and Amazement her did strike,  
 Two Twins she never saw so like.  
 'Twas taught by wise *Pythagoras*,  
 One Soul might through more Bodies pass;  
 Seeing such Transmigration here,  
 She thought it not a Fable there.  
 Such a resemblance of all Parts,  
 Life, Death, Age, Fortune, Nature, Arts,  
 Then lights her Torch at theirs, to tell;  
 And shew the World this Parallel.  
 Fixt and contemplative their Looks,  
 Still turning over Nature's Book;  
 Their Works Chaste, Moral and Divine,  
 Where Profit and Delight combine;  
 They gilding Dirt, in noble Verse  
 Rustick Philosophy rehearse;  
 When Heroes, Gods, or God-like Kings  
 They praise, on their exalted Wings,

\* His last Works

To the Celestial Orbs they climb,  
 And with th' Harmonious Spheres keep Time;  
 Nor did their Actions fall behind  
 Their Words, but with like Candour shin'd.  
 Each drew fair Characters, yet none  
 Of these they feign'd, excels their own;  
 Both by two Generous Princes lov'd,  
 Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd:  
 Yet having each the same Desire,  
 Both from the busie Throng retire;  
 Their Bodies to their Minds resign'd,  
 Car'd not to propagate their Kind:  
 Yet though both fell before their Hour,  
 Time on their Off-spring hath no power,  
 Nor Fire, not Fate their Bays shall blast,  
 Nor Death's dark Veil their Day o'er-cast.

---

*An Occasional Imitation of a Modern  
 Author upon the Game of Chesse:  
 (Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.)*

*By the same Hand.*

A Tablet stood of that absterfiv Tree,  
 Where *Aethiops* swarthy Bird did build her Nest,  
 Inlaid it was with *Libyan* Ivory,  
 Drawn from the Jaws of *Africk's* prudent Beast.

Two Kings, like *Saul*, much taller than the rest,  
 Their equal Armies draw into the Field;  
 'Till one take th' other Prisoner they contest;  
 Courage and Fortune must to Conduct yield.

This Game the *Persian Magi* did invent,  
 The Force of Eastern Wisdom to express,  
 From thence to busie *Europaans* sent,  
 And styl'd by *Modern Lombards* pensiv Chesse.

Yet

Yet some that fled from *Troy* to *Rome*, report,  
*Penthesilea Priam* did oblige;  
 Her *Amazons* his *Trojans* taught this Sport,  
 To pass the tedious Hours of ten Years Siege.

There she presents herself, whilst King and Peers  
 Look gravely on, whilst fierce *Bellona* fights;  
 Yet Maiden Modesty her Motions steers,  
 Nor rudely skips o'er *Bishops* Heads like *Knights*.

A SONG by *Robert Wolseley Esq;*

AH! Blame me not, if no Despair  
 A Passion you Inspire can end,  
 Nor think it strange, too charming fair,  
 If Love, like other flames, ascend.  
 If to approach a Saint with Prayer  
 Unworthy Votaries pretend,  
 Above all merit Heaven and you  
 To the Sincere are only due.

Long did Respect awe my proud aim,  
 And fear t' offend my Madness cover,  
 Like you it still reprov'd my flame,  
 And in the Friend wou'd hide the Lover.  
 But by things that want a name  
 I the too bold truth discover.  
 My Words in vain are in my Power,  
 My Looks betray me every hour.





# VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS, *Translated in Paraphrase.*

By Mr. J. DRYDEN.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid  
The World's Foundations first were laid,  
Come visit ev'ry pious Mind;  
Come pour thy Joys on Humane Kind;  
From Sin and Sorrow set us free;  
And make thy Temples worthy Thee.

O, Source of uncreated Light,  
The Father's promis'd *Paraclete*!  
Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,  
Our Hearts with Heavenly Love inspire;  
Come, and thy Sacred Unction bring  
To Sanctifie us, while we sing!

Plenteous of Grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy sev'nfold Energy!  
Thou strength of his Almighty Hand,  
Whose Pow'r does Heaven and Earth Command.  
Proceeding Spirit, our Defence,  
Who do'st the Gift of Tongues dispence,  
And crown'st thy Gift with Eloquence!

Refine and purge our Earthly Parts;  
But, Oh, inflame and fire our Hearts!  
Our Frailties help, our Vice controul;  
Submit the Senses to the Soul;  
And when Rebellious they are grown,  
Then, lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.

Chace from our Minds th' infernal Foe;  
And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow:  
And, lest our Feet shou'd step astray,  
Protect, and guide us in the way.

Make us Eternal Truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe:  
Give us thy self, that we may see  
The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal

# MISCELLANY POEMS. 249

Immortal Honour, endless Fame,  
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name:  
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,  
Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd,  
And equal Adoration be,  
Eternal *Paraclete*, to thee.

## BOLDNESS in LOVE.

By THO. CAREW, *Esq*;

**H**Ark how the bashful Morn in vain  
Courts the Amorous Marigold  
With sighing blasts, and weeping rain;  
Yet she refuses to unfold:  
But when the Planet of the day  
Approacheth with his powerful ray,  
Then she spreads, then she receives  
His warmer beams into her Virgin leaves.  
So shalt thou thrive in Love, fond Boy;  
If thy Tears and Sighs discover  
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy  
The just reward of a bold Lover:  
But when with moving accents thou  
Shalt constant Faith and Service vow,  
Thy *Celia* shall receive those Charms  
With open Ears, and with unfolded Arms.

## The ENQUIRY.

By the same Hand.

**A**Mongst the Myrtles as I walk'd,  
Love, and my Sighs thus intertalk'd,  
Tell me (said I in deep distress)  
Where may I find my Shepherdess?

M 5

Thou

Thou fool (said Love) know'st thou not this,  
 In every thing that's good she is;  
 In yonder Tulip go and seek,  
 There thou may'st find her Lip, her Cheek.

In yon ennamel'd Pansie by,  
 There thou shalt have her curious Eye;  
 In bloom of Peach, in Rosie bud,  
 There wave the streamers of her Blood.

In brightest Lilly that there stands,  
 The Emblem of her whiter Hands.  
 In yonder rising Hill there smell  
 Such sweets as in her Bosom dwell.

'Tis true (said I) and thereupon  
 I went to pluck them one by one,  
 To make of parts a union;  
 But on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stopt; said Love, These be  
 (Fond Man) resemblances of thee,  
 And as these flow'rs, thy joys shall die,  
 Even in the twinkling of an Eye:  
 And all thy hopes of her shall wither,  
 Like these short sweets, thus knit together.

### *The Protestation, a SONNET.*

*By the same Hand.*

**N**O more shall Meads be deckt with Flowers;  
 Nor Sweetness dwell in Rosie Bowers;  
 Nor greenest Buds on Branches spring,  
 Nor warbling Birds delight to sing,  
 Nor April Violets paint the Grove,  
 If I forsake my Celia's Love.

The

MISCELLANY POEMS. 251

The Fish shall in the Ocean burn,  
And Fountains sweet shall bitter turn,  
The humble Oak no Flood shall know  
When Floods shall highest Hills o'erflow;  
Black *Lethe* shall Oblivion leave,  
If e'er my *Celia* I deceive.

Love shall his Bow and Shaft lay by,  
And *Venus*' Doves want wings to fly,  
The Sun refuse to shew his light,  
And Day shall then be turn'd to Night,  
And in that Night no Star appear,  
If once I leave my *Celia* dear.

Love shall no more inhabit Earth,  
Nor Lovers more shall love for worth,  
Nor joy above in Heaven dwell,  
Nor pain torment poor Souls in Hell;  
Grim Death no more shall horrid prove,  
If e'er I leave bright *Celia*'s Love.



RELI-

MISSOURI STATE COLLEGE

And I will leave my Ode dear  
 And in last night no star appears  
 And Day shall then be turned to Night  
 The Sun refuse to show his light  
 And I leave, I leave my Ode dear  
 I leave him now and Night-day  
 It's on my Ode I decieve  
 Black Lady that Ophelia leave  
 When floods the highland hills overflow  
 The marble Ode no flood shall know  
 And I remain to see that still rain  
 The Hill shall be the Ode dear



1332



RELIGIO LAICI:

OR, A

Layman's Faith.

A

P O E M.

---

Written by Mr. D R T D E N.

---

*Ornari res ipsa negat; contenta doceri-----*

---



---

Printed in the Year MDCCXXVII.

RELIGIO LAYICI:

OR A

Layman's Faith.

A

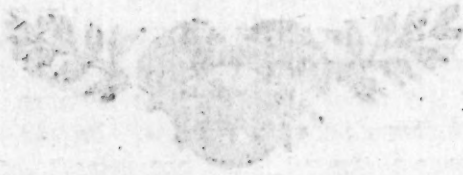
M

E

O

Written by Mr. D. T. D. N.

Printed for the Author, at the ...



Printed in the Year MDCCLXXVII.

Aut  
and  
jette  
conce  
Prof  
Lay  
ledge  
thing  
wan  
make  
make  
Hana  
rence  
I wil  
his f  
Works  
Engla  
religio  
may t  
ath w

# T H E P R E F A C E.

**A** Poem with so bold a Title, and a Name prefix'd, from which the handling of so serious a Subject wou'd not be expected, may reasonably oblige the Author to say somewhat, in defence both of himself, and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me, that being a Layman, I ought not to have concern'd my self with Speculations, which belong to the Profession of Divinity; I cou'd Answer, that perhaps, Laymen, with equal Advantages of Parts and Knowledge, are not the most incompetent Judges of Sacred things; But in the due Sense of my own Weakness and want of Learning, I plead not this: I pretend not to make my self a Judge of Faith in others, but only to make a Confession of my own; I lay no unhallowed Hand upon the Ark; but wait on it with the Reverence that becomes me at a distance. In the next place I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have us'd in this small Treatise, were many of them taken from the Works of our own Reverend Divines of the Church of England; so that the Weapons with which I combat Irreligion, are already consecrated; though I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the Sword of Goliath was by David, when they are to be employed for the

7. common

common Cause, against the Enemies of Piety. I intend not by this to intitle them to any of my Errors; which yet, I hope, are only those of Charity to Mankind; and such as my own Charity has caus'd me to commit, that of others may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclin'd to Scepticism in Philosophy, I have no Reason to impose my Opinions, in a Subject which is above it: But whatever they are, I submit them with all Reverence to my Mother Church, accounting them no farther mine, than as they are authoriz'd, or at least uncondemn'd by her. And indeed, to secure my self on this side, I have us'd the necessary Precaution, of showing this Paper, before it was publish'd, to a judicious and learned Friend, a Man indefatigably zealous in the Service of the Church and State; and whose Writings have highly deserv'd of both. He was pleas'd to approve the Body of the Discourse, and I hope he is more my Friend, than to do it out of Complaisance: 'Tis true he had too good a Taste to like it all; and amongst some other Faults recommended to my second View, what I have written, perhaps too boldly, on St. Athanasius: which he advis'd me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have follow'd his Opinion: But then I could not have satisfied my self, that I had done honestly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my Thought, that Heathens, who never did, nor without Miracle cou'd hear of the Name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of Salvation. Neither will it enter easily into my Belief, that before the coming of our Saviour, the whole World, excepting only the Jewish Nation, should lye under the inevitable Necessity of everlasting Punishment, for want of that Revelation, which was confin'd to so small a spot of Ground as that of Palestine. Among the Sons of Noah we read of one only who was accus'd; and if a Blessing in the Ripeness of Time was reserv'd for Japhet, (of whose Progeny we are,) it seems unaccountable to me, why so many Generations of the same Offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the Flesh, shou'd be all involv'd in one common Condemnation, and yet that their Posterity should be intitled

tituled to the hopes of Salvation: As if a Bill of Ex-  
 clusion had pass'd only on the Fathers, which debarr'd  
 not the Sons from their Succession. Or that so many  
 Ages had been deliver'd over to Hell, and so many re-  
 serv'd for Heaven, and that the Devil had the first  
 choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think that  
 the revealed Religion which was taught by Noah to all  
 his Sons, might continue for some Ages in the whole Po-  
 sterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the  
 Family of Sem is manifest: but when the Progenies of  
 Cham and Japhet swarm'd into Colonies, and those  
 Colonies were subdivided into many others; in process of  
 time their Descendants lost by little and little the Primi-  
 tive and Purer Rights of Divine Worship, retaining only  
 the Notion of one Deity; to which succeeding Genera-  
 tions added others: (for Men took their Degrees in those  
 Ages from Conquerors to Gods.) Revelation being thus  
 eclipsed to almost all Mankind, the Light of Nature as  
 the next in Dignity was substituted; and that is it  
 which St. Paul concludes to be the Rule of the Heathens;  
 and by which they are hereafter to be judg'd. If my  
 Supposition be true, then the Consequence which I have  
 assum'd in my Poem may be also true; namely, that  
 Deism, or the Principles of Natural Worship, are only  
 the faint Remnants or dying Flames of Reveal'd Reli-  
 gion in the Posterity of Noah: And that our Modern  
 Philosophers, nay and some of our Philosophising Divines,  
 have too much exalted the Faculties of our Souls, when  
 they have maintain'd, that by their Force Mankind has  
 been able to find out that there is one Supreme Agent or  
 Intellectual Being, which we call God; that Praise and  
 Prayer are his due Worship; and the rest of those De-  
 ducements, which I am confident are the remote Effects  
 of Revelation, and unattainable by our Discourse, I  
 mean as simply consider'd, and without the Benefit of  
 Divine Illumination. So that we have not list'd up our  
 selves to God, by the weak Pinions of our Reason, but  
 he has been pleas'd to descend to us; and what Socrates  
 said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest of the Hea-  
 then Philosophers of several Nations, is all no more than  
 the



*the Twilight of Revelation, after the Sun of it was set in the Race of Noah. That there is something above us, some Principle of Motion, our Reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is, by its own Virtue. And indeed 'tis very improbable that we, who by the Strength of our Faculties cannot enter into the Knowledge of any Being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out by them, that Supreme Nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is Infinite; as if Infinite were definable, or Infinity a Subject for our narrow Understanding. They who wou'd prove Religion by Reason, do but weaken the Cause which they endeavour to support: 'tis to take away the Pillar from our Faith, and to prop it only with a twig: 'tis to design a Tower like that of Babel, which if it were possible (as it is not) to reach Heaven, would come to nothing by the Confusion of the Workmen. For every Man is building a several way, impotently conceited of his own Model, and his own Materials: Reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while 'tis exercis'd about that which is not its proper Object. Let us be content at last, to know God by his own Methods; at least so much of him, as he is pleas'd to reveal to us in the Sacred Scriptures; to apprehend them to be the Word of God, is all our Reason has to do; for all beyond it is the Work of Faith, which is the Seal of Heaven impress'd upon our human Understanding.*

*And now for what concerns the Holy Bishop Athanasius: the Preface of whose Creed seems inconsistent with my Opinion; which is, that Heathens may possibly be sav'd; in the first place I desire it may be consider'd, that it is the Preface only, not the Creed it self, which ('till I am better inform'd) is of too hard a Digestion for my Charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many several Texts of Scripture seemingly support that Cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those Texts may receive a kinder, and more mollified Interpretation. Every Man who is read in Church History, knows, that Belief was drawn up after long Contestation with Ari-*

concerning the Divinity of our blessed Saviour, and his being one Substance with the Father; and that thus compil'd, it was sent abroad among the Christian Churches, as a kind of Test, which whosoever took, was look'd on as an Orthodox Believer. 'Tis manifest from hence that the Heathen part of the Empire was not concerned in it: for its Business was not to distinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt Hereticks and true Believers. This, well consider'd, takes off the heavy Weight of Censure, which I wou'd willingly avoid from so venerable a Man; for if this Proposition, Whosoever will be say'd, be restrained only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians, then the Anathema reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interested in that Dispute. After all, I am far from blaming even that Prefatory Addition to the Creed, and as far from cavelling at the Continuation of it in the Liturgy of the Church; where, on the Days appointed, 'tis publickly read: For, I suppose, there is the same Reason for it now, in Opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; the one being a Heresie, which seems to have been refin'd out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of Reason it combats our Religion, with so much more Caution to be avoided: and therefore the Prudence of our Church is to be commended, which has interpos'd her Authority for the Recommendation of this Creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true Belief, those explanatory Creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spar'd: for what is supernatural, will always be a Mystery in sight of Exposition: and for my own part the plain Apostles Creed is most suitable to my weak Understanding; as the simplest Diet is the most easie of Digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this Subject than I intended; and longer than, perhaps, I ought; for having laid down, as my Foundation, that the Scripture is a Rule; that in all things needful to Salvation, it is clear, sufficient, and ordain'd by God Almighty for that purpose,

I have left my self no Right to interpret obscure places such as concern the possibility of eternal Happiness & Heathens: because whatsoever is obscure, is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the Scripture to be the Canon of our Faith, I have unavoidably created to my self two sorts of Enemies: The Papists indeed, more directly, because they have kept the Scripture from us, what they cou'd, and have reserv'd to themselves a right of interpreting what they have deliver'd, under the Pretence of Infallibility: and the Fanaticks more collaterally, because they have assum'd what amounts to an Infallibility, in the private Spirit: and have detorted those Texts of Scripture, which are not necessary to Salvation, to the damnable Uses of Sedition, Disturbance and Destruction of the Civil Government. To begin with the Papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous (at least in Appearance to our present State) for not only the Penal Laws are in Force against them, and their Number is contemptible; but also their Peerage and Commons are excluded from Parliaments, and consequently those Laws in no probability of being Repeal'd. A General and uninterrupted Plot of their Clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all Protestants believe. For 'tis not reasonable to think but that so many of their Orders, as were outed from their fat Possessions, wou'd endeavour a re-entrance against those whom they account Hereticks. As for the late Design, Mr. Coleman's Letters for ought I know are the best Evidence, and what they discover, without wire-drawing their Sense, or malicious Glosses, all Men of Reason conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this requir'd of me, I must believe it, as well as I am able, in spite of the Witnesses, and out of a decent Conformity to the Votes of Parliament: For I suppose the Fanaticks will not allow the private Spirit in this Case: Here the Infallibility is at least in one part of the Government; and our Understandings as well as our Wills are represented. But to return to the Roman Catholicks, how can we be secure from the Practices of Jesuited Papists in that Religion? For not

two or three of that Order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole Body of them are of Opinion, that their infallible Master has a right over Kings, not only in Spirituals but Temporals. Not to name Mariano, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santaret, Simanca, and at least twenty others of Foreign Countries; we can produce of our own Nation, Campian, and Doleman or Parsons, besides many are nam'd whom I have not read, who all of them attest this Doctrine, that the Popcan depose and give away the Right of any Sovereign Prince, *Si vel paulum deflexerit*, if he shall never so little Warp: but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the Bond of Obedience is taken off from Subjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another Nebuchadnezzar, *ex hominum Christianorum Dominatu*, from exercising Dominion over Christians: and to this they are bound by Virtue of Divine Precept, and by all the Tyes of Conscience under no less Penalty than Damnation. If they answer me (as a Learned Priest has lately written) that this Doctrine of the Jesuites is not *de fide*, and that consequently they are not oblig'd by it, they must Pardon me, if I think they have said nothing to the Purpose; for 'tis a Maxim in their Church, where Points of Faith are not decided, and that Doctors are of contrary Opinions, they may follow which part they please: but more safely the most receiv'd and most authoriz'd. And their Champion Bellarmine has told the World, in his Apology, that the King of England is a Vassal to the Pope, *ratione directi Dominii*, and that he holds in Villanage of his Roman Landlord. Which is no new Claim put in for England. Our Chronicles are his Authentique Witnesses, that King John was depos'd by the same Plea, and Philip Augustus admitted Tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French King was again rejected when our King submitted to the Church, and the Crown received under the sordid Condition of Vassalage.

'Tis not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papists, (of which I doubt not there are many)

to



to produce the Evidences of their Loyalty to the late King, and to declare their Innocency in this Plot; I will grant their Behaviour in the first, to have been as Loyal and as Brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excus'd as to the second, (I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my Besters; for 'tis a Madness to be sober alone, while the Nation continues drunk :) But that Saying of their Father Cref. is still running in my Head, that they may be dispens'd with in their Obedience to an Heretick Prince, while the Necessity of the times shall oblige them to it: (for that (as another of them tells us) is only the Effect of Christian Prudence :) but when once they shall get Power to shake him off, an Heretick is no lawful King, and consequently to rise against him is no Rebellion. I should be glad therefore, that they wou'd follow the Advice which was charitably given them by a Reverend Prelate of our Church; namely, that they wou'd join in a publick Act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitick Principles; and subscribe to all Doctrines which deny the Pope's Authority of Deposing Kings and releasing Subjects from their Oath of Allegiance: to which I shou'd think they might easily be induc'd, if it be true that this present Pope has condemn'd the Doctrine of King-killing (a Thesis of the Jesuites) amongst others ex Cathedra (as they call it) or in open Consistory.

Leaving them, therefore, in so fair a way (if they please themselves) of satisfying all reasonable Men, of their Sincerity and good meaning to the Government, I shall make bold to consider that other Extreme of our Religion, I mean the Fanaticks, or Schismatics of the English Church. Since the Bible has been translated into our Tongue, they have us'd it so, as if their Business was not to be sav'd, but to be damn'd by its Contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English Nation, that it had still remain'd in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome; than that several Texts in it should have been prevaricated to the Destruction of that Government which put it into so ungrateful Hands.

How



How many Heresies the first Translation of Tyndal produced in few Years, let my Lord Herbert's History of Henry the Eighth inform you; Insomuch that for the gross Errors in it, and the great Mischiefs it occasion'd, a Sentence pass'd on the first Edition of the Bible; too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short Reign of Edward the Sixth (who had continued to carry on the Reformation, on other Principles than it was begun) every one knows, that not only the chief Promoters of that Work, but many others, whose Consciences wou'd not dispende with Popery, were forc'd for fear of Persecution, to change Climates; from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's Reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid Opinions and imperious Discipline of Calvin to grafft upon our Reformation. Which though they cunningly conceal'd at first, (as well knowing how nauseously that Drug wou'd go down in a lawful Monarchy, which was prescrib'd for a rebellious Common-wealth) yet they always kept it in reserve; and were never wanting to themselves either in Court or Paliament, when either they had any Prospekt of a numerous Party of Fanatick Members in the one, or the Encouragement of any Favourite in the other, whose Covetousness was gaping at the Patrimony of the Church. They who will consult the Works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his Life, or more particularly the Letter written to him on this Subject by George Cranmer, may see by what Gradations they proceeded; from the dislike of Cap and Surplice, the very next Step was Admonitions to the Paliament against the whole Government Ecclesiastical: then came out Volumes in English and Latin in Defence of their Tenets: and immediately Practices were set on foot to erect their Discipline without Authority. Those not succeeding, Satyr and Railing was the next: And Martin Mar-Prelate (the Marvel of those times) was the first Presbyterian Scribler, who sanctify'd Libels and Scurrility to the use of the Good Old Cause. Which was done (says my Author) upon this account; that (their serious Treatises having been fully answered

and

and refused) they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and when their Cause was sunk in Court and Parliament, they might at least hedge in a Stake amongst the Rabble: for to their Ignorance all things are Wit which are abusive; but if Church and State were made the Theme, then the Doctoral Degree of Wit was to be taken at Billingsgate: even the most Saint-like of the Party, though they durst not excuse this Contempt and vilifying of the Government, yet were pleas'd, and grinn'd at it with a pious Smile; and call'd it a Judgment of God against the Hierarchy. Thus Sectaries, we may see, were born with Teeth, foul-mouth'd and scurrilous from their Infancy: and if Spiritual Pride, Venome, Violence, Contempt of Superiours, and Slander had been the Marks of Orthodox Belief; the Presbytery and the rest of our Schismatics, which are their Spawn, were always the most visible Church in the Christian World.

'Tis true the Government was too strong at that time for a Rebellion; but to shew what Proficiency they had made in Calvin's School, even Then their Mouths water'd at it: for two of their gifted Brotherhood (Hacket and Coppinger) as the Story tells us, got up into a Pease Cart, and harangued the People, to dispose them to an Insurrection, and to establish their Discipline by Force: so that however it comes about that now they celebrate Queen Elizabeth's Birth-night, as that of their Saint and Patroness; yet then they were for doing the Work of the Lord by Arms against her; and in all probability, they wanted but a Fanatick Lord Mayor and two Sheriffs of their Party to have compass'd it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many Admonitions which he had given them towards the end of his Preface, breaks out into this Prophetick Speech, "There is  
 " in every one of these Considerations most just Cause  
 " to fear, lest our hastiness to embrace a thing of  
 " so perilous Consequence (meaning the Presbyterian  
 " Discipline) should cause Posterity to feel those Evils,  
 " which as yet are more easie for us to prevent, than  
 " they would be for them to remedy.

How

Vo

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold, we know too well by sad Experience: The Seeds were sown in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the bloody Harvest ripened in the Reign of King Charles the Martyr: and because all the Sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose Grains, another Crop is too like to follow; nay I fear 'tis unavoidable, if the Conventiclers be permitted still to scatter.

A Man may be suffered to quote an Adversary to our Religion, when he speaks Truth: and 'tis the observation of Meimbourg in his History of Calvinism; that where-ever that Discipline was planted and embrac'd, Rebellion, Civil-War and Misery attended it. And how indeed should it happen otherwise? Reformation of Church and State has always been the ground of our Divisions in England. While we were Papists, our Holy Father rid us, by pretending Authority out of the Scriptures to depose Princes; when we shook off his Authority, the Sectaries furnish'd themselves with the same Weapons; and out of the same Magazine, the Bible. So that the Scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest Security of Governours, as commanding express Obedience to them, are now turn'd to their Destruction; and never since the Reformation, has there wanted a Text of their interpreting to Authorize a Rebel. And 'tis to be noted by the way, that the Doctrines of King-killing and Deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst Party of the Papists, the most frontless Flatterers of the Pope's Authority, have been espous'd, defended, and are still maintain'd by the whole Body of Nonconformists and Republicans. 'Tis but dubbing themselves the People of God, which 'tis the Interest of their Preachers to tell them they are, and their own Interest to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one Text or another will turn up for their Purpose: if they are under Persecution (as they call it,) then that is a Mark of their Election; if they flourish, then God works Miracles for their Deliverance, and the Saints are to possess the Earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this Paper; but I who know best how far I could have gone on this Subject, must be bold to tell them they are spar'd: though at the same time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildness of a Writer to them, as they do the Mercy of the Government; in the one they think it Fear, and conclude it Weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me is, as I before advis'd the Papists, to disclaim their Principles, and renounce their Practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen, when they obey the King, and true Protestants when they conform to the Church Discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the Reader, that the Verses were written for an ingenious young Gentleman, my Friend; upon his Translation of The Critical History of the Old Testament, compos'd by the learned Father Simon: The Verses therefore are addressed to the Translator of that Work, and the Style of them is, what it ought to be, Epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a Critick as to require the Smoothness, the Numbers, and the Turn of Heroick Poetry in this Poem; I must tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the Style of his Epistles is not ill imitated here. The Expressions of a Poem, design'd purely for Instruction, ought to be Plain and Natural, and yet Majestick; for here the Poet is presum'd to be a kind of Lawgiver, and those three Qualities which I have nam'd, are proper to the Legislative Style. The Florid, Elevated and Figurative way is for the Passions; for Love and Hatred, Fear and Anger, are begotten in the Soul by shewing their Objects out of their true Proportion: either greater than the Life, or less; but Instruction is to be given by shewing them what they naturally are. A Man is to be cheated into Passion, but to be reason'd into Truth.





# Religio Laici.



IM, as the borrow'd Beams of Moon  
and Stars

To lonely, weary, wand'ring Travellers;  
Is Reason to the Soul: And as on high,  
Those rowling Fires discover but the Sky  
Not light us here; So Reason's glim-  
mering Ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,  
But guide us upward to a better Day.  
And as those nightly Tapers disappear,  
When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere;  
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;  
So dyes, and so dissolves in Supernatural Light.  
Some few, whose Lamp shone brighter, have been led  
From Cause to Cause, to Nature's secret Head;  
And found that one first Principle must be:  
But what, or who, that UNIVERSAL HE;  
Whether some Soul encompassing this Ball,  
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving All;  
Or various Atoms interfering Dance  
Leapt into Form (the Noble Work of Chance);  
Or this great All was from Eternity;  
Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see;  
And Epicurus guess'd as well as He:  
As blindly grop'd they for a future State;  
As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate:  
But least of all could their Endeavours find  
What most concern'd the good of Humane kind:  
For Happiness was never to be found;  
But van sh'd from 'em, like Enchanted Ground.



\* One thought *Content* the Good to be enjoy'd:  
 This, every little *Accident* destroy'd:  
 The *wise Madmen* did for *Virtue* toil:  
 A Thorny, or at best a barren Soil:  
 In *Pleasure* some their glutton Souls would steep;  
 But found their Line too short, the Well too deep;  
 And leaky Vessels which no *Bliss* cou'd keep.  
 Thus, *anxious Thoughts* in *endless Circles* roul,  
 Without a *Centre* where to fix the *Soul*:  
 In this wild Maze their vain Endeavours end.  
 How can the *Less* the *Greater* comprehend?  
 Or *finite Reason* reach *Infinity*?  
 For what cou'd *Fathom* GOD, were more than He.  
 The † *Deist* thinks he stands on firmer Ground;  
 Cries *εὐπνία*: The mighty Secret's found:  
 God is that *Spring of Good*; *Supreme*, and *Best*;  
 We, made to *serve*, and in that *Service* blest;  
 If so, some *Rules of Worship* must be given,  
 Distributed alike to all by *Heaven*:  
 Else God were *partial*, and to *some* deny'd  
 The Means his *Justice* shou'd for *all* provide.  
 This *general Worship* is to *PRAISE* and *PRAY*:  
 One part to *borrow Blessings*, one to *pay*:  
 And when frail *Nature* slides into *Offence*,  
 The *Sacrifice* for *Crimes* is *Penitence*.  
 Yet, since th' *Effects* of *Providence*, we find,  
 Are variously dispens'd to *Humane* kind;  
 That *Vice* triumphs, and *Virtue* suffers here,  
 (A brand that *Sovereign Justice* cannot bear;)  
 Our *Reason* prompts us to a *future State*:  
 The *last Appeal* from *Fortune*, and from *Fate*:  
 Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;  
 The *Bad* meet *Punishment*, the *Good*, *Reward*.  
 ‡ Thus Man by his own *Strength* to *Heaven* wou'd  
 And wou'd not be oblig'd to God for more. [soar:

---

\* *Opinions of the several Sects of Philosophers concerning the Summum Bonum.* † *Systeme of Deism.* ‡ *Of Revealed Religion.*

Vain, wretched Creature, how art thou misled  
 To think thy Wit these God-like Notions bred!  
 These Truths are not the product of thy Mind,  
 But dropt from Heaven, and of a Nobler kind.  
*Reveal'd Religion* first inform'd thy Sight,  
 And *Reason* saw not, 'till *Faith* sprung the Light.  
 Hence all thy *Natural Worship* takes the Source:  
 'Tis *Revelation* what thou think'st *Discourse*.  
 Else, how com'st *Thou* to see these Truths so clear,  
 Which so obscure to *Heathens* did appear?  
 Not *Plato* these, nor *Aristotle* found:  
 Nor \* He whose *Wisdom Oracles* renown'd.  
 Hast thou a Wit so deep, or so sublime,  
 Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?  
 Canst *Thou*, by *Reason*, more of *God-head* know  
 Than *Plutarch*, *Seneca*, or *Cicero*?  
 Those Gyant Wits, in happier Ages born,  
 (When *Arms* and *Arts* did *Greece* and *Rome* adorn)  
 Knew no such *Systeme*: no such Piles cou'd raise  
 Of *Natural Worship*, built on *Pray'r* and *Praise*,  
 To one sole *GOD*.  
 Nor did Remorse, to expiate Sin, prescribe:  
 But slew their Fellow Creatures for a Bribe:  
 The guiltless *Victim* groan'd for their Offence;  
 And *Cruelty*, and *Blood* was *Penitence*.  
 If *Sheep* and *Oxen* cou'd atone for Men,  
 Ah! at how cheap a rate the *Rich* might Sin!  
 And great Oppressors might Heaven's Wrath beguile,  
 By offering his own Creatures for a Spoil!  
 Dar'st thou, poor Worm, offend *Infinity*?  
 And must the *Terms of Peace* be given by Thee?  
 Then *Thou* art *Justice* in the last Appeal;  
 Thy easie *God* instructs thee to rebell:  
 And, like a King remote, and weak, must take  
 What Satisfaction *Thou* art pleas'd to make.  
 But if there be a *Pow'r* too *Just*, and *strong*  
 To wink at *Crimes*, and bear unpunish'd *Wrong*;

\* *Socrates*.

N 3

Look

Look humbly upward, see his Will disclose  
 The *Forfeit* first, and then the *Fine* impose:  
 A *Mule* thy Poverty cou'd never pay,  
 Had not *Eternal Wisdom* found the way:  
 And with *Cœlestial Wealth* supply'd thy Store:  
 His *Justice* makes the *Fine*, his *Mercy* quits the *Score*,  
 See God descending in thy *Humane Frame*;  
 Th' *Offended*, suff'ring in th' *Offender's Name*:  
 All thy *Misdeeds* to him imputed see,  
 And all his *Righteousness* devolv'd on thee.

For granting we have *Sinn'd*, and that th' *Offence*  
 Of *Man*, is made against *Omnipotence*;  
 Some *Price*, that bears *Proportion*, must be paid,  
 And *Infinite* with *Infinite* be weigh'd.  
 See then the *Deist* lost: *Remorse* for *Vice*,  
 Not paid, or paid, *inadequate* in price:  
 What farther means can *Reason* now direct,  
 Or what *Relief* from *humane Wit* expect?  
 That shews us *sick*; and sadly are we sure  
 Still to be *Sick*, 'till *Heav'n* reveal the *Cure*:  
 If then *Heav'n's Will* must needs be understood,  
 (Which must, if we want *Cure*, and *Heaven* be *Good*)  
 Let all *Records* of *Will* reveal'd be shown;  
 With *Scripture*, all in equal balance thrown,  
 And our one *Sacred Book* will be *That one*.

*Proof* needs not here, for whether we compare  
 That *Impious*, *Idle*, *Superstitious Ware*  
 Of *Rites*, *Lustrations*, *Offerings*, (which before  
 In various *Ages*, various *Countries* bore)  
 With *Christian Faith* and *Virtues*, we shall find  
 None answ'ring the great *Ends* of *Human Kind*,  
 But *This one Rule of Life*: That shews us best  
 How *God* may be *appeas'd*, and *Mortals* *blest*.  
 Whether from length of *Time* its *Worth* we draw,  
 The *World* is scarce more *Ancient* than the *Law*:  
*Heav'n's* early *Care* prescrib'd for every *Age*;  
 First, in the *Soul*, and after, in the *Page*.  
 Or, whether more abstractedly we look,  
 Or on the *Writers*, or the *written Book*,

Whence

Whence, but from *Heaven*, cou'd Men unskill'd in Arts,  
In several Ages born, in several Parts,  
Weave such agreeing Truths? or how, or why  
Shou'd all conspire to cheat us with a Lye?  
Unask'd their Pains, ungrateful their Advice,  
Starving their Gain, and Martyrdom their Price.

If on the Book it self we cast our View,  
Concurrent Heathens prove the Story true:  
The *Doctrine*, *Miracles*; which must convince,  
For Heav'n in Them appeals to humane Sense:  
And though they prove not, they confirm the Cause,  
When what is Taught agrees with Nature's Laws.

Then for the Style; *Majestick* and *Divine*,  
It speaks no less than God in every Line:  
*Commanding Words*; whose Force is still the same  
As the first *Fiat* that produc'd our Frame.  
All Faiths beside, or did by Arms ascend;  
Or Sense indulg'd has made Mankind their Friend:  
This only *Doctrine* does our Lusts oppose:  
Unfed by Nature's Soil, in which it grows;  
Cross to our Interests, curbing Sense, and Sin;  
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,  
It thrives through Pain; its own Tormentors tires;  
And with a stubborn Patience still aspires.  
To what can Reason such Effects assign  
Transcending Nature, but to Laws Divine?  
Which in that Sacred Volume are contain'd;  
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd.

But stay: \* the Deist here will urge anew,  
No Supernatural Worship can be True:  
Because a general Law is that alone  
Which must to all, and every where be known:  
A Style so large as not this Book can claim,  
Nor ought that bears reveal'd Religion's Name:  
'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's Birth  
Is gone through all the habitable Earth:

---

\* *Objection of the Deist.*



But still that Text must be confin'd alone  
 To what was *Then* inhabited, and known:  
 And what Provision cou'd from *thence* accrue  
 To *Indian* Souls, and Worlds discover'd *New*?  
 In other parts it helps, that Ages past,  
 The Scriptures there were *known*, and were *embrac'd*.  
 'Till Sin spread once again the Shades of Night:  
 What's that to these who never *saw* the Light?

\* Of all Objections this indeed is Chief,  
 To startle Reason, stagger frail Belief:  
 We grant, 'tis true, that Heaven from humane Sense  
 Has hid the secret Paths of Providence:  
 But *boundless Wisdom*, *boundless Mercy*, may  
 Find ev'n for those *bewildred Souls*, a way:  
 If from his *Nature Foes* may Pity claim,  
 Much more may *Strangers* who ne'er heard his Name,  
 And though *no Name* be for *Salvation* known,  
 But that of his *Eternal Son's* alone;  
 Who knows how far transcending Goodness can  
 Extend the *Merits* of *that Son*, to *Man*?  
 Who knows what *Reasons* may his *Mercy* lead;  
 Or *Ignorance invincible* may plead?  
 Not only *Charity* bids hope the best,  
 But *more* the great *Apostle* has exprest:  
*That, if the Gentiles* (whom no *Law* inspir'd,)  
*By Nature* did what was by *Law* requir'd;  
*They, who the written Rule* had never known,  
*Were to themselves both Rule and Law* alone:  
*To Nature's plain Indictment* they shall plead:  
*And, by their Conscience, be condemn'd or freed.*  
 Most righteous Doom! because a *Rule* reveal'd  
 Is none to *Those*, from whom it was conceal'd.  
 Then those who follow'd *Reason's* Dictates right,  
 Liv'd up, and lifted high their *Natural Light*;  
 With *Socrates* may see their *Maker's Face*,  
 While *Thousand Rubrick Martyrs* want a place.

---

\* The Objection answer'd.

Nor



Nor doth it baulk my *Charity*, to find  
Th' *Egyptian* Bishop of another Mind:  
For, though his *Creed Eternal Truth* contains,  
'Tis hard for *Man* to doom to *endless Pains*  
All who believ'd not all, his Zeal requir'd;  
Unless he first cou'd prove he was inspir'd.  
Then let us either think he meant to say  
*This Faith*, where *publish'd*, was the only way;  
Or else conclude that, *Arius* to confute,  
The good old Man, too eager in dispute,  
Flew high; and as his *Christian Fury* rose,  
Damn'd all for *Hereticks* who durst oppose.

\* Thus far my *Charity* this Path hath try'd;  
(A much unskilful, but well-meaning Guide) [bred  
Yet what they are, ev'n these crude Thoughts were  
By reading that, which better thou hast read,  
Thy Matchless Author's Work: which thou, my Friend,  
By well translating better dost commend:  
Those youthful Hours which, of thy Equals most  
In Toys have squander'd, or in Vice have lost,  
Those Hours hast thou to nobler Use employ'd;  
And the severe Delights of Truth enjoy'd.  
Witness this weighty Book, in which appears  
The crabbed Toil of many thoughtful Years,  
Spent by thy Author, in the Sifting Care  
Of *Rabbins* old Sophisticated Ware  
From Gold Divine; which he who well can sort,  
May afterwards make *Algebra* a sport.  
A Treasure, which if *Country-Curates* buy,  
They *Junius* and *Tremellius* may defy:  
Save pains in various readings, and Translations;  
And without *Hebrew* make most learn'd quotations.  
A Work so full with various Learning fraught,  
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,  
As Nature's height and Art's last Hand requir'd!  
As much as Man cou'd compass, uninspir'd,

---

\* Digression to the Translator of *Father Simon's Critical History of the Old Testament*.

Where we may see what *Errors* have been made  
Both in the *Copiers* and *Translators Trade*;  
How *Jewish, Popish, Interests* have prevail'd,  
And where *Infallibility* has fail'd.

For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,  
Have found our Author not too much a *Priest*;  
For *Fashion-sake* he seems to have recourse  
To *Pope, and Councils, and Tradition's* force:  
But he that *old Traditions* cou'd subdue,  
Cou'd not but find the *Weakness* of the *New*:  
If *Scripture*, though deriv'd from *heav'nly Birth*,  
Has been but carelessly preserv'd on *Earth*;  
If *God's own People*, who of *God before*  
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,  
In fuller Terms, of *Heav'n's* assisting *Care*,  
And who did neither *Time*, nor *Study* spare  
To keep this Book *untainted, unperplex*;  
Let in gross *Errours* to corrupt the *Text*:  
Omitted *Paragraphs*, embroyl'd the *Sense*;  
With vain *Traditions* stopt the gaping *Fence*,  
Which every common Hand pull'd up with *Ease*:  
What *Safety* from such *brushwood-helps* as these?  
If *written Words* from *Time* are not secur'd,  
How can we think have *oral Sounds* endur'd?  
Which thus transmitted, if *one Mouth* has fail'd,  
*Immortal Lyes* on *Ages* are intail'd:  
And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain;  
If we consider *Interest, Church, and Gain*,  
\* Oh but, says one, *Tradition* set aside,  
Where can we hope for an *unerring Guide*?  
For since th' *original Scripture* has been lost,  
*All Copies* disagreeing, maim'd the *most*,  
Or *Christian Faith* can have no certain ground,  
Or *Truth* in *Church Tradition* must be found.  
Such an *Omniscient Church* we wish indeed;  
'Twere worth *Both Testaments*, and cast in the *Creed*:

---

\* Of the *Infallibility* of *Tradition* in *General*,

But if *this Mother* be a *Guide* so sure,  
 As can all doubts resolve; all truth secure,  
 Then her *Infallibility*, as well  
 Where Copies are corrupt, or lame, can tell;  
 Restore *lost Canon* with as little pains,  
 As truly explicate what still remains:  
 Which yet no Council dare pretend to do;  
 Unless like *Esdra*s, they cou'd write it new:  
 Strange Confidence, still to interpret true,  
 Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd,  
 Is in the blest *Original* contain'd.  
 More safe, and much more modest 'tis, to say  
 God wou'd not leave Mankind without a way:  
 And that the *Scriptures*, though not every where  
 Free from Corruption, or intire, or clear,  
 Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, intire,  
 In all things which our needful Faith require.  
 If others in the same *Glass* better see,  
 'Tis for *Themselves* they look, but not for me:  
 For MY Salvation must its Doom receive  
 Not from what OTHERS, but what I believe.

\* Must all Tradition then be set aside?  
 This to affirm were Ignorance, or Pride.  
 Are there not many Points, some needful, sure  
 To saving Faith, that Scripture leaves obscure?  
 Which every Sect will wrest a several way  
 (For what one Sect interprets, all Sects may:)  
 We hold, and say we prove from Scripture plain,  
 That *Christ* is *GOD*; the bold *Socinian*  
 From the same Scripture urges he's but *MAN*.  
 Now what Appeal can end th' important Suit?  
 Both parts talk loudly, but the Rule is mute.

Shall I speak plain, and in a Nation free  
 Assume an honest *Layman's Liberty*?  
 I think (according to my little Skill,  
 (To my own Mother-Church submitting still))

---

\* *Objection in behalf of Tradition; urg'd by Father Simon.*

That many have been sav'd, and many may,  
 Who never heard this Question brought in play;  
 Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,  
 Plods on to Heaven; and ne'er is at a loss:  
 For the *Strait-gate* wou'd be made *straiter* yet,  
 Were *none* admitted there but Men of *Wit*.  
 The few, by Nature form'd, with Learning fraught,  
 Born to instruct, as others to be taught,  
 Must study well the Sacred Page; and see  
 Which Doctrine, this, or that, does best agree  
 With the whole Tenor of the Work Divine:  
 And plainliest points to Heaven's reveal'd Design;  
 Which Exposition flows from *genuine Sense*;  
 And which is forc'd by *Wit* and *Eloquence*.  
 Not that Tradition's Parts are useless here,  
 When general, old, disinterests'd and clear:  
 That ancient Fathers thus expound the Page,  
 Gives *Truth* the reverend Majesty of *Age*:  
 Confirms its Force, by bideing every Test;  
 For best *Authorities* next *Rules* are best.  
 And still the nearer to the Spring we go,  
 More limpid, more unfoyl'd the Waters flow.  
 Thus, *first Traditions* were a Proof alone;  
 Cou'd we be certain such they were, so known:  
 But since some Flaws in long descent may be,  
 They make not *Truth*, but *Probability*.  
 Even *Arius* and *Pelagius* durst provoke  
 To what the *Centuries* preceeding spoke.  
 Such difference is there in an oft-told Tale:  
 But Truth by its own Sinews will prevail.  
 Tradition written therefore more commends  
 Authority, than what from *Voice* descends:  
 And this, as perfect as its kind can be,  
 Rouls down to us the Sacred History;  
 Which, from the *Universal Church* receiv'd,  
 Is try'd, and after, for its self believ'd.

\* The partial *Papists* wou'd infer from hence  
 Their Church, in last resort, shou'd judge the *Sense*.



But first they wou'd assume, with wond'rous Art,  
 Themselves to be the whole, who are but part  
 Of that vast Frame, the Church; \* yet grant they were  
 The Handers down, can they from thence infer  
 A right t'interpret? Or wou'd they alone  
 Who brought the Present, claim it for their own?  
 The Book's a Common Largest to Mankind;  
 Not more for them, than every Man design'd:  
 The welcome News is in the Letter found;  
 The Carrier's not Commission'd to expound.  
 It speaks it Self, and what it does contain,  
 In all things needful to be known, is plain.

In times o'ergrown with Rust and Ignorance,  
 A gainful Trade their Clergy did advance:  
 When want of Learning kept the Laymen low,  
 And none but Priests were Authoriz'd to know:  
 When what small Knowledge was, in them did dwell;  
 And he a God who cou'd but Read or Spell;  
 Then Mother Church did mightily prevail:  
 She parcel'd out the Bible by retail:  
 But still expounded what She sold or gave;  
 To keep it in her Power to Damn and Save:  
 Scripture was scarce, and as the Market went,  
 Poor Laymen took Salvation on Content;  
 As needy Men take Money, good or bad:  
 God's Word they had not, but the Priests they had.  
 Yet, whate'er false Conveyances they made,  
 The Lawyer still was certain to be paid.  
 In those dark times they learn'd their Knack so well,  
 That by long use they grew Infallible:  
 At last, a knowing Age began t' enquire  
 If they the Book, or That did them inspire:  
 And, making narrower Search, they found, tho' late,  
 That what they thought the Priests, was Their Estate:  
 Taught by the Will produc'd, (the written Word)  
 How long they had been cheated on Record.  
 Then, every Man who saw the Title fair,  
 Claim'd a Child's Part, and put in for a Share:

---

\* Answer to the Objection.



Consulted soberly his private Good;  
 And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he cou'd;  
 'Tis true, my Friend, (and far be Flattery hence,)  
 This Good had full as bad a Consequence:  
 The Book thus put in every vulgar Hand,  
 Which each presum'd he best cou'd understand,  
 The *Common Rule* was made the *common Prey*;  
 And at the Mercy of the *Rabble* lay.  
 The tender Page with horney Fists was gaul'd;  
 And he was gisted most that loudest baul'd:  
 The *Spirit* gave the *Doctoral Degree*;  
 And every Member of a *Company*  
 Was of his *Trade*, and of the *Bible*, free.  
 Plain *Truths* enough for needful use they found;  
 But Men wou'd still be itching to expound:  
 Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,  
 No measure ta'en from *Knowledge*, all from *GRACE*,  
 Study and Pains were now no more their Care;  
 Texts were explain'd by *Fasting*, and by *Prayer*:  
 This was the Fruit the *private Spirit* brought;  
 Occasion'd by great *Zeal*, and little *Thought*.  
 While Crowds unlearn'd, with rude Devotion warm,  
 About the Sacred Viands buz and swarm,  
 The Fly-blown Text creates a crawling Brood;  
 And turns to Maggots what was meant for Food.  
 A Thousand daily *Sefts* rise up, and dye;  
 A Thousand more the perish'd Race supply:  
 So all we make of Heaven's discover'd Will  
 Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.  
 The Danger's much the same; on several Shelves  
 If others wreck us, or we wreck our selves.  
 What then remains, but, waving each Extreme,  
 The Tides of Ignorance, and Pride to stem?  
 Neither so rich a Treasure to forego;  
 Nor proudly seek beyond our Pow'r to know:  
 Faith is not built on Disquisitions vain;  
 The things we *must* believe, are few, and plain:  
 But since Men *will* believe more than they need;  
 And every Man will make *himself* a Creed:

In doubtful Questions 'tis the safest way  
To learn what unsuspected Ancients say:  
For 'tis not likely *we* shou'd higher Soar  
In search of Heav'n, than *all the Church before*:  
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see  
The *Scripture*, and the *Fathers disagree*.  
If after all, they stand suspected still,  
(For no Man's Faith depends upon his Will;)  
'Tis some Relief, that Points not clearly known,  
Without much Hazard may be let alone:  
And, after hearing what our Church can say,  
If still our Reason runs another way,  
That private Reason 'tis more Just to curb,  
Than by Disputes the publick Peace disturb.  
For Points obscure are of small use to learn:  
But *Common Quiet* is *Mankind's Concern*.  
Thus have I made my own Opinions clear:  
Yet neither Praise expect, nor Censure fear:  
And this unpolish'd, rugged Verse I chose;  
As fittest for Discourse, and nearest Prose:  
For, while from *Sacred Truth* I do not swerve,  
*Tom Sternhold's*, or *Tom Sha---ll's Rhimes* will serve.

---

SONG, to a Fair Young Lady, going  
out of the Town in the Spring.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

ASK not the Cause, why sudden Spring  
So long delays her Flow'rs to bear;  
Why warbling Birds forget to sing,  
And Winter Storms invert the Year?  
*Chloris* is gone; and Fate provides  
To make it Spring, where she resides

II.

*Chloris* is gone, the Cruel Fair;  
She cast not back a pitying Eye;

But

But left her Lover in Despair,  
 To sigh, to languish, and to die:  
 Ah, how can those fair Eyes endure  
 To give the Wounds they will not cure?

## III.

Great God of Love, why hast thou made  
 A Face that can all Hearts command,  
 That all Religions can invade,  
 And change the Laws of every Land?  
 Where thou hadst plac'd such Power before,  
 Thou should'st have made her Mercy more.

## IV.

When *Chloris* to the Temple comes,  
 Adoring Crowds before her fall;  
 She can restore the Dead from Tombs,  
 And every Life but mine recall.  
 I only am by Love design'd  
 To be the Victim for Mankind.

---

*To the Dutcheß, on her Return from  
 Scotland, in the Year 1682.*

*By the same Hand.*

WHEN Faction's Rage to cruel Exile drove  
 The Queen of *Beauty*, and the Court of Love;  
 The Muses droop'd, with their forsaken Arts,  
 And the sad *Cupids* broke their useless Darts,  
 Our fruitful Plains to Wilds and Desarts turn'd,  
 Like *Eden's* Face when banish'd Man it mourn'd:  
 Love was no more when Loyalty was gone,  
 The great Supporter of his awful Throne.  
 Love could no longer after *Beauty* stay,  
 But wander'd Northward to the verge of Day,  
 As if the Sun and He had lost their way.  
 But now th' Illustrious Nymph return'd again,  
 Brings every Grace Triumphant in her Train:

The

The wond'ring *Nereids*, tho' they rais'd no Storm,  
Forebode'd her Passage to behold her Form:  
Some cry'd a *Venus*, some a *Thetis* past:  
But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.  
Far from her Sight flew Faction, Strife and Pride:  
And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.  
What-e'er we suffer'd from our sullen Fate,  
Her Sight is purchas'd at an easie Rate:  
Three gloomy Years against this Day were set:  
But this one mighty Sum has clear'd the Debt.  
Like *Joseph's* Dream, but with a better Doom;  
The Famine past, the Plenty still to come.  
For her the weeping Heav'ns become serene,  
For her the Ground is clad in cheerful green:  
For her the Nightingales are taught to sing,  
And Nature has for her delay'd the Spring.  
The Muse resumes her long-forgotten Lays,  
And Love, restor'd, his ancient Realm surveys;  
Recalls our *Beauties*, and revives our Plays. }  
His waste Dominions peoples once again,  
And from her Presence dates his second Reign.  
But awful Charms on her fair Forehead sit,  
Dispensing what she never will admit.  
Pleasing, yet cold, like *Cynthia's* silver Beam,  
The People's Wonder, and the Poet's Theam.  
Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,  
No more shall vex the Church, and tear the State;  
No more shall Faction civil Discords move,  
Or only Discords of too tender Love:  
Discord like that of Musick's various Parts,  
Discord that makes the Harmony of Hearts,  
Discord that only this Dispute shall bring,  
Who best shall love the Duke, and serve the King.





To my dear Friend Mr. Congreve,  
on his Comedy, call'd The Double-Dealer.

By the same Hand.

WELL then; the promis'd Hour is come at last;  
The present Age of Wit obscures the past:  
Strong were our Sires; and as they Fought they Writ,  
Conqu'ring with Force of Arms, and dint of Wit;  
Theirs was the Giant Race, before the Flood;  
And thus, when *Charles* Return'd, our Empire stood.  
Like *Janus* he the stubborn Soil manur'd,  
With Rules of Husbandry the Rankness cur'd:  
Tam'd us to Manners, when the Stage was rude;  
And boistrous *English* Wit, with Art indu'd.  
Our Age was cultivated thus at length;  
But what we gain'd in Skill we lost in Strength.  
Our Builders were with want of Genius curst;  
The second Temple was not like the first:  
'Till you, the best *Vitruvius*, come at length;  
Our Beauties equal; but excell our Strength.  
Firm *Dorique* Pillars found your solid Base:  
The Fair *Corinthian* crowns the higher Space:  
Thus all below is Strength, and all above is Grace.  
In easie Dialogue is *Fletcher's* Praise:  
He mov'd the Mind, but had not Power to raise.  
Great *Johnson* did by Strength of Judgment please:  
Yet doubling *Fletcher's* Force, he wants his Ease.  
In differing Talents both adorn'd their Age;  
One for the Study, t'other for the Stage.  
But both to *Congreve* justly shall submit,  
One match'd in Judgment, both o'ermatch'd in Wit.  
In him all Beauties of this Age we see;  
*Etherege* his Courtship, *Southern's* Purity;  
The Satyr, Wit, and Strength of Manly *Witcherly*.  
All this in blooming Youth you have achiev'd:  
Nor are your foil'd Contemporaries griev'd;



So much the Sweetness of your Manners move,  
 We cannot envy you, because we Love.  
*Fabius* might joy in *Scipio*, when he saw  
 A Beardless Consul made against the Law,  
 And join his Suffrage to the Votes of *Rome*;  
 Though He with *Hannibal* was overcome.  
 Thus old *Romano* bow'd to *Raphael's* Fame;  
 And Scholar to the Youth he taught became.

O that your Brows my Lawrel had sustain'd,  
 Well had I been Depos'd, if you had Reign'd!  
 The Father had descended for the Son;  
 For only you are lineal to the Throne.  
 Thus when the State one *Edward* did depose;  
 A Greater *Edward* in his room arose.  
 But now, not I, but Poetry is curs'd;  
 For *Tom* the second reigns like *Tom* the first;  
 But let 'em not mistake my Patron's Part;  
 Nor call his Charity their own Desert.  
 Yet this I Prophecy; Thou shalt be seen,  
 (Tho' with some short Parenthesis between)  
 High on the Throne of Wit; and seated there;  
 Not mine (that's little) but thy Lawrel wear.  
 Thy first Attempt an early Promise made;  
 That early Promise this has more than paid.  
 So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,  
 That your least Praise is to be Regular.  
 Time, Place, and Action, may with pains be wrought;  
 But Genius must be born, and never can be taught.  
 This is your Portion; this your native Store;  
 Heav'n that but once was Prodigal before, [more.  
 To *Shakespear* gave as much; she cou'd not give him

Maintain your Post: That's all the Fame you need;  
 For 'tis impossible you shou'd proceed.  
 Already I am worn with Cares and Age;  
 And just abandoning th' ungrateful Stage:  
 Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's Expence;  
 I live a Rent-Charge on his Providence;  
 But you, whom ev'ry Muse and Grace adorn,  
 Whom I foresee to better Fortune born,

Be kind to my Remains; and oh defend,  
 Against your Judgment, your departed Friend!  
 Let not th' Insulting Foe my Fame pursue,  
 But shade those Lawrels which descend to You:  
 And take for Tribute what these Lines express:  
 You merit more; nor cou'd my Love do less.

*To the Earl of Roscommon, on his  
 excellent Essay on Translated Verse.*

*By the same Hand.*

**W**Hether the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian Shore,  
 The Seeds of Arts and Infant Science bore,  
 'Tis sure the noble Plant, translated first,  
 Advanc'd its Head in Grecian Gardens nurst.  
 The Grecians added Verse, their tuneful Tongue  
 Made Nature first, and Nature's God their Song.  
 Nor stopt Translation here: For conquering Rome,  
 With Grecian Spoils, brought Grecian Numbers home;  
 Enrich'd by those Athenian Muses more,  
 Than all the vanquish'd World cou'd yield before.  
 'Till barb'rous Nations and more barb'rous Times  
 Debas'd the Majesty of Verse to Rhimes;  
 Those rude at first: a kind of hobbling Prose,  
 That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close:  
 But Italy reviving from the Trance  
 Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish Ignorance,  
 With Pauses, Cadence, and well-vowell'd Words,  
 And all the Graces a good Ear affords,  
 Made Rhyme an Art, and Dante's polish'd Page  
 Restor'd a Silver, not a Golden Age:  
 Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see,  
 What Rhyme improv'd in all its height can be:  
 At best a pleasing Sound, and fair Barbarity:  
 The French pursu'd their Steps; and Britain, last  
 In manly Sweetness all the rest surpass'd.  
 The Wit of Greece, the Gravity of Rome  
 Appear exalted in the British Loom;

The

MISCELLANY POEMS. 285

The Muses Empire is restor'd again,  
 In *Charles* his Reign, and by *Roscommon's* Pen,  
 Yet modestly he does his Work survey,  
 And calls a finish'd Poem an *ESSAY*;  
 For all the needful Rules are scatter'd here;  
 Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe;  
 (So well is Art disguis'd, for Nature to appear.)  
 Nor need those Rules, to give Translation light:  
 His own Example is a Flame so bright;  
 That he, who but arrives to copy well,  
 Unguided will advance; unknowing will excel.  
 Scarce his own *Horace* could such Rules ordain;  
 Or his own *Virgil* sing a nobler Strain.  
 How much in him may rising *Ireland* boast,  
 How much in gaining him has *Britain* lost!  
 Their Island in revenge has ours reclaim'd,  
 The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.  
 'Tis well for us his generous Blood did flow  
 Deriv'd from *British* Channels long ago,  
 That here his conquering Ancestors were nurs'd;  
 And *Ireland* but translated *England* first:  
 By this Reprisal we regain our Right,  
 Else must the two contending Nations fight,  
 A nobler Quarrel for his Native Earth,  
 Than what divided *Greece* for *Homer's* Birth.  
 To what Perfection will our Tongue arrive,  
 How will Invention and Translation thrive,  
 When Authors nobly born will bear their part,  
 And not disdain th' inglorious Praise of Art!  
 Great Generals thus descending from Command,  
 With their own Toil provoke the Soldiers Hand.  
 How will sweet *Ovid's* Ghost be pleas'd to hear  
 His Fame augmented by an *English* Peer,  
 How he embellishes His *Helen's* Loves,  
 Out-does his Softness, and his Sense improves?  
 When these translate, and teach Translators too,\*  
 Nor Firstling Kid, nor any Vulgar Vow

\* The Earl of Mulgrave.

Shou'd at *Apollo's* grateful Altar stand;  
*Roscommon* writes, to that auspicious Hand,  
 Muse feed the Bull that spurns the yellow Sand.  
*Roscommon*, whom both Court and Camps commend,  
 True to his Prince, and faithful to his Friend;  
*Roscommon* first in Fields of Honour known,  
 First in the peaceful Triumphs of the Gown;  
 Who both *Minerva's* justly makes his own,  
 Now let the few belov'd by *Jove*, and they  
 Whom infus'd *Titan* form'd of better Clay,  
 On equal Terms with ancient Wit ingage,  
 Nor mighty *Homer* fear, nor sacred *Virgil's* Page:  
 Our *English* Palace opens wide in State;  
 And without stooping they may pass the Gate.

To A. L. *Perswasions to Love.*

By THO. CAREW. Esq;

THink not, 'cause Men flatt'ring say  
 Y're fresh as *April*, sweet as *May*,  
 Bright as is the Morning-star,  
 That you are so; or though you are,  
 Be not therefore proud, and deem  
 All Men unworthy your Esteem:  
 For being so, you lose the Pleasure  
 Of being fair, since that rich Treasure  
 Of rare Beauty and sweet Feature,  
 Was bestow'd on you by Nature  
 To be enjoy'd, and 'twere a Sin  
 There to be scarce, where she hath been  
 So prodigal of her best Graces;  
 Thus common Beauties, and mean Faces  
 Shall have more Pastime, and enjoy  
 The Sport you lose by being coy.  
 Did the thing for which I sue  
 Only concern my self, not you;

Were



MISCELLANY POEMS. 287

Were Men so fram'd as they alone  
 Reap'd all the Pleasure, Women none,  
 Then had you reason to be scant;  
 But 'twere a Madness not to grant  
 That which affords (if you consent)  
 To you the Giver, more content  
 Than me the Begger; Oh then be  
 Kind to your self, if not to me;  
 Starve not your self, because you may  
 Thereby make me pine away;  
 Nor let brittle Beauty make  
 You your wiser Thoughts forsake:  
 For that lovely Face will fail:  
 Beauty's sweet, but Beauty's frail;  
 'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done  
 Than Summer's Rain, or Winter's Sun;  
 Most fleeting, when it is most dear;  
 'Tis gone while we but say 'tis here.  
 These curious Locks so aptly twin'd,  
 Whose every Hair a Soul doth bind,  
 Will change their auburn hue, and grow  
 White, and cold as Winter's Snow.  
 That Eye which now is Cupid's Nest,  
 Will prove his Grave, and all the rest  
 Will follow; in the Cheek, Chin, Nose,  
 Nor Lilly shall be found, nor Rose;  
 And what will then become of all  
 Those, whom now you Servants call?  
 Like Swallows when your Summer's done  
 They'll fly, and seek some warmer Sun.  
 Then wisely chuse one to your Friend,  
 Whose Love may (when your Beauties end)  
 Remain still firm: be provident,  
 And think, before the Summer's spent,  
 Of following Winter; like the Ant  
 In Plenty, hoard for time of scant.  
 Cull out amongst the Multitude  
 Of Lovers, that seek to intrude  
 Into your Favour, one that may  
 Love for an Age, not for a Day;



One that will quench your youthful Fires,  
 And feed in Age your hot Desires,  
 For when the Storms of time have mov'd  
 Waves on that Cheek which was belov'd,  
 When a fair Lady's Face is pin'd,  
 And Yellow spread where Red once shin'd,  
 When Beauty, Youth, and all Sweets leave her,  
 Love may return, but Lovers never:  
 And old Folks say there are no Pains  
 Like itch of Love in aged Veins.  
 Oh love me then, and now begin it,  
 Let us not lose this present Minute:  
 For Time and Age will work that wrack  
 Which Time or Age shall ne'er call back.  
 The Snake each Year fresh Skin resumes,  
 And Eagles change their aged Plumes;  
 The faded Rose each Spring receives  
 A fresh red Tincture on her Leaves:  
 But if your Beauties once decay,  
 You never know a second May.  
 Oh, then be wise, and whilst your Season  
 Affords you Days for Sport, do reason;  
 Spend not in vain your Life's short Hour,  
 But crop in time your Beauty's flow'r:  
 Which will away, and doth together  
 Both Bud and Fade, both Blow and Wither.

---

## A R A P T U R E.

*By the same Hand.*

**I** Will enjoy thee now, my Celia, come  
 And fly with me to Love's Elyzium:  
 The Gyant, Honour, that keeps Cowards out,  
 Is but a Masquer, and the fervile Rour  
 Of baser Subjects only bend in vain,  
 To the vast Idol, whilst the Nobler Train

Of valiant Lovers daily fail between  
 The huge Colosses Legs, and pass unseen  
 Unto the blissful Shore; be bold and wise,  
 And we shall enter; the grim *Swiss* denies  
 Only to tame Fools Passage, that not know  
 He is but Form, and only frights in Show,  
 The duller Eyes that lookt from far; draw near,  
 And thou shalt scorn what we were wont to fear,  
 We shall see how the stalking Pageant goes  
 With borrowed Legs, a heavy Load to those  
 That made, and bear him; not as we once thought  
 The Seed of Gods, but a weak Model wrought  
 By greedy Men that seek to t'inclose the Common,  
 And within private Arms empale free Woman.  
 Come then, and mounted on the Wings of Love  
 We'll cut the fleeting Air, and soar above  
 The Monster's Head, and in the Noblest Seats  
 Of those bless'd Shades quench and renew our Heats,  
 There, shall the Queen of Love and Innocence,  
 Beauty and Nature, banish all Offence  
 From our close Ivy twines, there I'll behold  
 Thy bated Snow, and thy unbraded Gold;  
 There, my enfranchis'd Hand on every side  
 Shall o'er thy naked polish'd Ivory slide.  
 No Curtain there, though of transparent Lawn,  
 Shall be before thy Virgin-treasure drawn:  
 But the rich Mine to the enquiring Eye  
 Expos'd, shall ready still for Mintage lye;  
 And we will coin young *Cupids*. There, a Bed  
 Of Roses, and fresh Myrtles shall be spread,  
 Under the cooler Shade of Cypress Groves,  
 Our Pillows, of the Down of *Venus*' Doves,  
 Whereon our panting Limbs we'll gently lay  
 In the faint Respires of our active play;  
 That so our Slumbers may in Dreams have Leisure  
 To tell the nimble Fancy our past Pleasure;  
 And so our Souls that cannot be embrac'd,  
 Shall the Embraces of our Bodies taste.  
 Mean-while the bubbling Stream shall court the Shore,  
 Th' enamour'd chirping Wood-quire shall adore

In varied Tunes the Deity of Love;  
 The gentle Blasts of western Winds shall move  
 The trembling Leaves, and through their close Boughs  
 Still Musick, whilst we rest our selves beneath [breath  
 Their dancing Shade, 'till a soft Murmur, sent  
 From Souls entranc'd in amorous Languishment,  
 Rowze us, and shoot into our Veins fresh Fire,  
 'Till we in their sweet Ecstasie expire.

Then, as the empty Bee, that lately bore  
 Into the common Treasure all her store,  
 Flies 'bout the painted Field with nimble Wing,  
 Desflow'ring the fresh Virgins of the Spring:  
 So will I rifle all the Sweets that dwell  
 In my delicious Paradise, and swell  
 My Bag with Honey, drawn forth by the Power  
 Of fervent Kisses, from each spicy Flower.  
 I'll seize the Rose-buds in their perfum'd Bed,  
 The Violet Knots, like curious Mazes spread  
 O'er all the Garden, taste the ripen'd Cherry,  
 The warm firm Apple tipt with Coral Berry;  
 Then will I visit, with a wand'ring Kiss,  
 The Vale of Lillies, and the Bower of Bliss;  
 And where the beauteous Region doth divide  
 Into two milky ways, my Lips shall slide  
 Down those smooth Allies, wearing as I go  
 A tract for Lovers on the printed Snow;  
 Thence climb'ring o'er the swelling *Appenine*,  
 Retire into thy Grove of *Eglantine*;  
 Where I will all those ravish't Sweets distil  
 Through Love's Alembique, and with Chimique Skill  
 From the mixt Mass one Sovereign Balm derive,  
 Then bring that great Elixir to thy Hive.

Now in more subtil Wreaths I will entwine,  
 My snowy Thighs, my Legs and Arms with thine.  
 Thou like a Sea of Milk shalt lie display'd,  
 Whilst I the smooth calm Ocean invade  
 With such a Tempest, as when *Jove* of old  
 Fell down on *Danaë* in a Storm of Gold:  
 Yet my tall Pine shall in the *Cyprian* Straight  
 Ride safe at Anchor, and unlade her freight;

My Rudder, with thy bold Hand, like a try'd  
 And skilful Pilot, thou shalt steer, and guide  
 My Bark into Love's Channel, where it shall  
 Dance, as the bounding Waves do rise or fall;  
 Then shall thy circling Arms embrace and clip  
 My willing Body, and thy balmy Lip  
 Bathe me in Juice of Kisses, whose Perfume  
 Like a Religious Incense shall consume,  
 And send up Holy Vapours to those Pow'rs  
 That bless our Loves, and crown our sportful Hours;  
 That with such Halcyon Calmness fix our Souls  
 In stedfast Peace, as no Affright controuls,  
 There, no rude Sounds shake us with sudden Starts,  
 No jealous Ears, when we unrip our Hearts,  
 Suck our Discourse in; no observing Spies  
 This Blush, that Glance traduce; no envious Eyes  
 Watch our close Meetings, nor are we betray'd  
 To Rivals, by the bribed Chamber-maid.  
 No Wedlock Bonds unwreath our twisted Loves;  
 We seek no Midnight Arbor, no dark Groves  
 To hide our Kisses: there, the hated Name  
 Of Husband, Wife, Lust, Modest, Chaste, or Shame;  
 Are vain and empty Words, whose very Sound  
 Was never heard in the *Elyzian* ground.  
 All things are lawful there, that may delight  
 Nature, or unrestrained Appetite:  
 Like, and Enjoy, to Will, and Act, is one,  
 We only sin when Love's Rites are not done.  
 The Roman *Lucrece* there reads the Divine  
 Lectures of Love's Great Master, *Aretine*,  
 And knows as well as *Lais* how to move  
 Her plyant Body in the Act of Love:  
 To quench the burning Ravisher, she hurls  
 Her Limbs into a thousand winding Curles,  
 And studies artful Postures, such as be  
 Carv'd on the Bark of every neighbouring Tree  
 By Learned Hands, that so adorn'd the Rind  
 Of those fair Plants, which as they lay entwin'd,  
 Have fann'd their glowing Fires. The *Grecian Dame*  
 That in her endless Web toyl'd for a name



As fruitless as her Work, doth there display  
 Her self before the Youth of *Ithaca*,  
 And th' amorous sport of gamesome Nights prefer  
 Before dull Dreams of the lost Traveller.  
*Daphne* hath broke her Bark, and that swift Foot  
 Which th' angry Gods had fastned with a Root  
 To the fixt Earth, doth now unfetter'd run,  
 To meet th' Embraces of the youthful Sun :  
 She hangs upon him like his *Delphick* Lyre,  
 Her Kisses blow the old, and breathe new Fire ;  
 Full of her God, she sings inspired Layes,  
 Sweet Odes of Love, such as deserve the Bayes,  
 Which she her self was. Next her, *Laura* lies  
 In *Petrarch's* learned Arms, drying those Eyes  
 That did in such sweet smooth-pac'd Numbers flow,  
 As made the World enamour'd of his Woe.  
 These, and Ten thousand Beauties more, that dy'd  
 Slave to the Tyrant, now enlarg'd, deride  
 His cancel'd Laws, and for their time mis-spent,  
 Pay into Love's Exchequer double Rent.

Come then, my *Celia*, we'll no more forbear  
 To taste our Joys, struck with a Panick Fear,  
 But will depose from his imperious Sway  
 This proud Usurper, and walk free, as they,  
 With Necks unyoak'd ; nor is it just that He  
 Sould fetter your soft Sex with Chastity,  
 Which Nature made unapt for Abstinence ;  
 When yet this false Impostor can dispence  
 With human Justice, and with sacred Right,  
 And maugre both their Laws, command me fight  
 With Rivals, or with emulous Loves, that dare  
 Equal with thine, their Mistrefs' Eyes, or Hair ;  
 If thou complain of Wrong, and call my Sword  
 To carve out thy Revenge, upon that Word  
 He bids me fight and kill, or else he brands  
 With Marks of Infamy my Coward Hands,  
 And yet Religion bids from Blood-shed fly,  
 And damns me for that Act, then tell me why  
 This Goblin Honour which the World adores,  
 Should make Men Atheists, and not Women Whores ?

*Disputing*



*Disputing with a LADY who left me  
in the ARGUMENT.*

Spare, gen'rous Victor, spare the Slave  
Who did unequal War pursue,  
That more than Triumph he might have  
In being overcome by you.

In the Dispute whate'er I said,  
My Heart was by my Tongue bely'd,  
And in my Looks you might have read,  
How much I argu'd on your Side.

You, far from Danger as from Fear,  
Might have sustain'd an open Fight;  
For seldom your Opinions err,  
Your Eyes are always in the right.

Why, Fair One, would you not rely  
On Force thus formidably join'd?  
Could I their Prevalence deny,  
I must at once be Deaf and Blind.

But quicker Arts of Death you use,  
Traverse your Ground to gain the Field,  
And, whilst my Argument pursues,  
With sudden Silence bid me yield.

So when the *Parthian* turn'd his Steed,  
And from the Hostile Camp withdrew,  
He backward sent the fatal Reed;  
Secure of Conquest as he flew.

Daunted, I dropt my uselefs Arms,  
When you no longer deign'd to Fight,  
Then Triumph deck'd in all its Charms,  
Appear'd less beautiful than Flight.

Oh! trace again the Hostile Plains,  
 My Troops were wounded in the War,  
 But whilst this fiercer Silence reigns,  
 They suffer, famish'd by Despair.

Capricious Author of my Smart,  
 Let War ensue, or Silence cease,  
 Unless you find my Coward Heart  
 Is yielding to a separate Peace.

### *The first Book of HOMER's ILIADS.*

Translated from the Greek by Mr. Maynwaring.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

Chryses, a Priest of Apollo, brings a Ransom to the Grecians for his Captive Daughter Chryseïs. Agamemnon (the Son of Atreus, and thence called Atreides) being General of the Army, and in Possession of the Prisoner, refuses to Release her, and with Threats dismisses her Father. The Priest prays for Vengeance to Apollo, who sends a Plague among the Greeks. Achilles Summons a Council, where he prevails with Chalcas, a Prophet, to tell the secret Cause of the God's Displeasure. The Prophet declares that Agamemnon occasion'd their Misfortunes by detaining Chryseïs. By that means the General is obliged to restore her: But afterwards, to be revenged on Achilles, he seizes his Captive Briseïs. Achilles complains of this to his Mother Thetis, and begs her Intercession with Jupiter, to revenge this Injury on the Grecians, by giving Victory to the Trojans.

**T**O Sing Achilles' Wrath, O Muse! prepare,  
 Which plung'd the Grecians in destructive War;  
 And

And sent untimely to th' Infernal Coast,  
The bravest Souls of Heroes early lost;  
Whose Limbs in *Phrygian* Plains extended lay,  
Expos'd to Dogs and rav'nous Birds of Prey:  
So *Jove* decreed, whence fierce Contention rose,  
To make *Atrides* and *Achilles* Foes.

But say, O Muse! What unrelenting God,  
In Friendly Breasts, those Seeds of Discord sow'd?  
*Apollo*, *Jove's* and Fair *Latona's* Son;  
For he, resenting bold Injustice done,  
A fatal Sickness to their Army brought;  
The Soldiers perish'd for their Leader's Fault;  
Whose daring Voice with publick Scorn dismiss'd  
The Suit of *Chryses*, and revil'd the Priest.

For *Chryses*, charg'd with boundless Treasure, came  
To free from servile Bonds a beauteous Dame;  
His sacred Hands, to move the *Grecians* more,  
*Apollo's* Crown and Golden Sceptre bore:  
Their Chiefs he thus Address'd, but Courted most  
The Sons of *Atreus*, Leaders of their Host.

Ye Kings of *Greece*! May each propitious God  
That makes *Olympus* his secure Abode,  
Assist your Arms, King *Priam's* Town to take,  
And lead your Forces safe in Triumph back:  
But free my Daughter, and my Gifts approve;  
And fear the Great *Apollo*, Son of *Jove*.

With loud Applause the *Greeks* Consent express'd,  
Approv'd the Ransom, and rever'd the Priest:  
But King *Atrides* rude Expressions us'd,  
And, venting Threats, his humble Pray'r refus'd.  
He said, Old Dotard, leave our Hostile Fleet,  
Prevent my Fury with a swift Retreat:  
Unfold *Chryseis* shall my Slave remain,  
'Till, cloy'd with Joys, I break her useless Chain:  
My Bed she shall adorn, and ply the Loom,  
In *Argos*, distant from her native Home:  
Begone, and seek no more the Charming Dame;  
If e'er thy Tongue renews this saucy Claim,  
Soon shalt thou find Protecting Pow'r deny'd  
To that vain Scepter, born with Priestly Pride.

The trembling Priest his dreadful Voice obey'd,  
 Along the Coast in silent Passion stray'd;  
 And, while secure in distant Plains he stood,  
 With various Titles thus invok'd his God.

Propitious *Phæbus*! Hear thy Suppliant's Pray'rs,  
 Thou Guardian King, whom chosen *Chrysa* fears:  
 For whose Protection sacred *Cilla* prays,  
 Thou glorious Light! whom *Tenedos* obeys;  
 If e'er thy Priest a grateful Service paid,  
 Or Bulls and Goats on flaming Altars laid;  
 O *Smintheus* hear! and with thy Silver Bow  
 Dart the proud *Grecians*, and revenge my Woe.

His fervent Pray'r the God's Compassion drew,  
 Who breathing Vengeance, from *Olympus* flew;  
 His Shoulders bore a Bow and Quiver join'd,  
 Still, as he mov'd, his Arrows chink'd behind;  
 Unseen as Night he came, and rang'd apart  
 The *Grecian* Fleet, and sent a deadly Dart;  
 The Twang was dreadful of his Silver Bow;  
 First only Mules and Dogs receiv'd the Blow;  
 But last at Men his Mortal Shafts were aim'd,  
 And Fun'ral Piles with dismal Blazes flam'd.  
*Achilles*, when the Darts nine Days had rov'd,  
 The tenth a Council call'd, by *Juno* mov'd:

For much the white-arm'd Goddess griev'd to find  
 Those Men destroy'd, to whom her Heart inclin'd.

The summon'd Host a throng'd Assembly made,  
 Where, rising up, the God-like Heroe said:  
 We now, *Atrides*, must resolve again  
 To wander homewards through the doubtful Main,  
 If Flight may still prevent approaching Doom,  
 Since War and Plagues at once the *Greeks* consume:  
 Some Priest consult, for some deep Prophet send,  
 Or Dream-expounder, (Dreams from *Jove* descend)  
 To learn the Cause of our Impending Woes,  
 Due Sacrifice unpaid, or broken Vows;  
 If humble Victims will this Plague remove,  
 Appease the Godhead, and regain his Love.

Then *Chalcas* rose, who best foretold their Doom,  
 And knew the present, past, and things to come;

Who



Who safe to *Troy* the *Grecian* Navy brought,  
 By that Prophetick Art which *Phœbus* taught :  
 He said, *Achilles*, best belov'd of *Jove*,  
 Since you demand what dire Offences move  
*Apollo's* Wrath, the Fatal Secret hear;  
 But first to save me from Destruction swear :  
 A Prince will be provok'd, whose boundless Sway  
 The *Greeks* acknowledge, and our Chiefs obey;  
 And still unequal is a Subject's Strife  
 Match'd with a Monarch, who commands his Life;  
 For, though he seems his Anger to Digest,  
 He keeps the Rancour in his mindful Breast.

*Achilles* said, I grant what you require,  
 Boldly reveal whate'er the Gods inspire;  
 By *Jove's* lov'd Son, sole Object of your Pray'r,  
 When you Coelestial Oracles declare,  
 While I this Life enjoy, and Light partake,  
 No *Greek* on *Chalcas* an Assault shall make :  
 Not ev'n *Atrides*, who may proudly boast  
 His Chief Command of all the *Grecian* Host.

Encourag'd thus, the blameless Prophet spoke :  
 Nor broken Vows the God's just Wrath provoke,  
 Nor Sacrifice unpaid; but *Phœbus* darts  
 His Fatal Shafts at our Devoted Hearts,  
 In Vengeance of the Wrongs his Priest has born,  
 From whose fond Arms the Beauteous Maid was torn.  
 By this *Atrides* urg'd avenging Fate;  
 Nor will the raging Pestilence abate,  
 'Till prosp'rous Gales, no Bribe or Ransom paid,  
 To longing *Chryses* bear the Black-ey'd Maid,  
 With choicest Gifts, and sacred Victims sent;  
 Then Plagues will cease, and injur'd Pow'rs relent.

This said, *Atrides* rose, with Grief oppress'd,  
 Black Choler boiling in his Manly Breast;  
 His Eyes were flaming, and severe his Look,  
 And, frowning on the Bard, with Warmth he spoke.  
 Thou dreaming Prophet! born to cross my Will,  
 Who find'st a Pleasure in foretelling Ill,  
 Why dost thou still ungrateful Truths impart?  
 Thou worst Professor of the Boding Art!

Now since my Arms the Captive Maid detain,  
 The God is angry, and the *Greeks* are Slain:  
 'Tis true, my Threats her canting Sire dismiss,  
 I mock'd his Crown, proud Ensign of the Priest,  
 Refus'd the Ransom, brought in bended Arms,  
 And found more Treasure in her rifled Charms;  
 Not so was lov'd in Youth my *Grecian* Dame,  
 Who blest my Nuptials with a Virgin Flame;  
 Equal in Beauty, she delights my Heart  
 With Humour, Wit, and ev'ry Work of Art:  
 Yet, press'd with Dangers, I release the Fair,  
 The Publick Safety is my only Care:  
 But you, O *Grecian* Chiefs! some Gift propose,  
 Fit to repair my much-lamented Loss;  
 Nor vainly think that I, your Chief, alone  
 Will want a Prize, who thus resign my own.

To him *Achilles* said, Too proudly you,  
 In this Debate, mean selfish Ends pursue:  
 How should the *Grecians* a new Gift supply?  
 Few are the Spoils that undivided lye;  
 And ev'ry Soldier must enjoy his Lot,  
 Nor you Resume what by their Toils they got.  
 Freely to *Phœbus* then restore the Maid,  
 This publick Service shall be largely paid,  
 Whene'er, by *Jove's* Decree, the *Greeks* enjoy  
 The promis'd Spoils of well-defended *Troy*.

He spoke. The Gen'ral of their Host reply'd,  
 With all thy Courage and exalted Pride,  
 Think not to seize what I abhor to grant;  
 Shalt thou enjoy a Blessing which I want?  
 Cheaply thou doom'st me to resign my Right,  
 But equal Prize that Favour shall requite;  
 Or else the Spoils of *Ithacus*, or thine,  
 Or those of *Ajax* shall be shortly mine.  
 But this hereafter will engage my Thought;  
 Now Launch a Ship, by chosen Pilots taught  
 To Sail the stormy Sea: Then Gifts prepare,  
 Worthy to grace my dear departing Fair,  
 Whom *Ajax*, *Ithacus*, or *Creta's* King,  
 With Pomp of Sacrifice on Board shall bring;

Or

Or you, the fiercest of Mankind, may please  
These Rites to finish, and the God appease.

*Achilles* frowning, the Debate renew'd.

O Prince! with Craft and Insolence endu'd;  
Urg'd by thy Voice, what Soldier will delight  
To March in Ambush, or in Arms to Fight?  
No Cause had I to make this long Campaign,  
The distant *Troians* ne'er disturb'd my Reign;  
Nor fruitful *Phryia's* happy Soil oppress,  
With Herds abounding, and with Heroes blest:  
The craggy Mountains, and resounding Deep,  
My Realm secure from bold Invasion keep.  
With thee, O Tyrant! I engag'd in War,  
To serve thy Brother, and his Wrongs repair:  
Must I for this be with Contempt bereft  
Of all my Prize, the grateful Army's Gift?  
Small was the Lot, for which I labour'd hard,  
With thy unequal Dividend compar'd:  
Though I the Fury of each Fight sustain,  
Mine is the Toil and Danger, thine the Gain;  
Away I go, my Strength in Battel spent,  
With some poor Trifle to my Fleet content.  
But now farewell: 'Tis better to return  
To Native *Greece*, than here Oppression mourn:  
Hope not for Succour from a Friend Disgrac'd,  
Nor think with Foreign Wars my Realm to waste.

*Atrides* answer'd, Fly with speed away,  
The restless Motions of thy Mind obey;  
I scorn to move thee with an humble Pray'r,  
On my Account to prosecute the War:  
Heroes as great will pay deserv'd Respect,  
And *Jove* himself will our just Cause protect:  
Of all the Kings that his Vicegerents Reign,  
None to my Pow'r such Enmity maintain:  
Thou find'st in Faction thy supream Delight,  
With brutal Courage, and with boasted Might,  
Exerting Talents sent thee from Above,  
Not gain'd by Virtue, but meet Gifts of *Jove*.  
Go take thy Ships, and thy *Thessalian* Band,  
And safe at Home thy *Myrmidons* Command:

I flight

300      *The FIFTH PART of*

I slight thy Service, thy Revenge despise:  
And as the God resumes my lovely Prize,  
Who must to *Chrysa* from my Arms be sent,  
So will I seize *Briseis* in thy Tent;  
Remove her Beauty from thy longing Sight,  
Assert by Conquest my Superior Right,  
And warn all Chiefs, by thy unhappy Fate,  
To shun Contention, and suppress Debate.

This said, *Achilles* was with Rage possess'd,  
Prompt with his Hand, but unresolv'd his Breast;  
If striking Home he should *Atrides* slay,  
Or tamely yielding, his Revenge delay:  
While Reason thus with Passion strove, he drew  
His weighty Sword; then down *Minerva* flew,  
Dispatch'd by *Juno's* Order from above,  
(For both the Princes shar'd her equal Love:)  
Behind she stood, and grasping fast his Hair,  
Unseen by others, did to him appear;  
For, looking backwards in a deep surprize,  
He knew the Goddess by her sparkling Eyes.

What brings, he said, *Jove's* heav'nly Daughter here?  
Come you to see the rude Affronts I bear?  
Then witness my Revenge, behold the time  
That haughty King shall perish for his Crime.

To him the Blue-ey'd Goddess thus reply'd,  
To calm your Passion, and your Strife decide,  
From Heav'n I come, employ'd by *Juno's* Care;  
You and *Atrides* her Affection share:  
Obey my Voice, and Violence assuage,  
Nor press Revenge, nor with your Sword engage;  
Sheath'd be that Weapon, but severe your Tongue;  
A time shall come to vindicate this Wrong,  
When, crush'd by Foes, the King shall humbly sue  
With trebble Gain your Anger to subdue.

*Achilles* answer'd, 'Tis, O Goddess! fit  
That all my Passions to your Will submit:  
Wisely, to Pow'r's Divine, Respect we bear,  
Those that obey the Gods, the Gods will hear:  
Then grasping hard his Hilt, her sacred Word  
He strait observ'd, and sheath'd th' unwieldy Sword.

This



MISCELLANY POEMS. 301

This done, *Minerva* did to Heav'n ascend,  
Where humble Gods *Jove's* awful Throne attend.

*Achilles* now in ruder Language rail'd;  
His Rage encreasing as his Reason fail'd;  
Thou Chief, more Heartless than a flying Deer,  
Who dar'st not first in Bloody Fields appear,  
Nor doubtful Ambush for thy Foes design,  
Vain empty Heroe, ever steep'd in Wine:  
Fighting seems Death to thee, whose chief Delight  
Is robbing Soldiers of their Legal Right.  
Vile are the Slaves who thy dull Presence throng,  
Thou hadst not else out-liv'd this brutal Wrong:  
But by this awful Scepter now I swear,  
(Which ne'er again will happy Branches bear,  
Nor native Bark, nor growing Leaves will shoot,  
But left on distant Hills the kindly Root;  
And now with *Grecian* Judges must remain,  
Who Right dispence, and Sacred Laws maintain)  
Hear what I swear, Whene'er the *Greeks* shall want  
My needful Aid, Destruction to prevent,  
And with Regret their lost *Achilles* mourn,  
No Pray'rs, nor Gifts shall Bribe me to return;  
*Hector* shall strow with slaughter'd Foes the Field,  
And no Relief thy Impotence shall yield;  
But, torn with deep Remorse, thy Heart shall break,  
For wronging thus in Arms the bravest *Greek*.

The Speech concluded, in Disdain he tost  
His Scepter down, with Golden Studs Emboss'd:  
*Atrides* also storm'd; but *Nestor* rose  
With mild Discourse their Fury to compose;  
For smooth Harangues renown'd in *Pylos* long,  
Words flow'd like Honey from his artful Tongue;  
Two Generations in that Realm were dead,  
Born in his Reign, and by his Precepts bred:  
To him the Third did now Allegiance bear,  
Just were his Thoughts, and his Expressions clear.

Oh Gods! he said, What unexpected Woes  
Oppress the *Greeks*. What Joys attend their Foes!  
What greater Good can bless the *Phrygian* King,  
His Host, and all who from his Lineage spring,

Than

Than these Distractions, which our Chiefs divide,  
 Who lead our Armies, and our Councils guide!  
 Let me prevail to calm your fatal Rage,  
 Obey the Dictates of maturer Age;  
 A Race of Heroes, more than Mortals brave,  
 Once lov'd the Counsels which my Reason gave;  
 Such Chiefs no more will to these Eyes appear,  
 As God-like *Theseus*, and *Pirithous* were;  
*Dryas* the Just, and *Polypheme* the Strong,  
 And *Ceneus*, worthy an Immortal Song;  
 Strongest of Men, the strongest Beasts they kill'd,  
 Huge Mountain-Monsters, and fierce Centaurs quell'd:  
 With these I liv'd, with these in Arms I fought,  
 From distant *Pyle* by Invitation brought;  
 None now alive these Heroes durst provoke,  
 Yet they wou'd listen when your *Nestor* spoke.  
 Taught by these great Examples, Both submit  
 To what I judge, by long Experience, fit;  
 Stretch not, *Atrides*, your Prerogative,  
 Of lawful Prize this Heroe to deprive:  
 Nor you, *Achilles*, with our Leader vie,  
 For *Jove* has rais'd no Monarch's Throne so high:  
 Born of a Goddess, you more Strength may boast,  
 But he more Empire, who Commands our Host.  
 Yet first, *Atrides*, let your Passion cease,  
 Then Calm Advice *Achilles* shall appease;  
 Whom still we find, when press'd by *Trojans* hard,  
 Our strongest Bulwark, and securest Guard.

Well have you spoke, *Atrides* then reply'd;  
 But this proud Captain wou'd o'er Kings preside,  
 Controul Superiors, and Command the Field,  
 Affecting Empire, which no Prince will yield;  
 The Gods, that gave him his undaunted Mind,  
 Conferr'd no License to defame Mankind.

His Speech half ended thus *Achilles* broke;  
 My servile Neck deserv'd thy galling Yoke,  
 If, worthless, and afraid, I yielded still!  
 With tame Submission to thy boundless Will;  
 But now let others blind Observance pay,  
 No more will I such Insolence obey:

One Hint besides I give, observe it right,  
 The Gods forbid me in this Cause to Fight;  
 Convey *Brisëis*, as thy Captive, home,  
 Since partial *Grecians* their own Gift resume;  
 But Tyrant, on thy Life, this warning take,  
 And let thy Hands no more Resumptions make;  
 Whene'er the bold Experiment they try,  
 The Crimson Blood my spotted Launce shall dye.

Thus Rival Princes, while th' Assembly fate,  
 Fighting with Words maintain'd a rude Debate;  
 Rising at last, the Council they adjourn'd,  
 And stern *Achilles* to his Tent return'd.

*Atrides* then Religious Rites began,  
 Launch'd a new Vessel in the yielding Main,  
 Adorn'd her Sides with Twenty shining Oars,  
 And sent a Cargo of the choicest Stores;  
 On Board *Chryseïs* was conducted last,  
 And Wife *Ulysses* with Command was grac'd;  
 Thus fraught with Gifts to reconcile the God,  
 The well-trimm'd Pinnacle plough'd the liquid Road.

With equal Care he purify'd the Coast  
 From foul Pollutions of his sinful Host;  
 The *Greeks*, in Ocean wide, their Ordures threw,  
 To please the God whole Hecatombs they slew;  
 Fat Bulls and Goats lay burning on the Shore,  
 And curling Smoak to Heav'n the Savour bore.

These Pious Works perform'd, *Atrides* still  
 Resolv'd his threaten'd Vengeance to fulfil;  
*Talthybius* and *Eurybates* he sent,  
 Charg'd with this Message to the Hero's Tent:  
 Go, bring *Brisëis* to my longing Arms,  
 Command *Achilles* to resign her Charms;  
 Or else your Monarch will in Person come,  
 By force of Conquest to revoke her Doom.

The Heralds acted what their Sov'raign spoke,  
 Along the Shoar unwilling Steps they took;  
 But lost to strong *Thessalian* Quarters went,  
 And found *Achilles* pensive in his Tent:  
 Stern was his Look when their Approach he saw;  
 Their anxious Minds were struck with deepest Awe;  
 Amaz'd

Amaz'd they stood, and no Demand they made,  
But he, divining their bold Message, said:

Welcome ye Messengers of Gods and Men,  
Not you I blame, but your proud King condemn:  
I know the Tyrant my fair Prize demands;  
*Patroclus*, lead her to their awful Hands:  
That each a Witness of my Wrongs may prove,  
Before all Kings on Earth, and Gods above;  
Whene'er the *Grecian* Pow'rs, oppress'd with Woes,  
In vain shall urge me to repel their Foes:  
For wild *Atrides*, with Distraction lost,  
No more from Slaughter can preserve their Host;  
No more in Fight their sinking Fleet protect,  
Nor by things past their future Schemes direct.

He spoke, *Patroclus* his Command obey'd,  
And to their Hands resign'd the Beaut'ous Maid;  
Away she went, with an unwilling Heart:  
Her mourning Lover, from his Friends apart,  
Sate weeping on the Coast, the Sea survey'd,  
And with extended Arms to *Thetis* pray'd.  
Indulgent Goddess! since Decrees of Fate  
My Life have bounded with so short a Date;  
Great *Jove* with Glory was oblig'd to Crown  
The number'd Years of your unhappy Son:  
But now, behold me wrong'd with open Shame,  
And robb'd of all that's dear, the Captive Dame.

The Goddess heard her weeping Son complain,  
With *Nereus* sitting in the deepest Main;  
Strait like a Mist she rose, regain'd the Land,  
Sate down before him, stroak'd him with her Hand,  
And said, Why weeps my Son? Thy Grief declare,  
And let thy tender Parent bear her share.

With Sighs he said, O Queen! 'tis vain to tell  
What happen'd lately, and you know so well:  
Strong *Thebes* we took, King *Oetion's* sacred Seat,  
And stow'd with Plunder our Triumphant Fleet:  
The *Grecian* Princes shar'd the Spoils they got,  
But first reserving, as the fairest Lot,  
*Chryseis* for their Chief: Her Father came  
With Gifts to Ransom that unhappy Dame;



*Apollo's Scepter and his Crown he bore,  
Intreating much the Greeks, Atrides more :  
The Greeks his Pray'r with due Compassion heard,  
His Gifts approv'd, and Character rever'd :  
But proud Atrides, with Displeasure mov'd,  
Dismiss'd the good Old Man, with Threats reprov'd :  
He went, and pray'd to have his Wrongs redress'd,  
And Phæbus heard him, for he lov'd his Priest :  
A Plague he sent, and Fatal Arrows flew  
Around our Quarters, and our Army slew :  
A Prophet then reveal'd the God's Decree ;  
I mov'd the Greeks to set Chryseïs free,  
And urg'd our brutal Chief, who loudly storm'd,  
To threaten Vengeance, which he since perform'd.  
Well-guarded home with Joy Chryseïs went,  
And Holy Victims were to Phæbus sent :  
Then curs'd Atrides seiz'd my lovely Maid,  
With whom the Greeks my glorious Service paid.  
But now, O Goddess ! kind Assistance lend,  
In search of dire Revenge to Heav'n ascend :  
Complain to Jove, and if by Word or Deed  
You ever pleas'd him, may your Pray'rs succeed :  
Oft have I heard you in Thessalia boast,  
That you alone of all th' Æthereal Host  
His Fate prevented, and his Foes withstood,  
When Pow'r's Divine wou'd bind their Sov'raign God :  
When Juno, Pallas, Neptune, all conspir'd,  
You, Thetis, you, with just Resentment fir'd,  
To save the Godhead from ignoble Bands,  
Brought up Briareus with his hundred Hands ;  
Immortals by that Name the Gyant know,  
Call'd Great Ægeon in the World below :  
Stronger than Titan, next to Jove he sate,  
Pleas'd with his Post, and wond'ring at his Fate ;  
Then all the Rebel Deities withdrew,  
Nor durst their bold, unfinish'd Plot pursue.  
Of this Success remind unthinking Jove,  
Embrace his Knees, use all your Pow'r Above  
To succour Troy, and Phrygian Troops defend,  
That swift Destruction may their Foes attend :*

Let King *Atrides*, sculking on the Main,  
 There bless the *Greeks* with his auspicious Reign,  
 And feel the Vengeance of his Crime at last,  
 Who thus in War the bravest Chief disgrac'd.

*A Description of the Enchanted Palace and Garden of Armida, whither two Knights from the Christian Camp were come in Search of Rinaldo.*

Englilh'd from Tasso's *Jerusalem*, Book the Sixth.

By Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER.

THE Palace in a circling Figure rose,  
 Its lofty Bounds a *Silvan* Scene inclose;  
 Expanded there a beauteous Garden lay,  
 Where never-fading Flow'rs their Pride display,  
 A thousand *Demons* kept their Lodgings round,  
 Whose Arts with endless Labyrinths confound  
 Each Passage to the fair Enchanted Ground.  
 A hundred Gates adorn the stately Place,  
 The chief of which the Heroes wond'ring pass;  
 The Folding-doors on Golden Hinges turn,  
 With polish'd Gold the radiant Pillars burn;  
 But all the dazzling precious Metal's Cost,  
 Was in the rich unvalu'd Sculpture lost.  
 The Figures which the spacious Portal grace,  
 With Human Motion seem to leave their Place;  
 In ev'ry Visage, an expressive Mind  
 Th'inimitable Artist had design'd,  
 And Life in all their Looks and Gestures shin'd.  
 Nor Speech was wanting, Fancy that supplies;  
 They breathe and speak while each consults his Eyes.  
 The Story first with *Hercules* begins,  
 With Virgins seated here he tamely spins:

The

The God-like Man, who Hell's strong Passage gain'd,  
And Heav'n and all its rolling Orbs sustain'd,  
A Spindle wields, and with soft Tales beguiles  
The flying Hours; fond Love stands by and smiles:  
His useless Club the Fair *Iôle* holds,  
The Lion's rugged Skin her tender Limbs infolds.

Remote from this a Sea its Surges rears,  
Hoary with Foam the azure Field appears;  
Two warlike Fleets advance on either Side,  
And o'er the Waves with equal Terror ride:  
The Flashes which from brandish'd Weapons came,  
With dreadful Splendor all the Deep inflame.  
Conspicuous far the bright *Egyptian* Queen,  
Urging the fierce Encounter on, is seen:  
*Antonius* here conducts the Eastern Kings,  
The mighty *Romans* there Illustrious *Cesar* brings.  
As when two floating Isles amidst the Main,  
Push'd on by Winds, each other's Shock sustain,  
And Mountains clash with Mountains on the wat'ry  
Plain:

With such a Force the Hostile Fleets engage,  
Their thund'ring Chiefs oppos'd with equal Rage;  
While Javelins, Darts, and flaming Torches fly,  
And Foreign Spoils above the Waters lye.  
To *Cesar* now the Victory inclines,  
The beauteous Queen the liquid Field resigns;  
She flies, nor wou'd the fond *Antonius* stay,  
But madly left the scarce-decided Day,  
And threw the Empire of the World away.  
Nor touch'd with Fear, nor conquer'd by his Foes,  
Th' unhappy Man the doubtful Field foregoes,  
But by his Love betray'd; yet gen'rous Shame  
With Martial Honour oft his Thoughts reclaim:  
And now he wou'd the fainting Fight renew,  
And now the charming Fugitive pursue;  
With her Inglorious to the Shoar he flies,  
And careless there, and lost in Pleasure lies;  
Abandon'd loosely to her fatal Charms,  
Resolves to soften Fate in *Cleopatra's* Arms.

The

The Champions all these costly Wonders view,  
 And thro' the Palace now their Course pursue :  
 As wild *Meander* winds along his Shores,  
 Now sinks, and now his Silver Wave restores,  
 Now to the Ocean runs in various ways,  
 And backward now with wanton Motion plays;  
 Such crooked Paths, such Labyrinths they pass,  
 As they the dubious Structure's Windings trace;  
 And thro' th' uncertain Maze they still had err'd,  
 But the wise *Magus* Scheme their Passage clear'd;  
 Whence disengag'd, before their ravish'd Eyes  
 The beauteous Garden's pleasant Prospect lies;  
 The shining Lakes, and moving Crystal here,  
 The Flow'rs, and various Plants at once appear;  
 At once a shady Vale, and sunny Hill,  
 And Groves, and mossie Caves the Landskip fill;  
 At once its self the charming Scene reveals,  
 And all its wise Contriver's Art conceals:  
 Nor Art does copying Nature here appear,  
 But sportive Nature imitating her,  
 The Air was mild, and calm the Morning Breeze,  
 Which breath'd Eternal Verdure on the Trees;  
 The Trees their Branches proudly here display  
 With full-ripe Fruits, and Purple Blossoms gay;  
 Beneath one spreading Leaf a bending Twig  
 Presents the immature and rip'ning Fig:  
 Depending on a loaded Branch are seen  
 The gold, the blushing Apple, and the green:  
 The lofty Vines their various Clusters show,  
 Ungrateful those, while these with *Nectar* flow.  
 The joyful Birds beneath the happy Shade,  
 In guided Parts a tuneful Consort made.  
 The whisp'ring Winds, and Waters murm'ring fall,  
 With trembling Cadence softly answer'd all.  
 Now ceas'd the Birds, the Winds and Waters high,  
 In warbling Sounds return the Harmony;  
 But falling, now the Birds resume their Part,  
 Yet scarce this Order seems th' Effect of Art:  
 But one with gawdy Plumes, among the rest,  
 And purple Bill, superiour Skill exprest;



Now imitating Human Words begun,  
The sweet, the shrill, the melting Note her own:  
The wing'd Musicians all stood near to hear,  
The Winds suspend their Murmurs in the Air,  
And list'ning staid while she her Song recites,  
Which in alluring Strains to Love invites:  
Her Part perform'd, the feather'd Chorus round,  
Thro' all the Groves their glad Assent resound.  
The pensive Doves in Sighs their Pain reveal,  
The whisp'ring Trees a Passion seem to feel:  
The Floods, the Fields, and lightsom Air above  
Confess the Flame, and gently breathe out Love.

Unconquer'd yet the stedfast Knights remain,  
And all the tempting Baits of Vice disdain;  
But now retir'd beneath a pleasant Shade,  
The Lovers at a distance they survey'd:  
*Armida* seated on the Flow'rs they find,  
And in her Lap *Rinaldo's* Head reclin'd;  
Inspiring Love, and languishing her Air,  
Unbound and curling to the Winds her Hair:  
Her careless Robes flow with an am'rous Grace,  
And rosie Blushes paint her lovely Face.  
Fix'd on her Charms he fed his wanton Fires,  
And feeding still encreas'd his fierce Desires;  
Plung'd in licentious Pleasures thus he lay,  
And melts his Life ingloriously away.

At certain times *Armida* to her Cells  
Retires, to practise her mysterious Spells:  
The Hour was come, she sighs a soft Adieu,  
And from his Arms unwillingly withdrew.  
In glitt'ring Armour rushing from the Wood,  
Before him straight the pious Heroes stood.  
As the fierce Steed, for Jufts and Battel bred,  
Now uselefs grown, with Herds in Pastures fed,  
Ranges at large, and lives ignobly free  
From former Toils; if Arms he chance to see,  
Or hears from far the Trumpet's sprightly Sounds,  
He neighs aloud, and breaks the flow'ry Bounds;  
Longs on his Back to feel the hardy Knight,  
Measure the Lists, and meet the promis'd Fight.

Their

Their Sight the brave *Rinaldo* thus alarm'd,  
 Recall'd his Honour, and his Courage warm'd;  
 Its long inglorious Sleep his Virtue broke,  
 And Martial Ardour sparkled in his Look,  
 When with a friendly Scorn *Ubaldo* held  
 Before the Youth his *Adamantine* Shield;  
 Surpriz'd he meets his own Reflection there,  
 His gawdy Robes hung loose, his flowing Hair  
 Clouds with the rich Perfume, and sweetens all the Air.  
 A bright, but useless Sword adorns his Side;  
 Asham'd he views this nice fantastick Pride,  
 And, like a Man that long in idle Dreams  
 Has lain, deluded to himself he seems:  
 Enrag'd the hateful Object now he flies,  
 Confus'd and silent downwards bends his Eyes,  
 Half wish'd the cleaving Ground might open wide,  
 Or overwhelming Seas his Shame wou'd hide.  
*Ubaldo* sees the Time, and thus begun,

While Fame, while so much Glory may be won,  
 While *Asia*, while all *Europe* are in Arms,  
 And shake the Universe with loud Alarms;  
*Bertoldo's* Son alone exempt from Fear,  
 Remains a Woman's noble Champion here:  
 What Lethargy, what fatal Spells control  
 Thy vigorous Honour, and unman thy Soul?  
 Come on, the Camp and mighty *Godfrey* send,  
 Fortune and Victory thy Sword attend,  
 The destin'd Heroe thou the doubtful War to end:  
 Conclude the Conquest o'er thy Pagan Foes,  
 What Might can thy resistless Arm oppose?

Speechless he stood, and now a decent Shame,  
 And now a gen'rous Pride his Looks inflame:  
 He rends the Badges of his lewd Disgrace,  
 And flies with Horror the detested Place.



*The MOSAIC STORY of the Creation.*

By JOHN HANBURY, Esq;

ONE only God the World's Foundation laid,  
The Heav'ns and Earth, them and their Host he  
For once before this Frame of Nature was, [made;  
The Heav'ns and Earth were one unfashion'd Mass,  
Of Form and Motion void; and void of Light,  
'Twas all Confusion, and unbounded Night;  
'Till the creating Spirit with Wings of Love,  
Spread o'er the deep *Abyss* did kindly move;  
With quick'ning Energy the whole compress'd,  
And wak'd the *Chaos* from Eternal Rest;  
Motion and Time began, and Silence broke,  
When thro' the Deep thus the Creator spake,  
*Let there be Light.* —

The Beams of Day shot thro' the parting Shade,  
Old Night before the lovely Stranger fled;  
His bright First-born with Joy th' Almighty view'd,  
He saw 'twas wond'rous Fair, and call'd it Good.  
He blest the Birth-day of his Infant Light,  
That Day th' Eternal World struck out of Night.

The Rest of Nature undistinguish'd lay,  
Blended in one were Heav'n and Earth and Sea;  
When thus the Word, Let Matter next divide;  
Swift as the Voice broke forth it was obey'd,  
And thus the wond'rous Separation made.  
Unloos'd th' *Ætherial* Fluids upwards move,  
And make the glorious azure Sea above;  
Those next in Lightness thro' next Spaces fly,  
And form our Clouds, and Air, and nether Sky;  
But lower yet the pond'rous Waters fall,  
Floating the Face of the Terrestrial Ball.  
No Land was seen. — The great Creator spake,  
Let Earth and Sea the next Division make;  
In one vast Deep let all the Waters lye,  
And let the Surface of the Land be dry:

Before

Before the Voice th' obedient Waters fled,  
And took their Lodging in their spacious Bed,  
And the new Earth disclos'd her naked Head.

A naked World it was, unblest and poor,  
No Seeds of Life the barren Matter bore,  
'Till Breath Divine quicken'd the fruitful Earth,  
And gave the vegetable Kingdom Birth;  
Let beauteous Flow'rs, and Plants, and shady Trees,  
Of various Kinds, in their Perfection rise:  
Let ev'ry sort contain their proper Seed,  
That shall distinctly their own Species breed.  
So spoke the making Word, and it was so,  
All in Perfection rose, not staid to grow.  
Full-ripen'd Fruit the loaded Trees adorn,  
And full-blown Flow'rs were at one Instant born.  
The Oak, the Cedar, and th' aspiring Pine  
Shot quick to Heav'n, and met the Word Divine.

That their Succession might for ever run,  
While fed with Dews, and cherish'd by the Sun;  
The Word commands the Beams of Light and Fire,  
Shou'd in one burning, shining Orb retire,  
Whose bending Course to North and South shou'd turn,  
With equal Heat warm both, but neither burn.  
Whose constant Revolutions shou'd divide  
The future Years, and count how fast they glide.  
Hence rose the Sun, roll'd on his glorious way,  
The Joy of the young World, and Lord of Day.

The lesser Light too rose, but scarce less bright,  
Queen of the Flood, and Regent of the Night;  
Whose changing Beams for ever ebb and flow,  
The Scale of Time as they decay and grow.

And last the Stars in perfect Order rose,  
Whose Number none but their Creator knows;  
Whose glitt'ring Lights adorn the gloomy Skies,  
Whose Beauties please the World, whose Motions teach  
the Wife.

The Word Divine, on Air and Water spread  
A nobler Life, thro' both profusely shed;  
The feather'd Kind took Birth, conceiv'd in Air,  
And scaly Broods the teeming Waters bare;



The Creatures soon their Maker's Goodness move,  
 To Life he adds the greater Blessing, Love;  
 That Word alone that call'd forth all to live,  
 The Pow'r and Joy of giving Life cou'd give:  
 The living Pairs in mutual Flames he join'd,  
 With that first Blessing, Multiply your Kind.  
 Let Birds, as fast as Trees they dwell on, bear,  
 And People their Dominions of the Air.  
 Let Fish with endless numbers swell their Seas,  
 'Till their own Shores want Sands to count th' increase.  
 The winged Race in ev'ry Field and Grove,  
 Confess the Flame, begin to Sing and Love;  
 The young *Leviathans* their Nuptials keep,  
 And haste to stock their Empire in the Deep.

Thus Fowl and Fish the Skies and Waters bred,  
 And Earth alone was uninhabited;  
 'Till kindled by the Word cold Matter warms,  
 And various Soils shoot forth in various Forms.

The Race of Lions rise from stubborn Clay,  
 And with Majestick Roar salute the Day:  
 The milder Soil the gentle Species bare,  
 Such as the harmless Sheep and frightful Hare.  
 From heaviest Earth the sluggish Asses grow,  
 From slimy Mud the Race of Reptiles flow,  
 But light the Dust whence sprung the bounding Roe.

Thus ev'ry creeping Thing, and ev'ry Beast,  
 Their Parent Earth, from whence they grew, possess;  
 Inform'd by Sense, they sought their needful Good,  
 But knew not whence their Life, nor whence their Food.

'Twas therefore God, to crown his Works below,  
 His Creature Man in his own Image drew,  
 Who from himself might his Creator view,  
 In the same Earth the Human Pair he moulds,  
 But from his sacred Breast infus'd their Souls;  
 Pow'r, Wisdom, Love, thro' their new Beings shine,  
 The God-like Features of the Sire Divine.

Bolder in him the noble Lines appear,  
 In her more soft, but yet more heav'nly Fair;  
 Such Love and Likeness the first Parents join,  
 So much, but one in Body and in Mind;

The VOL. V.

P

That

That hence 'twas said the Husband bore the Bride,  
 Bred in his Heart, and issu'd from his Side:  
 This Human Pair, with Pow'r and Reason blest,  
 Were made to govern, not destroy the rest;  
 Th' Almighty blest, and bid them Love, and Reign,  
 And multiply at large their Sov'reign Line;  
 The Fish, and Fowl, and Beasts their Pow'r obey,  
 And at their Feet the new Creation lay.

Abroad they look'd, their fair Dominions view'd,  
 All spoke the Maker Great, and Wise, and Good:  
 To Him they offer Sacrifice of Praise,  
 Implore his Blessing on their future Race,  
 Copying his Image from each other's Face.

Thus one first Pow'r the Plan of Nature laid,  
 And all in Number, Weight and Measure made.

## The STATE of NATURE.

*By the same Hand.*

**B**Efore Ambition touch'd the poison'd Heart,  
 Ere Gold in Friendship, or in Love had part,  
 Before Religion was a Mysttick Trade,  
 There was a time when Nature was obey'd;  
 When happy Man was void of Crime or Fear,  
 His Friendship perfect, and his Love sincere,  
 Both as unbounded as the common Air.  
 His Thoughts were undisguis'd, and unconfin'd,  
 As naked as his Body was his Mind,  
 Full his Content, because his Wishes few,  
 How cou'd he covet what he did not know?  
 He wisely trod where Nature led the way,  
 Fed on her Fruits, and in her Bosom lay;  
 His strength of Appetite, and height of Blood,  
 Gave double Relish to his Love and Food:  
 The Springs he drank were like his Conscience clear  
 The Soil produc'd, and the Sun cook'd his Fare;

# MISCELLANY POEMS. 315

The Grape, the Peach, the Melon, and the Pine,  
For Smell and Taste their Sweets and Flavours join.  
The painted Morning fed his waking Eyes,  
When he beheld his Canopy the Skies.

The Rose and Lilly on the Green were spread,  
And artless Beauties in the Sweets were laid,  
As bright and fragrant as their flow'ry Bed.  
The Birds around did all their Notes employ,  
To entertain his Intervals of Joy:

The Cedar Boughs play'd with an easie Breeze,  
To fan the Sun-beams from his chearful Eyes;  
Their Branches in a thousand Angles laid,  
Chequer'd his Walks with dancing Light and Shade.  
His short-liv'd Cares set with the falling Day,  
Nor Hope nor Fear lay cross his even Way,  
Safe with the Gods all his To-morrows lay.  
Pleas'd with th'abundance of his daily Store,  
He did not wish, for he cou'd use no more.

Thus Nature govern'd when the World began.

The Laws of Nature were the Laws of Man:  
But long these Rules did not his Fancy suit,  
The Blockhead must be wiser than the Brute;  
Art must new-mould what Nature better taught,  
Or polish o'er what she too coarsely wrought:  
From thence the Taylor and the Parson join'd,  
To cloath his naked Body and his Mind;  
The Taylor only form'd the outward Sign,  
To shew what sort of Creature liv'd within;  
The Priest amaz'd him in his Mystick School,  
Turn'd his Head round, and made him Knave and Fool.  
He taught some Virtues, but in strange Disguise,  
Dress'd up in Pomp, in Rites and Sacrifice,  
The good and bad confus'd, and Truth was brew'd  
with Lies.

Between them both they make us what we are,  
Of Beau and Bigot a promiscuous Share.



## The FALSE MORNING.

THE Morning rose bright as a blooming Bride;  
 Flush'd with Enjoyment from her Lover's Side;  
 So warm for Winter, and so like the Spring,  
 I thought to hear the foolish Cuckoo sing;  
 But see how soon the Blessing turn'd a Curse,  
 The Weather and the Ways grow worse and worse;  
 The Clouds look sullen in the faithless Skies,  
 And Winds like Jealousie, in Murmurs rise;  
 It thunder'd in my Ears, and lighten'd in my Eyes,  
 Sometimes a flatt'ring Minute seem'd to smile,  
 But lasted but a very little while.

Such is the Morning of a married Life,  
 But such the dirty Journey with a Wife.

## The L A D L E.

THE Scepticks think 'twas long ago,  
 Since Gods came down *Incognito*;  
 To see who were their Fiends or Foes,  
 And how our Actions fell or rose:  
 That since they gave Things their Beginning,  
 And set this Whirligig a Spinning,  
 Supine they in their Heav'n remain,  
 Exempt from Pleasure as from Pain;  
 And frankly leave us Human Elves,  
 To cut and shuffle for our selves;  
 To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,  
 As Matter and as Motion jumble.

The Poets now, and Painters, hold  
 This *Thesis* dangerous and bold:  
 And your good-natur'd Gods, they say,  
 Descend some twice or thrice a-day.  
 Else all these things we toil so hard in  
 Would not avail one single Farthing.

For



For when the Hero we rehearse,  
To grace his Actions and our Verse,  
'Tis not by dint of Human Thought  
That to his *Latium* he is brought:  
*Iris* descends, by Fate's Commands,  
To guide his Steps through Foreign Lands;  
And *Amphitrité* clears his way,  
From Rocks and Quick-sands in the Sea.  
And if you see him in a Sketch,  
Tho' drawn by *Paulo* or *Carache*,  
He shows not half his Force and Strength,  
Strutting in Armour, and at length;  
That he may make his proper Figure,  
The Piece must yet be four Yards bigger;  
The *Nymphs* conduct him to the Field,  
One holds his Sword, and one his Shield;  
*Mars* standing by asserts his Quarrel,  
And *Fame* flies after with a Lawrel.

These Points, I say, of Speculation,  
As 'twere to save or sink the Nation,  
Men idly learned will dispute,  
Assert, object, confirm, refute;  
Each mighty angry, mighty right,  
With equal Arms sustains the Fight,  
'Till now no *Medium* can agree 'em;  
So both draw off, and sing *Te Deum*.

Is it in *Æquilibrio*  
If Deities descend or no?  
Then let th' Affirmative prevail,  
As requisite to form my Tale;  
For by all Parties 'tis confest,  
That those Opinions are the best,  
Which in their Nature most conduce  
To present Ends, and private Use.

Two Gods came, therefore, from above;  
One *Mercury*, the other *Jove*:  
The Humour was, it seems, to know  
If all the Favors they bestow  
Cou'd from our own Perverseness ease us,  
And if our Wish enjoy'd might please us.

Discourfing largely on this Theme,  
Oe'r Hills and Dales their Godfhips came;  
'Till well nigh tir'd at almoft Night,  
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,  
That in Difguife a God or Goddeff  
Exerts no fupernatural Powers,  
But afts on Maxims much like Ours.

They fpy'd, at laft, a Country Farm,  
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;  
For Hills before, and Woods behind,  
Secur'd it both from Rain and Wind;  
Fat Oxen in the Fields were lowing,  
Good Grain was fow'd, good Fruit was growing:  
Of laft Year's Corn in Barns great Store,  
Fat Turkey's gobbling at the Door,  
And Wealth, in fhort, with Peace confented,  
That People here fhould live contented:  
But did they in Effect do fo?  
Have Patience; Friend, and thou fhalt know.

The honeft Farmer and his Wife  
To Years declin'd, from Prime of Life,  
Had ftruggled with the Marriage Noofe,  
As almoft ev'ry Couple does:  
Sometimes, My Plague; fometimes, My Darling;  
Kiffing To-day, To-morrow fnarling:  
Jointly fubmitting to endure  
That Evil which admits no Cure.

Our Gods the outward Gate unbarr'd,  
Our Farmer met 'em in the Yard,  
Thought they were Folks that loft their Way,  
And ask'd them civilly to ftay;  
Told 'em, for Supper, or for Bed,  
They might go on, and be worfe fped —  
So faid, fo done, the Gods confent;  
All three into the Parlour went,  
They compliment, they fit, they chat,  
Fight o'er the Wars, reform the State;  
A thoufand knotty Points they clear,  
'Till Supper and my Wife appear.

*Jove* made his Leg, and kiss'd the Dame;  
*Obsequious Hermes* did the same.  
*Jove* kiss'd the Farmer's Wife, you say?  
 He did—— but in an honest way:  
 Oh! not with half that Warmth and Life  
 With which he kiss'd *Amphitryon's* Wife.

Well then, Things handsomely were serv'd;  
 My Mistress for the Strangers carv'd.  
 How strong the Beer, how good the Mear,  
 How loud they laugh, how much they eat,  
 Wou'd gloriously in Verse appear,  
 Yet shall be pass'd in Silence here,  
 For I should grieve to have it said,  
 That, by a fine Description led,  
 I made my Epic very long.

Or tyr'd my Friend, to grace my Song.  
 The Grace-Cup serv'd, the Cloth away,  
*Jove* thought it time to show his Play;  
 Landlord and Landlady, he cry'd,  
 Folly and Jest'ing laid aside,  
 That Ye thus hospitably live,  
 And Strangers with good Chear receive,  
 Is mighty grateful to your Betters,  
 And makes ev'n Gods themselves your Debtors.  
 To give this *Thesis* plainer Proof,  
 You have, To-night, beneath your Roof  
 A Pair of Gods;— nay, never wonder;  
 This Youth can Fly, and I can Thunder.  
 I'm *Jupiter*, and he *Mercurius*,

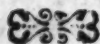
My Page, my Son indeed, but spurious.  
 Form then three Wishes, you and Madam,  
 And sure as you already had 'em,  
 The Things desir'd in half an Hour  
 Shall all be here, and in your Pow'r.

Thank Ye, great Gods, the Woman says,  
 Oh! may your Altars ever blaze,  
 A Ladle for our Silver Dish  
 Is what I want, and what I wish——  
 A Ladle, cries the Man, a Ladle!  
 Odzooks, *Corisca*, you have pray'd ill;

What should be great you turn to Farce;  
 I with the Ladle in your A——  
 With equal Grief and Shame my Muse  
 The sequel of the Tale pursues:  
 The Ladle fell into the Room,  
 And stuck in old Corisca's Bum:  
 Our Couple weep two Wilhes past,  
 And kindly join to form the last,  
 To ease the Woman's aukward Pain,  
 And get the Ladle out again.

## M O R A L.

**T**HIS Commoner has Worth and Parts.  
 Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts;  
 His Head akes for a Coronet,  
 And who is bless'd that is not Great?  
 Some Parts, and more Estate, kind Heav'n  
 To this well-lotted Peer has giv'n;  
 What then? He must have Rule and Sway,  
 And all is wrong 'till he's in Play.  
 The Miser must make up his Plumb,  
 And dare not touch the gotten Sum.  
 The sickly Dotard wants a Wife,  
 To draw off his last Dregs of Life.  
 Against our Peace we Arm our Will,  
 Amidst our Plenty, Something still  
 For Horses, Houses, Pictures, Planting,  
 To Thee, to Me, to Him is wanting.  
 That cruel Something unpossess'd  
 Corrodes and leavens all the rest.  
 That Something if we could obtain,  
 Would soon create a future Pain:  
 And to the Coffin from the Cradle,  
 'Tis all a Wish, and all a Ladle.





*To the Author of the Pastoral,  
Printed Page 171.*

BY *Sylvia*, if thy charming Self be meant,  
If Friendship be thy Virgin Vows extent,  
Oh! let me in *Corinna's* Praises join,  
Hers my Esteem shall be, my Passion thine:  
When for thy Head the Garland I prepare,  
A second Wreath shall bind *Corinna's* Hair;  
And when my choicest Songs thy Worth proclaim,  
Alternate Verse shall bless *Corinna's* Name;  
My Heart shall own the Justice of her Cause,  
And Love himself submit to Friendship's Laws.

But if beneath thy Number's soft Disguise,  
Some favour'd Swain, some true *Alexis* lyes,  
If *Amaryllis* breathes thy secret Pains,  
And thy fond Heart beat Measure to thy Strains,  
May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find  
The Flame propitious, and the Lover kind:  
May *Cytherea* make her Conquest sure,  
And let thy Beauty like thy Verse endure.  
May ev'ry God his friendly Aid afford,  
*Pan* guard thy Flock, and *Ceres* bless thy Board.

Yet, if amidst the Series of these Joys,  
One sad Reflection should by chance arise,  
Give it, in Pity, to the wretched Swain,  
Who loving much, who not belov'd again,  
Felt an ill-fated Passion's last Excess,  
And dy'd in Woe, that thou might'st live in Peace!

---

DELIA. *A Pastoral Eclogue; lamenting  
the Death of Mrs. TEMPEST, who dy'd  
upon the Day of the late Storm.*

YE gentle Swains! who pass your Days and Nights  
In Love's sincere and innocent Delights!

Ye, tender Virgins, who with Pride display  
Your Beauty's Splendor, and extend your Sway!  
Lament with me! with me your Sorrows join!  
And mingle your united Tears with mine!

*Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!*

*Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!*

Begin, my Muse! begin your mournful Strains!  
Tell the sad Tale through all the Hills and Plains!  
Tell it through ev'ry Lawn, and ev'ry Grove!  
Where Flocks can wander, or where Shepherds rove!  
Bid neighb'ring Rivers tell the distant Sea,  
And Winds from Pole to Pole the News convey!

*Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!*

*Delia, the Queen of Beauty's now no more!*

'Tis done, and all obey the mournful Muse!  
See Hills, and Plains, and Winds have heard the News!  
The foaming Sea o'erwhelms the frighten'd Shoar,  
The Vallies tremble, and the Mountains roar.  
See lofty Oaks from firm Foundations torn,  
And Stately Towr's in Heaps of Ruin mourn!  
The gentle *Thames*, that rarely Passion knows,  
Swells with this Sorrow, and her Banks o'erflows:  
What Shrieks are heard? what Groans? what dying  
Ev'n Nature's self in dire Convulsion lyes! [Cries:

*Delia, the Queen of Love, they all deplore!*

*Delia, the Queen of Beauty's now no more!*

Oh! why did I survive the Fatal Day,  
That snatch'd the Joys of all my Life away?  
Why was not I beneath some Ruin lost?  
Sunk in the Seas, or Shipwreck'd on the Coast?  
Why did the Fates spare this devoted Head?  
Why did I live to hear that thou wert dead?  
By thee my Griefs were calm'd, my Torments eas'd,  
Nor knew I Pleasure, but as thou wert pleas'd.  
Where shall I wander now, distress'd, alone?  
What use have I of Life, now thou art gone?

*I have no use, alas! but to deplore*

*Delia, the Pride of Beauty, now no more.*

What living Nymph is bless'd with equal Grace?  
All may dispute, but who can fill thy Place?

What

What Lover in his Mistress hopes to find  
 A Form so lovely, with so bright a Mind?  
*Doris* may boast a Face divinely Fair,  
 But wants thy Shape, thy Motions, and thy Air.  
*Lucinda* has thy Shape, but not those Eyes,  
 That while they did th' admiring World surprize,  
 Disclos'd the secret Lustre of thy Mind,  
 And seem'd each Lover's inmost Thoughts to find.  
 Others, whose Beauty yielding Swains confess,  
 By Indiscretion make their Conquest less,  
 And want thy Conduct and obliging Wit,  
 To fix those Slaves who to their Charms submit.  
 As some Rich Tyrant hoards an useless Store,  
 That wou'd, well plac'd, enrich a thousand more:  
 So didst thou keep a Crowd of Charms retir'd,  
 Wou'd make a thousand other Nymphs admir'd.  
 Gay, modest, artless, beautiful, and young;  
 Slow to resolve, in Resolution strong;  
 To all obliging, yet reserv'd to all,  
 None cou'd himself the favour'd Lover call;  
 That which alone cou'd make his Hopes endure,  
 Was, that he saw no other Swain secure.  
 Whither, ah! whither are those Graces fled?  
 Down to the dark, the melancholy Shade?  
*Now, Shepherds, now lament! and now deplore!*  
*Delia is dead, and Beauty is no more!*

For thee each tuneful Swain prepar'd his Lays,  
 His Fame exalting, while he sung thy Praise.  
*Thyrsis*, in gay and easie Measures, strove  
 To charm thy Ears, and tune thy Soul to Love:  
*Menalcas*, in his Numbers more sublime,  
 Extoll'd thy Virtues in Immortal Rhime.  
*Glycon*, whose Satyr kept the World in Awe,  
 Softning his Strain, when first thy Charms he saw,  
 Confess'd the Goddess that new-form'd his Mind,  
 Proclaim'd thy Beauties, and forgot Mankind.  
 Cease, Shepherds, cease; the Charms you sung are fled!  
 The Glory of our Blasted Isle is dead!  
*Now join your Grievs with mine! and now deplore*  
*Delia, the Pride of Beauty, now no more!*

Behold

Behold where now She lyes, depriv'd of Breath!  
 Charming tho' pale, and beautiful in Death!  
 A Troop of weeping Virgins by her Side;  
 With all the Pomp of Woe, and Sorrow's Pride!  
 Oh, early lost! Oh, fitter to be led  
 In cheerful Splendor to the Bridal Bed!  
 Than thus conducted to th'untimely Tomb,  
 A spotless Virgin, in her Beauty's Bloom!  
 Whatever Hopes superior Merit gave,  
 Let me, at least, embrace thee in the Grave:  
 On thy cold Lips imprint a dying Kiss:  
 Oh! that thy Coyness cou'd refuse me this!  
 Such melting Tears upon thy Limbs I'll pour,  
 Shall thaw their Numbness, and thy Warmth restore;  
 Clasp'd to my glowing Breast, thou may'st revive;  
 I'll breathe such tender Sighs shall make thee live.  
 Or if severer Fates that Aid deny,  
 If thou canst not revive, yet I may die.  
 In one cold Grave together may be laid  
 The Truest Lover, and the Loveliest Maid.  
*Then shall I cease to grieve, and not before;*  
*Then shall I cease fair Delia to deplore.*

But see, those dreadful Objects disappear!  
 The Sun shines out, and all the Heav'ns are clear:  
 The warring Winds are hush'd, the Sea's serene;  
 And Nature soften'd shifts her angry Scene.  
 What means this sudden Change? Methinks I hear  
 Melodious Musick from the Heav'nly Sphere!  
 Listen, ye Shepherds, and devour the Sound!  
 Listen! The Saint, the Lovely Saint is Crown'd!  
 While we, mistaken in our Joy and Grief,  
 Bewail her Fate, who wants not our Relief:  
 From the pleas'd Orbs she views us here below,  
 And with kind Pity wonders at our Woe.

Ah, Charming Saint! since thou art Bless'd above,  
 Indulge thy Lovers, and forgive their Love.  
 Forgive their Tears; who, press'd with Grief and Care,  
 Feel not thy Joys, but feel their own Despair!



PROLOGUE to the University of  
OXFORD, 1681.

By Mr. J. DRYDEN.

THE fam'd *Italian* Muse, whose Rhymes advance  
*Orlando*, and the *Paladins* of *France*,  
Records, that when our Wit and Sense is flown,  
'Tis lodg'd within the Circle of the Moon  
In Earthen Jars, which one, who thither soar'd,  
Set to his Nose, snufft up, and was restor'd.  
Whate'er the Story be, the Moral's true,  
The Wit we lost in Town, we find in you.  
Our Poets their fled Parts may draw from hence,  
And fill their windy Heads with sober Sense.  
When *London* Votes with *Southwark's* disagree,  
Here may they find their long-lost Loyalty.  
Here busie Senates, to th' old Cause inclin'd,  
May snuff the Votes their Fellows left behind:  
Your Country Neighbours, when their Grain grows  
May come and find their *last Provision* here: [dear,  
Whereas we cannot much lament our Loss,  
Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one Cross;  
We look'd what Representatives wou'd bring,  
But they help'd us, just as they did the King.  
Yet we despair not, for we now lay forth  
The *Sibyll's* Books, to those who know their Worth  
And tho' the first was Sacrific'd before,  
These Volumes doubly will the Price restore.  
Our Poet bade us hope this Grace to find,  
To whom by long Prescription you are kind.  
He, whose undaunted Muse, with Loyal Rage,  
Has never spar'd the Vices of the Age,  
Here finding nothing that his Spleen can raise,  
Is forc'd to turn his Satyr into Praise.



SYPHILIS:

Presented to the University of  
Oxford, 1881

By the J. D. T. D. M.

*SYPHILIS:*

OR, A

Poetical HISTORY  
OF THE  
FRENCH DISEASE.

---

Written in *Latin*

By *FRACASTORIUS.*

---

*Fracastoro*

And now Attempted in *English*

By *N. TATE.*

---



---

Printed in the Year MDCCXXVII.

STYTHILL

OR A

Poetical HISTORY

OF THE

FRENCH DISASTERS

Written in Latin

By FRANK STORIE

And now translated into English

By M. T. A. E.



Printed in the Year MDCCXVII



THE  
TRANSLATOR  
TO  
Mr. H O B B S,

*Surgeon to His MAJESTY.*

A Ccept, great Son of Art, this faint effect  
Of a most active, and unfeign'd Respect:  
Numbers that yield (Alas!) too just survey  
Of Physick's growth and Poetry's decay.  
That shew a generous Muse impair'd by me,  
As much as th' Author's Skill's out-done by thee.

This *Indian Conqu'ror's* fatal March he sung,  
To the same Lyre his own *Apollo* strung;  
Whose Notes yet fail'd the Monster to assuage,  
Revenging here, invading *Spaniards* Rage.  
Dear was the Conquest of a new-found World,  
Whose Plague e'er since through all the Old is hurl'd.  
Had *Fracastorius*, who in Numbers told  
(Numbers more rich than those new Lands of Gold)

This

This great Destroyer's Progress, seen this Age  
 And thy Success against the Tyrant's Rage,  
*Bembus* had then been no immortal Name,  
 Thou and thy Art had challeng'd all his Flame!  
 Thou driv'st th' Usurper to his last Retreats,  
 Repairing as thou go'st the ruin'd Seats:  
 Thus while the Foe is by thy Art remov'd,  
 The Holds are strengthen'd and the Soil improv'd,  
 Thy happy Conquest do's at once expell  
 Th' Invader's force, and inbred Factions quell.  
 Thy Patients and *Augusta's* Fate's the same,  
 To rise more fair and lasting for the Flame:  
 While meaner Artists this bold Task essay,  
 I'th' little *World of Man* they lose their way.  
 Thou know'st the secret Passes to each Part,  
 And, skill'd in *Nature*, can'st not fail in *Art*.



The LIFE of  
FRACASTORIUS.

**F**racastorius was descended from the *Fracastorian* Family of great Antiquity in *Verona*. He seemed not only to rival the Fame of *Catullus* and *Pliny*, who had long before made that City renown'd, but to have very far exceeded all his Contemporaries, for Learning and Poetry. His Parents were *Paulo-Philippus Fracastorius* and *Camilla Mascarellia*, both of great Reputation. He was so well educated by his Father, that he gave early proofs of a great Genius, so that in his Childhood all Men conceived hopes of an extraordinary Man. Nor was Providence wanting to give him a signal Testimony, forasmuch as when he was an Infant in the Arms of his Mother, a sudden Tempest arising, in which the Mother was struck dead by Lightning, the Child received no harm. He was sent for Literature while very young to *Padua*, where even in that Age, with indefatigable Labour he opened his way to that height of Glory which he afterwards attained. After the initiatory Arts he applied himself to the secrets of distinct Sciences, but infinitely delighted with the Mathematicks, in all assisted by a Memory equal to his Ingenuity. After several Years spent in Philosophical Studies, under the Tutorship of *Peter Pomponatius* of *Mantua*; he devoted himself by the dictates of his Genius to Physick, with such Resolution and Success, that in the School Disputations, not only his Fellow-Students, but most experienc'd Doctors were sensible that he was designed by Providence for great Undertaking.

takings. Accordingly they then gave him the Honour of the Pulpit, which had never before been permitted to any Person, 'till they had perfected their Studies, and were arrived to the years of Manhood. This School being dissolv'd by the breaking out of the War, while he had Thoughts of returning to his Country (his Father being then dead) he was on honourable Conditions invited by *Livianus*, General of the *Venetian* Forces, and a noble Patron of Wit, to the College *Forojuliensis*, &c.— and lodg'd in the same Apartment of *Andrea Naugerus* and *Johannes Cottac*, two excellent Poets. He had not long resided here, before he published Verses on every extraordinary Occasion that happened, which were received with such general Applause throughout *Italy*, that their fame has to this Day stifled the Performances of his Companions. Having afterwards accompanied *Livianus* through many Wars, the General being at last overthrown and taken Prisoner by the *French* at *Abdua*; he returned late into his native Country, where in the general Devastation he found his Patri-mony almost utterly destroyed.

He marry'd, but was soon unhappy in the Loss of two Sons, whose untimely Death he bewailed in a most passionate Elegy. He was low of Stature, but of good Bulk, his Shoulders broad, his Hair black and long, his Face round, his Eyes black, his Nose short and turning upwards by his continual Contemplation of the Stars, a lively Air was spread over his Countenance, that displayed the Serenity and Ingenuity of his Mind. He affected a quiet and private Life, as being a Man free from ambitious Desires; contenting himself with a moderate Fortune, and placing his Happiness in improvement of his Knowledge. He was chearful though frugal at his Table, having a constant Regard to his Health; his Wit being always the best part of his Banquet. He was notwithstanding sparing in his Speech, and affecting no vanity in his Dress: He was never censorious of other Mens Performances, but always glad of an occasion to commend;



mend; for which he was deservedly celebrated by *Johannes Baptista* in a noble Epigram. He spent his time in curing the diseased, a divine Power seeming always to attend his Endeavours, above the sordid Desire of Gain, and thought himself best rewarded in the Health of his Patient. By these means he contracted many Friendships, and had (deservedly) no Enemy.

He was not only esteemed for his Skill in his own Country, but was sought to by foreign Princes in desperate Sickness; for which though vast Rewards were offered, he brought nothing home beside their Friendship.

In his leisure he diverted himself with reading History, at which time *Polybius*, or *Plutarch*, were never out of his Hands. He sometimes relieved his Studies with Mathematicks and Musick, and made no small Performances in Cosmography. He was much alone, yet always employed; and though by reason of his backwardness to discourse, he seemed of a Saturnine Temper, yet none was more chearful and pleasant when entred into Conversation. He performed Wonders by his exact Knowledge of Herbs and Simples, by searching the best Books of the Ancients. That most excellent Antidote called *Diascordium*, was of his preparing; we are likewise beholden to his Judgment for specifying many useful Herbs, of which the Ancients had left uncertain Description. The Age in which he lived saw nothing equal to his Learning, but his Honesty. In his retreat from the City, while the Pestilence raged, he found leisure to compose the following Poem, a work of such elegance, that *Sannazarius* freely acknowledged it to excel his own, *De partu Virginis*, that had cost him above twenty Years labour and correction. His Treatises in Prose, and efforts of Poetry are too numerous to be recited on this occasion.

In all which he affected so little vanity, that he never preserv'd a Copy; and we are beholden for what are extant, to the industry of his Friends that collected them after his Death.

He

He was above seventy Years old when he died, which was by an Apoplexy that seiz'd him while he was at Dinner at his Country seat. He was sensible of his Malady, though Speechless, often putting his Hand upon the top of his Head, by which sign he would have had his Servants administer a Cupping-Glass to the part affected, by which he had formerly cured a Nun in *Verona*, labouring under the same Distemper. But his Domesticks not conceiving his Meaning, apply'd first one thing and then another, 'till in the Evening he gently expired. He was interr'd at *Verona*: His Statue, together with that of *Andrea Naugerus*, delicately cast in Brass, was erected in the School of *Padua* by *Johannes Baptista Rhamnusius*. His Fellow-Citizens of *Verona*, not to be behind *Rhamnusius* in respect (two Years after the erecting the brazen Statue in *Padua*) set up his Image in Marble at *Verona*, in imitation of their Ancestors, who had performed the same honour to their *Catullus* and *Pliny*; with Laurel round their Heads.



To

To his FRIEND, the Writer of  
the Ensuing Translation.

**W**ELL has thy Fate directed thee to chuse  
An Author, worthy of the noblest Muse:  
His learned Pen has, what was long unknown,  
In Roman Language, like a Roman shown.  
And thine as sweet, in British numbers taught  
The Labours of this vast Poetick Thought.  
Of Earth, of Seas, of putrid Air be sung,  
To search from whence that dire Contagion sprung,  
Which now does worse than fellest Plagues deface  
The beauteous Form of God's resembling Race.

From the malignant Influence of the Skies,  
'Tis sure the Seeds of most Diseases rise.  
But if this merciless, consuming Flame,  
From Vapours, or infectious Planets came;  
Why rag'd it not much more in ancient Times,  
From Exhalations of impurer Climes?  
Besides; no settled Consequence can spring  
From whatsoe'er contingent Causes bring.  
The raging Pestilence, that long lays waste  
The spotted Prey, devours it self at last.  
And sure had this been ne'er so strong entail'd,  
The vile Succession must ere now have fail'd.

Blame not the Stars; 'tis plain it neither fell  
From the distemper'd Heav'ns, nor rose from Hell.  
Nor need we to the distant Indies come;  
The curst Originals are nearer home.

Whence

*Whence should that foul infectious Torment flow,  
But from the baneful Source of all our Woe?  
That wheedling, charming Sex, that draws us in  
To ev'ry Punishment, and ev'ry Sin.*

*While Man, by Heav'n's command, and Nature led,  
Through this vast Globe his Maker's Image spread;  
The Godlike Figure form'd in ev'ry Womb  
Prolifick stems, for Ages yet to come.  
Uncurst, because he did not vainly toil,  
On barren Mountains, or impregnant Soil;  
Healthful and vigorous, he, o'er the Face  
Of the wide Earth, dispers'd the sacred Race.  
But now, that Tribe, who all our Rights invade,  
Pervert the wise Decrees which Nature made.  
Prompt to all Ill, insatiately they fire  
At ev'ry pamper'd Brute's untam'd desire:  
And while they prostitute themselves to more  
Than Eastern Kings had Concubines before;  
The foul Promiscuous Coition breeds,  
Like jarring Elements, those pois'nous Seeds,  
Which all the dreadful host of Symptoms bring;  
And with one curst Disease a Legion spring.*

*Were the decay'd, degen'rate Race of Man  
Untainted now, as when it first began;  
And there were no such tort'ring Plague on Earth,  
The first inconstant Wretch would give it Birth.  
Shun her, as you would fly from splitting Rocks;  
Not Wolves so fatal are to tender Flocks:  
Though round the World the dire Contagion flew,  
She'll poison more, than e'er Pandora flew.*

A POETI-





A  
POETICAL HISTORY  
OF THE  
*French* DISEASE.



Through what Adventures this unknown  
Disease  
So lately did astonish'd *Europe* seize,  
Through *Asian* Coasts and *Libyan* Cities  
ran,  
And from what Seeds the Malady be-  
gan,

Our Song shall tell: To *Naples* first it came  
From *France*, and justly took from *France* its Name,  
Companion of the War —

The Methods next of Cure we shall express,  
The wond'rous Wit of Mortals in Distress:

But when their Skill too faint Resistance made,  
We'll shew the Gods descending to their Aid:

To reach the secret Causes we must rise  
Above the Clouds, and travel o'er the Skies.

The daring Subject let us then pursue,  
Transported with an Argument so new,

While springing Groves and tuneful Birds invite,  
And Muses that in wond'rous Theams delight.

O *Bembus*, Ornament of *Italy*,  
Yet from Cares of State thou canst be free,

Leo's Councils yet can spare thy Skill,  
And let the Business of the World stand still;

O steal a Visit to those cool Retreats,  
 The Muses dearest most frequented Seats;  
 And, gentle *Bembus*, do not there disdain  
 A Member of the *Esculapian* Train,  
 Attempting Physick's Practice to rehearse,  
 And clothing low Experiments in Verse.  
 A God instructs, these Mysteries of old  
 By great *Apollo's* self in equal Strains were told:  
 The smallest Objects oft attract our Eyes,  
 But here, beneath a small Appearance, lies  
 A Source, that greatest Wonder will create,  
 Of Nature much, and very much of Fate.

But thou, *Urania*, who alone canst trace  
 First Causes, measure out the Starry Space;  
 That know'st the Planets number, force and use,  
 And what Effects the vary'd Orbs produce:  
 So may the Spheres thy Heav'nly Course admire,  
 The Stars with envy at thy Beams retire;  
 As thou a-while shalt condescend to dwell  
 With me on Earth, and make this Grove thy Cell;  
 While *Zephyrus* can my Head with Myrtle bound,  
 And imitating Rocks my Song resound.  
 Say, Goddess, to what Cause we shall at last  
 Assign this Plague, unknown to Ages past;  
 If from the Western Climes 'twas wasted o'er,  
 When daring *Spaniards* left their native Shore;  
 Resolv'd beyond th' *Atlantick* to descry  
 Conjectur'd Worlds, or in the search to die.  
 For Fame reports this Grief perpetual there,  
 From Skies infected and polluted Air:  
 From whence 'tis grown so Epidemical,  
 Whole Cities Victims to its Fury fall;  
 Few 'scape, for what Relief where vital Breath,  
 The Gate of Life, is made the Road of Death?  
 If then by Traffick thence this Plague was brought,  
 How dearly, dearly was that Traffick bought!  
 This Prodigy of Sicknes, weak at first,  
 (Like Infant Tyrants, and in secret Nurst)  
 When once confirm'd, with sudden Rage breaks forth,  
 And scatters Desolation through the Earth.

So while the Shepherd trav'ling through the Dark,  
Strikes his dim Torch, some unsuspected Spark  
Falls in the Stubble, where it smothers long,  
But by degrees becomes at last so strong,  
That now it spreads o'er all the Neighb'ring Soil,  
Devours at once the Plowman's Hope and Toil;  
The Sacred Grove next Sacrifice must be,  
Nor *Jove* can save his dedicated Tree;  
The Grove foment its Rage, from whence it flies  
In curling Flames, and seems to fire the Skies,  
Yet Observation rightly taken draws  
This new Distemper from some newer Cause;  
Nor Reason can allow that this Disease  
Came first by Commerce from beyond the Seas;  
Since Instances in divers Lands are shown,  
To whom all *Indian* Traffick is unknown:  
Nor could th' Infection from the Western Clime  
Seize distant Nations at the self-same time;  
And in remoter Parts begin its Reign,  
As fierce and early as it did in *Spain*.  
What Slaughter in our *Italy* was made,  
Where *Tiber's* Tribute to the Ocean's paid;  
Where *Po* does through a hundred Cities glide,  
And pours as many Streams into the Tide.  
All at one Season, all without Relief,  
Receiv'd and languish'd with the common Grief.  
Nor can th' Infection first be charg'd on *Spain*,  
That sought new Worlds beyond the Western Main:  
Since from *Pyrene's* Foot, to *Italy*,  
It shed its Bane on *France*, while *Spain* was free.  
As soon the fertile *Rhine* its Fury found,  
And Regions with eternal Winter bound:  
Nor yet did Southern Climes its Vengeance shun,  
But felt a Flame more scorching than the Sun.  
The Palms of *Ida* now neglected stood,  
And *Egypt* languish'd while her *Nile* o'erflow'd;  
From whence 'tis plain this Pest must be assign'd  
To some more pow'rful Cause, and hard to find.  
In all Productions of wise Nature's Hand,  
Whether conceiv'd in Air, on Sea, or Land;

No constant Method does direct her way,  
 But various Beings various Laws obey;  
 Such things as from few Principles arise,  
 In every Place and Season meet our Eyes;  
 But what are fram'd of Principles abstruse,  
 Such Places only and such Times produce.  
 Effects of yet a more stupendious Birth,  
 And such as Nature must with Pangs bring forth,  
 Where violent and various Seeds unite,  
 Break slowly from the Bosom of the Night;  
 Long in the Womb of Fate the Embryo's worn,  
 Whole Ages pass before the Monster's born.  
 Diseases thus which various Seeds compound,  
 As various in their Birth and Date are found.  
 Some always seen, some long in Darknes hurl'd,  
 That break their Chains at last to scourge the World,  
 To which black List this Plague must be assign'd,  
 Night's foulest Birth and Terror of Mankind.  
 Nor must we yet think this Escape the first,  
 Since former Ages with the like were curst.  
 Long since he scatter'd his Infernal Flame,  
 And always Being had, tho' not a Name;  
 At least what Name it bore is now unfound:  
 Both Names and Things in Time's Abyss lye drown'd.  
 How vainly then do we project to keep  
 Our Names remembred, when our Bodies sleep?  
 Since late Succession searching their Descent,  
 Shall neither find our Dust nor Monument.  
 Yet where the Western Ocean finds its Bound  
 (The World so lately by the *Spaniards* found)  
 Beneath this Pest the wretched Natives groan,  
 In every Nation there and always known.  
 Such dire Effects depend upon a Clime,  
 On varying Skies and long Revolving Time:  
 The Temper of their Air this Plague brought forth,  
 The Soil it self dispos'd for such a Birth.  
 All things conspir'd to raise the Tyrant there,  
 But Time alone cou'd fix his Conquest here.  
 If therefore more distinctly we would know  
 Each Source from whence this deadly Bane did flow,

His



His Progress in the Earth we must survey,  
 How many Cities groan beneath his Sway.  
 And when his great Advancement we have trac'd,  
 We must allow his Principles as vast:  
 That Earth nor Sea th' Ingredients cou'd prepare;  
 And wholly must ascribe it to the Air,  
 The Tyrant's Seat, his Magazine is there.  
 The Air that do's both Earth and Sea surround,  
 As easily can Earth and Sea confound;  
 What Fence for Bodies, when at ev'ry Pore  
 The soft-Invader has an open Door?  
 What Fence, where Poison's drawn with vital Breath,  
 And Father Air the Author proves of Death?  
 Of subtile Substance that with Ease receives  
 Infection, which as easily it gives.  
 Now by what means this dire Contagion first  
 Was form'd aloft, by what Ingredients nurs'd,  
 Our Song shall tell; and in this wond'rous Course  
 Revolving times and varying Planets force.

First then, the Sun with all his Train of Stars,  
 Amongst our Elements raise endless Wars;  
 And when the Planets from their Stations range,  
 Our Orb is influenc'd, and feels the Change.  
 The chiefest Instance is the Sun's Retreat;  
 No sooner he withdraws his vital Heat,  
 But fruitless Fields with Snow are cover'd o'er,  
 The pretty Fountains run and talk no more.  
 Yet when his Chariot to the *Crab* returns,  
 The Air, the Earth, the very Ocean burns.  
 The Queen of Night can boast no less a Sway,  
 At least all humid Things her Power obey.  
 Malignant *Saturn's* Star as much can claim,  
 With friendly *Jove's*, bright *Mars*, and *Venus'* Flame,  
 And all the Host of Lights without a Name.  
 Our Elements beneath their Influence lye,  
 Slaves to the very Rabble of the Sky.  
 But most when many meet in one Abode,  
 Or when some Planet enters a new Road,  
 Far distant from the Course he us'd to run,  
 Some mighty Work of Fate is to be done.

Long Tracts of Time indeed must first be spent,  
 Before Completion of the vast Event;  
 But when the Revolution once is made,  
 What Mischiefs Earth and Sea at once invade!  
 Poor Mortals then shall all Extremes sustain,  
 While Heav'n dissolves in Deluges of Rain;  
 Which from the Mountains with impetuous Course,  
 And headlong Rage, Trees, Rocks, and Towns shall  
 O'er swelling *Ganges* then shall sweep the Plain, [force,  
 And peaceful *Poe* out-roar the stormy Main.  
 In other Parts the Springs as low shall lye,  
 And Nymphs with Tears, exhausted Streams supply,  
 Where neither Drought nor Deluges destroy,  
 The Winds their utmost Fury shall employ;  
 While Hurricanes whole Cities shall o'erthrow,  
 Or Earthquakes gorge them in the Depths below,  
 Perhaps the Season shall arrive (if Fate  
 And Nature once agree upon the Date)  
 When this most cultivated Earth shall be  
 Unpeopl'd quite, or drench'd beneath the Sea;  
 When ev'n the Sun another Course shall steer,  
 And other Seasons constitute the Year:  
 The wond'ring North shall see the springing Vine,  
 And *Moors* admire at Snow beneath the Line.  
 New *Species* then of Creatures shall arise,  
 A new Creation Nature's self surprise.  
 Then Youth shall lend fresh Vigour to the Earth,  
 And give a second Breed of Gyants Birth,  
 By whom a new Assault shall be perform'd,  
 Hills heap'd on Hills, and Heav'n once more be storm'd.

Since Nature's then so liable to change,  
 Why should we think this late Contagion strange;  
 Or that the Planets where such Mischiefs grow,  
 Should shed their Poyson on the Earth below?

Two hundred rowling Years are past away,  
 Since *Mars* and *Saturn* in Conjunction lay,  
 When through the East an unknown Fever rag'd,  
 Of strange Effects, and by no Arts asswag'd;  
 From suffocated Lungs with Pain they drew  
 Their Breath, and Blood for Spittle did ensue;

Four Days the Wretches with this Plague were griev'd,  
 (O dismal Sight!) and then by Death reliev'd.  
 From thence to *Persia* the Contagion came,  
 Of whom th' *Assyrians* catch'd the spreading Flame.  
*Euphrates* next and *Tigris* did complain,  
*Arabia* too, styl'd happy now in vain;  
 Then *Phrygia* mourn'd, from whence it cross'd the Sea  
 (Too small to quench its Flame) to *Italy*.

Then from this lower Orb with me remove,  
 To view the Starry Palaces above,  
 Through all the Roads of wand'ring Planets rove. }  
 To search in what Position they have stood,  
 And what Conjectures were from them made good,  
 To find what Signs did former times direct,  
 And what the present Age is to expect:  
 From hence perhaps we shall with ease descry  
 The Source of this stupendous Malady.  
 Behold how *Cancer* with portentous Harms  
 Before Heav'n's Gate unfolds his threat'ning Arms;  
 Prodigious Ills must needs from thence ensue,  
 In which one House we may distinctly view  
 A numerous Cabal of Stars conspire,  
 To hurl at once on Air their baneful Fire:  
 All this the reverend Artist did descry,  
 Who nightly watch'd the Motions of the Sky,  
 Ye Gods (he cry'd) what does your Rage prepare,  
 What unknown Plague engenders in the Air?  
 Besides, I see dire Wars on *Europe* shed,  
*Ausonian* Fields with Native Gore o'erspread.  
 Thus sung the Sage, and to prevent Debate,  
 In writing left the Story of our Fate.  
 When any certain Course of Years is run,  
 Ere the next Revolution be begun,  
 Heav'n's Method is, for *Jove* in all his State  
 To weigh Events, and to determine Fate;  
 To search the Book of Destiny, and show  
 What change shall rise in Heav'n or Earth below.  
 Behold him then in awful Robes array'd,  
 And calling his known Council to his Aid;

*Saturn* and *Mars* the thund'ring Summons call,  
 The *Crab's* portentous Arms unlock the Hall:  
 Mark with what various Mein the Gods repair;  
 First *Mars* with sparkling Eyes and flaming Hair,  
 So furious and addicted to Alarms,  
 He dreams of Battels, though in *Venus's* Arms.  
 But see with what august and peaceful Brow  
 (Of Gold his Chariot if the Fates allow)  
 Great *Jove* appears, who does to all extend  
 Impartial Justice, Heav'n and Nature's Friend.  
 Old *Saturn* last with heavy Pace comes on,  
 Loth to obey the Summons of his Son;  
 Oft going stopt, oft ponder'd in his Mind  
 Heav'n's Empire lost, oft to return inclin'd;  
 Thus, much distracted, and arriving late,  
 Sits grudging down beside the Chair of State.  
*Jove* now unfolds what Fate's dark Laws contain,  
 Which *Jove* alone has Wisdom to explain:  
 Sees rip'ning Mischiefs ready to be hurl'd,  
 And much condole the Sufferings of the World:  
 Unfolded views Death's Adamantine Gates,  
 War, Slaughters, Factions, and subverted States.  
 But most astonish'd at a new Disease,  
 That must forthwith on helpless Mortals seize.  
 These Secrets he unfolds, and shakes the Skies:  
 The Gods condole, and from the Council rise.  
 Hell's Agent thus no sooner quits his Cage,  
 But on the starting Spheres he hurls his Rage:  
 The purer Orbs disdain th' infernal Foe,  
 And shake the Taint upon the Air below.  
 The grosser Air receives the baneful Seeds,  
 Converting to the Poison which it feeds:  
 Whether the Sun from Earth this Vapour drew,  
 In late Conjunction with his fiery Crew;  
 Or from fermenting Seas by *Neptune* sent,  
 In Envy to the higher Element,  
 Is hard to say; or if more Pow'rs combin'd,  
 Sent forth this Prodigy to fright Mankind.  
 The Offices of Nature to define,  
 And to each Cause a true Effect assign,



Must be a Task both hard and doubtful too,  
Since various Consequences oft ensue:  
Nor Nature always to herself is true:  
Some Principles shall on the Instant work,  
Whilst others shall for tedious Ages lurk:  
Besides, the Pow'r of Chance shall oft prevail  
On Nature's Force, and cause Events to fail.  
Nor is the Influence of Maladies  
Less various than the Seeds from whence they rise.  
Sometimes th' infected Air hurts Trees alone,  
To Grass and tender Flowers pernicious known.  
The Blast sometimes destroys the furrow'd Soil  
With Mildew'd Ears, not worth the Reaper's Toil.  
Or if some Dale with Grain seems more enrich'd,  
It moulds and rots before the Sheaves are pitch'd.  
When Earth yields Store, yet oft some strange Disease  
Shall fall, and only on poor Cattle seize:  
Here it shall sweep the Stock, while there it sheds  
Its Fury only on devoted Heads.  
My own Remembrance to this Hour retains,  
An Autumn drown'd with never-ceasing Rains:  
Yet this malignant Luxury the Breed  
Of Goats alone did rue, the rest were freed.  
See how at Break of Day their Numbers told,  
See how the Keeper drives them from the Fold:  
Behold him next beneath a hanging Rock,  
And cheering with his Reed the browzing Flock,  
While them he charms, nor is himself less pleas'd,  
With a sharp sudden Cough some darling Kid is seiz'd:  
The Cough his Knell, for with a giddy Round  
He whirls, and strait falls dead upon the Ground.  
This Fever thus to Goats and Kids severe,  
While *Autumn* held, confin'd his Vengeance there;  
Next Spring, both lowing Herd and bleating Flock  
At once it seiz'd, spar'd none, but swept the Stock:  
With such uncertainty from tainted Skies  
In Bodies plac'd on Earth Effects arise.  
Since then by dear Experiment we find  
Diseases various in their Rise and Kind:

Of this Contagion let us take a view,  
 More terrible for being strange and new,  
 That with the proudest Son of Slaughter vies,  
 And claims no lower Kindred than the Skies;  
 And as he did aloft conceive his Flame,  
 The proud Destroyer seeks no common Game,  
 He scorns the well-finn'd Sporters of the Flood,  
 He scorns the well-plum'd Singers of the Wood;  
 Disdains the wanton Browzers of the Rock,  
 Disdains the lowing Herd and bleating Flock;  
 With Wolf or Bear despises to engage,  
 Nor can the generous Horse provoke his Rage:  
 The Lords of Nature only he annoys,  
 And Human Frame, Heav'n's Images, destroys,  
 The Blood's black viscous Parts he seizes first,  
 By whose malignant Aliments he's nurs'd;  
 And ere he can the fierce Assault begin,  
 Factions of Humours take his Part within;  
 The strongest Holds of Nature thus he gains,  
 Quart'ring his cruel Troops throughout the Veins,  
 While some more noble Seat the Tyrant's Throne  
 contains.

Such Principles brought this Distemper forth,  
 Such Aliments maintain'd the dreadful Birth:  
 His certain Signs and Symptons to rehearse,  
 Is the next Task of our instructing Verse.  
 O, may it prove of such a lasting Date,  
 To conquer Time, and triumph over Fate.  
*Apollo's* self inspires the useful Song,  
 And all that to *Apollo* does belong,  
 Like him, should ever live, and be for ever young.  
 How shall Posterity admire our Skill,  
 Taught by our Muse to know the lurking Ill?  
 And when his dreadful Visage they behold,  
 Cry, this is the Disease whose Signs of old  
 Th' inspir'd Physician in bright Numbers told.  
 For tho' th' infernal Pest should quit the Earth,  
 Absconding in the Hell that gave it Birth;  
 Yet after lazy Revolutions past,  
 The unsuspected Prodigy at last

Shall

Shall from the Womb of Night once more be hurl'd,  
T'infect the Skies, and to amaze the World,  
What therefore seems most wond'rous in his Course  
Is, that he should so long conceal his Force;  
For when the Foe his secret way has made,  
And in our Intrails strong Detachments laid;  
Yet oft the Moon four monthly Rounds shall steer,  
Before convincing Symptoms shall appear;  
So long the Malady shall lurk within,  
And grow confirm'd before the Danger's seen;  
Yet with Disturbance to the Wretch diseas'd,  
Who with unwonted heaviness is seiz'd,  
With drooping Spirits his Affairs pursues,  
And all his Limbs their Offices refuse,  
The chearful Glories of his Eyes decay,  
And from his Cheeks the Roses fade away,  
A leaden Hue o'er all his Face is spread,  
And greater Weights depress his drooping Head;  
'Till by degrees the secret Parts shall show,  
By open Proofs, the undermining Foe;  
Who now his dreadful Ensigns shall display,  
Devour, and harass in the sight of Day.  
Again, when chearful Light has left the Skies,  
And Night's ungrateful Shades and Vapours rise;  
When Nature to our Spirit sounds Retreat,  
And to the Vitals calls her straggling Heat:  
When th' Outworks are no more of Warmth possess'd,  
Bloodless, and with a Load of Humours prest;  
When ev'ry kind Relief's retir'd within,  
'Tis then the Execrable Pains begin:  
Arms, Shoulders, Legs, with restless Arches vex'd,  
And with Convulsions ev'ry Nerve perplex'd;  
For when through all our Veins th' Infection's spread,  
And by whate'er should feed the Body fed;  
When Nature strives the Vitals to defend,  
And all destructive Humours outward send:  
These being viscous, gross, and loth to start,  
In its dull march shall torture ev'ry Part;  
Whence to the Bloodless Nerves dire Pains ensue,  
At once contracted and extended too;

The thinner Parts will yet not stick so fast,  
 But to the Surface of the Skin are cast,  
 Which in foul Botches o'er the Body spread,  
 Prophane the Bosom, and deform the Head:  
 Here Pustles in the form of Acorns swell'd,  
 In Form alone, for these with Stench are fill'd,  
 Whose Ripeness is Corruption, that in time  
 Disdain Confinement, and discharge the Slime;  
 Yet oft the Foe would turn his Forces back,  
 The Brawn and inmost Muscles to attack,  
 And pierce so deep, that the bare Bones have been  
 Betwixt the dreadful fleshy Breaches seen;  
 When on the vocal Parts his Rage was spent,  
 Imperfect Sounds, for tuneful Speech was sent.  
 As on a springing Plant, you have beheld  
 The Juice that through the tender Bark has swell'd,  
 That from the Sap's more viscous part did come,  
 'Till by the Sun condens'd into a Gumm;  
 So when this Bane is once receiv'd within,  
 With such Eruptions he shall force the Skin;  
 And when the Humour for a time has flow'd,  
 Grow fixt at last, and harden to a Node,  
 Hence some young Swain, as on the Rocks he stood,  
 To view his Picture in the Crystal Flood,  
 And finding there his lovely Cheeks deform'd,  
 Against the Stars, against the Gods he storm'd:  
 Mean-while the Sable Wings of Night are spread,  
 And balmy Sleep on ev'ry Creature shed,  
 These Wretches only no Repose could take,  
 By this tormenting Fiend still kept awake;  
 Impatient 'till the Morn restor'd the Light,  
 Then curst her Beams, and wish'd again for Night.  
 Ceres in vain her Blessings did afford,  
 In vain the flowing Goblet crown'd the Board;  
 No comfort they in large Possessions had  
 Of Farms, or Towns, but e'en in Banquets sad:  
 In vain the Streams, and Meads they did frequent,  
 The dismal Thought pursu'd where-e'er they went;  
 And when for Prospect they would climb the Hill,  
 The dire Remembrance hagg'd their Fancy still:



In vain the Gods themselves they did invoke,  
 Adorn'd their Shrines, and made their Altars smoak;  
 They Brib'd and Pray'd, yet still reliefless lay,  
 Their offer'd Gums consum'd less fast than they,  
 Shall I relate what I my self beheld,  
 Where *Ollius*' stream with gentle plenty swell'd?  
 In those fair Meads where *Ollius* cuts his way,  
 A Youth of Godlike form I did survey,  
 By all the World besides unparallel'd;  
 And ev'n in *Italy* by none excell'd;  
 First Signs of Manhood on his Cheeks were shown,  
 A tender Harvest, and but thinly sown,  
 Besides those Charms that did his Person grace,  
 Descended from a rich and noble Race:  
 What transport in Spectators did he breed,  
 Mounted, and managing the fiery Steed,  
 What Joy at once, and Terror did we feel,  
 When he prepar'd for Field, and shone in Steel?  
 Of equal Strength and Skill for Exercise,  
 All conflicts try'd, but never lost a Prize;  
 Oft in the Chase his Courser he'd forego,  
 Trust his own Feet, and turn the swiftest Roe.  
 For him each Nymph, for him each Goddess strove,  
 Of Hill, of Plain, of Meadow, Stream and Grove;  
 Nor can we doubt that in this numerous Train,  
 Some One (neglected) did to Heaven complain,  
 Who though in vain she lov'd, yet did not Curse  
     in vain;  
 For whilst the Youth did to his Strength confide,  
 And Nerves in ev'ry Task of hardship try'd,  
 This finish'd Piece, this celebrated Frame,  
 The Mansion of a loath'd Disease became:  
 But of such baneful, and malignant Kind,  
 As Ages past ne'er knew, and future ne'er shall find.  
 Now might you see his Spring of Youth decay,  
 The Verdure dye, the Blossoms fall away;  
 The foul Infection o'er his Body spread,  
 Prophanes his Bosom, and deforms his Head;  
 His wretched Limbs with filth and stench o'erflow,  
 While Flesh divides, and shews the Bones below.

Dire

Dire Ulcers (can the Gods permit them?) prey  
 On his fair Eye-balls, and devour their Day,  
 Whilst the neat Pyramid below, falls Mould'ring  
 quite away,

Him neighbouring *Alps* bewail'd with constant Dew,  
*Ollius* no more his wonted Passage knew; [moan'd,  
 Hills, Valleys, Rocks, Streams, Groves, his Fate be-  
*Sebinus'* Lake from deepest Caverns groan'd.

From hence malicious *Saturn's* Force is known,  
 From whose malignant Orb this Plague was thrown,  
 To whom more cruel *Mars* assistance lent,  
 And club'd his Influence to the dire Event:  
 Nor could the Malice of the Stars suffice,  
 To make such execrable Mischief rise;  
 For certainly ere this Disease began,  
 Through Hell's dark Courts the cursing Furies ran,  
 Where to astonish Ghosts they did relate,  
 In dreadful Songs, the Barthen of our Fate;  
 The *Strygian* Pool did to the Bottom rake,  
 And from its Dregs the curst Ingredients take,  
 Which scatter'd since through *Europe* wide and far,  
 Bred Pestilence, and more consuming War,

Ye Deities who once our Guardians were,  
 Who made th' *Ausonian* Fields your special Care,  
 And thou O *Saturn*, Father of our Breed,  
 From whence do's this unwonted Rage proceed  
 Against thy ancient Seats?  
 Has Fate's dark Store a Plague yet left, which we  
 Have not sustain'd ev'n to Extremity?  
 First let *Parthenope* her Grievs declare,  
 Her Kings destroy'd, her Temples sack'd in War.  
 Who can the Slaughter of that Day recite,  
 When hand to hand we join'd the *Gauls* in fight,  
 When *Tarrus'* Brook was so o'er-swell'd with Blood,  
 Men, Horses, Arms, rowl'd down th' impetuous  
*Eridanus* in wand'ring Banks receives [Flood?  
 The purple Stream, and for our Fate with Brother  
*Tarrus* grieves.

To what Estate, O wretch'd *Italy*,  
 Has civil Strife reduc'd, and moulder'd Thee?

Where

Where now are all thy ancient Glories hurl'd?  
 Where is thy boasted Empire of the World?  
 What nook in thee from barb'rous Rage is freed,  
 And has not seen her captive Children bleed?  
 That was not first to savage Arms a Prey,  
 And do's not yet more savage Laws obey?  
 Answer ye Hills where peaceful Clusters grew,  
 And never 'till this Hour disturbance knew,  
 Calm as the Flood which at your Feet ye view;  
 Calm as *Erethennus*, who on each side  
 Beholds your Vines, and ravisht with their Pride,  
 Moves slowly with his Tribute to the Tide.

O *Italy*, our ancient happy Seat,  
 Glory of Nations, and the Gods Retreat,  
 Whose fruitful Fields for peopled Towns provide,  
 Where *Athetis*, and smooth *Benacus* glide,  
 What words have force, thy Sufferings to relate,  
 Thy Servile Yoke, and ignominious Fate!  
 Now dive, *Benacus*, thy fam'd Course give o'er,  
 And lead thy Streams through Laurel-Banks no more.

Yet, when our Mis'ries thus were at their height,  
 As if our Sorrows still had wanted weight,  
 As if our former Plagues had been too small,  
 We saw our Hope, *Minerva's* Darling, fall;  
 Thy Funeral, *Marcus*, we did then survey,  
 Snatcht from the Muses Arms before thy Day,  
*Benacus* Banks at thy Interment groan'd,  
 And neighbouring *Athetis* thy Fate bemoan'd;  
 Where by the Moon's pale Beams, *Catullus* came,  
 And nightly still was heard to sound thy Name,  
 His Songs once more his native Seats inspire, [Lyre]  
 The Groves were charm'd, and knew their Master's

'Twas now the *Gauls* began their fierce Alarms,  
 And crusht *Liguria* with victorious Arms,  
 While other Provinces as fast expire  
 By *Cesar's* Sword, and more destructive Fire;  
 No *Latian* Seat was free from Slaughter found,  
 But all alike with Tears and Blood were drown'd.

Now for our second Task, and what Relief  
 Our Age has found against this raging Grief,

The

The Methods now of Cure we will express,  
 The wond'rous Wit of Mortals in distress.  
 Astonisht long they lay, no Remedy  
 At first they knew, nor Courage had to try,  
 But learnt by slow Experience to appease,  
 To check, and last to vanquish the Disease.  
 Yet after all our Study, we must own  
 Some Secrets were by Revelation known:  
 For though the Stars in dark Cabals combin'd,  
 And for our Ruin with the Furies join'd,  
 Yet were we not to last Destruction left,  
 Nor of the Gods Protection quite bereft.  
 If strange and dreadful Maladies have reign'd,  
 If Wars, dire Massacres we have sustain'd,  
 If Flames have laid our Fields and Cities waste,  
 Our Temples too in common Rubbish cast;  
 If swelling Streams no more in Banks were kept,  
 But Men, Herds, Houses with the Flood were swept;  
 If few surviv'd these Plagues, and Famine slew  
 The greater Part of that surviving Few;  
 Yet of such great Adventures we are proud,  
 As Fate had to no former Age allow'd.  
 For, what no Mortals ever dar'd before,  
 We have the Ocean stemm'd from sight of Shore;  
 Nor was't enough, by *Atlas* farthest bound,  
 That we the fair *Hesperian* Gardens found,  
 That we t' *Arabia* a new Passage sought,  
 While Ships for Camels the rich Lading brought:  
 To th' outmost East we since a Voyage made,  
 And in the rising Sun our Sails display'd,  
 Beyond the *Ind* large Tracts of Land did find,  
 And left the World's reputed bounds behind.  
 To pass the World's reputed bounds were small  
 Performances, of greater Glory call  
 Our fam'd Adventures on the Western Shore,  
 Discovering Stars, and Worlds unknown before;  
 But waving these, our Age has yet beheld  
 An inspir'd Poet, and by none excell'd;  
*Parthenope* extoll'd the Songs he made,  
*Sebethe's* God, and *Virgil's* sacred Shade.

From



From Gardens to the Stars his Muse would rise,  
 And made the Earth acquainted with the Skies.  
 His Name might well the Ages Pride sustain,  
 But many more exalted Souls remain;  
 Who, when expir'd, and Envy with them dead,  
 To equal the best Ancients shall be said:  
 But, *Bembus*, while this List we do unfold,  
 In which Heav'n's Blessings on the Age are told,  
*Leo*, the most illustrious Place do's claim,  
 The great Restorer of the *Roman* Name;  
 By whose mild Aspects, and auspicious Fire,  
 Malignant Planets to their Cells retire.  
*Jove's* friendly Star once more is seen to rise,  
 And scatters healing Lustre through the Skies,  
 He, only he, our Losses could repair,  
 And call the Muses to their native Air,  
 Restore the ancient Laws of Right and Just,  
 Polish Religion from Barbarian Rust.  
 For Heav'n, and *Rome* engag'd in fierce Alarms,  
 With pious Vengeance, and with sacred Arms,  
 Whose terrour to *Euphrates'* Banks was spread,  
 While *Nile* retir'd t' his undiscover'd Head,  
 And frighted *Doris* div'd into her oozy Bed.

While some more able Muse shall sing his Name;  
 In Numbers equal to his Deeds and Fame  
 While *Bembus* thou shalt this great Theme rehearse,  
 And weave his Praises in eternal Verse,  
 Let me, in what I have propos'd, proceed;  
 With Subject suited to my slender Reed.

First then, your Patient's Constitution learn,  
 And well the Temper of his Blood discern;  
 If that be pure, with so much greater ease  
 You will engage, and vanquish the Disease,  
 Whose Venom, where black Choler choaks the Veins,  
 Takes firmer hold, and will exact more Pains,  
 More violent Assaults you there must make,  
 And on the batter'd Frame no pity take.  
 Whoe'er can soon discern the lurking Grief,  
 With far less labour may expect Relief;

But when the Foe has deeper inroads made,  
 And gain'd the factious Humours to his Aid,  
 What Toil, what Conflicts must be first sustain'd,  
 Before he's dispossest, and Health regain'd?  
 Therefore with Care his first Approaches find,  
 And hoard these useful Precepts in thy Mind.

From noxious Winds preserve your self with care,  
 And such are all that from the South repair,  
 Of Fens and Lakes avoid th' unwholsome Air,  
 To open Fields and sunny Mountains fly,  
 Where Zephyr fans, and Boreas sweeps the Sky:  
 Nor must you there indulge Repose, but stray,  
 And in continu'd Actions spend the Day;  
 With ev'ry Beast of Prey loud War proclaim,  
 And make the grizly Boar your constant Game,  
 Nor yet amongst these great Attempts disdain  
 To rouse the Stag, and force him to the Plain.  
 Some I have known to th' Chase so much inclin'd,  
 That in the Woods they left their Grief behind,  
 Nor yet think scorn the sordid Plow to guide,  
 Or with the pond'rous Rake the Clods divide,  
 With heavy Ax, and many a weary Blow,  
 The towering Pine, and spreading Oak o'erthrow;  
 The very House yields Exercise, the Hall  
 Has room for Fencing, and the bounding Ball.  
 Rouze, rouze, shake off your fond Desire of Ease,  
 For Sleep foment and feeds the foul Disease,  
 'Tis then th' Invader do's the Vitals seize,  
 But chiefly from thy Thoughts all Sorrows drive,  
 Nor with *Minerva's* knotty Precepts strive,  
 With lighter Labours of the Muses sport,  
 And seek the Plains where Swains and Nymphs resort.  
 Abstain however from the Act of Love,  
 For nothing can so much destructive prove:  
 Bright *Venus* hates polluted Mysteries,  
 And ev'ry Nymph from foul Embraces flies,  
 Dire Practice! Poison with Delight to bring,  
 And with the Lover's Darr, the Serpent's Sting.

A proper Diet you must next prepare,  
 Than which there's nothing more requires your Care,

All

All Food that from the Fens is brought refuse,  
 Whate'er the standing Lakes or Seas produce,  
 Nor must long Custom pass for an Excuse;  
 Therefore from Fish in general I dissuade,  
 All these are of a washy Substance made,  
 Which though the luscious Palate they content,  
 Convert to Humours more than Nourishment;  
 Ev'n Gilt-heads, though most tempting to the sight,  
 And sharp-fin'd Perch that in the Rocks delight,  
 All sorts of Fowl that on the Water prey,  
 By the same Rule I'd have remov'd away,  
 Forbear the Drake, and leave *Rome's* ancient Friend  
 The Capitol and City to defend.  
 No less the Bustard's luscious Flesh decline,  
 Forbear the Back and Entrails of the Swine,  
 Nor with the hunted Boar thy Hunger stay,  
 Enjoy the Sport, but still forbear the Prey.  
 I hold nor Cucumber nor Mushrooms good,  
 And Artichoke is too falacious Food:  
 Nor yet the use of Milk would I enjoin,  
 Much less of Vinegar or eager Wine,  
 Such as from *Rhætia* comes, and from the *Rhine*;  
 The *Sabine* Vintage is of safer Use,  
 Which mellow and well-water'd Fields produce:  
 But if your Banquets with the Gods you'd make,  
 Of Herbs and Roots the unbought Dainties take;  
 Be sure that Mint and Endive still abound,  
 And Sowthistle, with Leaves in Winter crown'd,  
 And *Sian* by clear Fountains always found;  
 To these add Calamint, and Savery,  
 Burrage and Balm, whose mingled Sweets agree,  
 Rochet and Sorrel I as much approve:  
 The climbing Hop grows wild in ev'ry Grove,  
 Take thence the infant Buds, and with them join  
 The curling Tendrels of the springing Vine,  
 Whose Arms have yet no friendly shade allow'd,  
 Nor with the weight of juicy Clusters bow'd.  
 Particulars were endless to rehearse,  
 And weightier Subjects now demand our Verse.

We'll

We'll draw the Muses from *Aonian Hills*,  
 To Nature's Garden, Groves and humble Rills,  
 Where if no Lawrels spring, or if I find  
 That those are all for Conquerors design'd,  
 With Oaken Leaves at least I'll bind my Brow,  
 For Millions say'd you must that Grace allow!

At first approach of Spring, I would advise,  
 Or ev'n in Autumn Month, if strength suffice,  
 To bleed your Patient in the regal Vein,  
 And by degrees th' infected Current drein;  
 But in all Seasons fail not to expel,  
 And purge the noxious Humours from their Cell;  
 But fit Ingredients you must first collect,  
 And then their different Qualities respect,  
 Make firm the Liquid and the Gross dissect.

Take, therefore, care to gather, in their prime,  
 The sweet *Corycian* and *Pamphylian* Thyme,  
 These you must boil, together with the rest:  
 In this ensuing Catalogue exprest:  
 Fennel and Hop that close Embraces weaves,  
 Parsley and Fumitory's bitter Leaves;  
 Wild Fern on ev'ry Down and Heath you'll meet  
 With Leaves resembling *Polypus's* shagg'd Feet;  
 And Maiden-hair, of Virtue strange, but true,  
 For dipt in Fountains, it retains no Dew:  
 Hart's-tongue and Citarch must be added too.

The greater Part, and with success more sure,  
 By Mercury perform the happy Cure;  
 A wond'rous Virtue in that Mineral lies,  
 Whether by force of various Qualities  
 Of Cold and Heat, it flies into the Veins,  
 And with a fiercer Fire their Flame restrains,  
 Conqu'ring the raging Humours in their Seat,  
 As glowing Steel exceeds the Forge's heat;  
 Or whether his keen Particles (combin'd  
 With strange Connexion) when th' are once disjoin'd,  
 Disperse, all Quarters of the Foe to seize,  
 And burn the very Seeds of the Disease;  
 Or whither 'tis with some more hidden force  
 Endow'd by Nature to perform its Course,



Is hard to say; but tho' the Gods conceal  
The virtual Cause, they did its use reveal.  
Now by what means 'twas found our Song shall shew,  
Nor may we let Heav'n's Gifts in Silence go.

In Syrian Vales where Groves of Osier grow,  
And where *Callirrhoe's* sacred Fountains flow,  
*Ilceus* the Huntsman, who with Zeal ador'd  
The rural Gods, with Gifts their Altars stor'd;  
Was yet afflicted with this restless Grief,  
And, if Tradition may obtain Belief,  
As he was watering there each spicy Bed,  
Thus to entreat the *Sylvan* Pow'rs, is said.

You Deities by me ador'd, and thou  
*Callirrhoe*, who do'st Relief allow  
'Gainst all Diseases; as I slew for thee  
The Stag, and fix'd his Head upon a Tree;  
A Tree that do's with lesser Branches spread,  
Than those that join to that most horrid Head:  
You sacred Pow'rs, if you'll remove away  
This Plague that racks my Frame all Night and Day,  
I, all the mingled glories of the Spring,  
Lillies and Violets to your Seats will bring.  
With Daffadills first budding Roses weave,  
And on your Shrines the fragrant Garland leave.  
He said, and down upon the Herbage lay,  
Tir'd with the raging Pain, and raging Day.  
*Callirrhoe* (bathing in the neighbouring Well,  
With Musk that grew in Plenty round the Cell)  
Heard the Youth's Pray'r, and streight in soft repose  
Th' indulgent Nymph his heavy Eyes did close,  
Then to his Fancy, from her sacred Streams,  
Appear'd, and charm'd him with prophetick Dreams.  
*Ilceus* (said she) my Servant, and my Care,  
The Gods at last have hearken'd to thy Pray'r;  
Yet, on the Earth, as far as *Sol* can spy,  
For thy Disease remains no Remedy.  
*Cynthia*, and *Phæbus* too at her Request,  
Into thy tortur'd Veins have sent this Pest,  
The Stag to her was sacred which you slew,  
And this the Punishment that did ensue,

For which the Earth, as far as *Sol* can see,  
 The spacious Earth, affords no Remedy:  
 Then since her Surface no Relief can lend,  
 To her dark Entrails for thy Cure descend;  
 A Cave there is, it self an awful shade,  
 But by *Jove's* spreading Tree more dreadful made,  
 Where mingling Cedars wanton with the Air,  
 Thither at first approach of Day repair;  
 A jet-black Ram before the Entrance slay,  
 And cry, These Rites, great *Ops*, to thee I pay!  
 The lesser Pow'rs, pale Ghosts and Nymphs of Night,  
 The Smoak of Yew and Cypress shall invite;  
 These Nymphs shall at the outmost Entrance stay,  
 And through the dark Retreats conduct thy way.  
 Rise, rise, nor think all this an idle Dream,  
 For know I am the Goddess of this Stream.  
 This for thy pious Homage to my Cell—  
 So spake the Nymph, and div'd into the Well.

The Youth starts up astonish'd, but restor'd;  
 With grateful Pray'rs th' obliging Nymph ador'd:  
 Thy Voice, bright Goddess, I'll with speed Obey,  
 O still assist and bless me on my Way.  
 With the next Dawn the sacred Cave he found,  
 With spreading Oaks and tow'ring Cedars crown'd;  
 A jet-black Ram did at the Entrance slay,  
 And cry'd, These Rites, great *Ops*, to thee I pay:  
 The lesser Pow'rs, pale Ghosts and Nymphs of Night,  
 The Smoak of Yew and Cypress did invite.  
 His Voice resounding through the hollow Seats,  
 Disturb'd the Nymphs within their deep Retreats.  
 Those Nymphs that toil in Metals under ground,  
 Gave o'er their Work at th' unexpected Sound;  
 Some Quicksilver, and Sulphur others brought,  
 From which calcin'd, the golden Oar was wrought;  
 Of pure *Ætherial* Light a hundred Beams,  
 Of Subterranean Fire a hundred Streams,  
 With various seeds of Earth and Sea they join'd,  
 For human Eyes too subtle and refin'd.

But *Lipare* who forms the richer Oar,  
 And to the Furnace brings the Sulph'rous store,

To

To *Ilceus* through the dark Recesses broke,  
 And in these Words the trembling Youth bespoke:  
*Ilceus* (for I have heard your Name and Grief)  
*Callirrhoe* sends you hither for relief;  
 Nor has the Goddess counsell'd you in vain;  
 These Cells afford a Med'cine for your Pain;  
 Take courage therefore, and the Charge obey.  
 She said, and through the Cavern leads the way,  
 He follows, wond'ring at the dark aboads,  
 The spacious Voids and Subterranean Roads;  
 Astonisht there to see those Rivers move,  
 Which he observ'd to lose themselves above:  
 Each Cave, cry'd *Lipare*, some Pow'r contains:  
 I'th' lowest Mansion *Proserpine* remains;  
 The middle Regions *Pluto's* Treasure hold,  
 And Nymphs that work in Silver, Brass and Gold,  
 Of which rich Train am I, whose Veins extend,  
 And to *Callirrhoe's* Stream the smoaking Sulphur send.  
 Thus through the Realms of Night they took their  
 way,

And heard from far the Forge and Furnace play.  
 These (said the Nymph) the Beds of Metals are,  
 That give you wretched Mortals so much Care.  
 By thousand Nymphs of Earth and Night enjoy'd,  
 Who yet in various Tasks are all employ'd.  
 Some turn the Current, some the Seeds dissect  
 Of Earth and Sea, which some again collect,  
 That, mixt with Lightning, make the Golden Oar,  
 While others quench in Streams the shining store.  
 Not far from hence the *Cyclops'* Cave is found,  
 See how it glows, hark how their Anvils sound,  
 But here turn off, and take the right-hand way,  
 This Path do's to that sacred Stream convey,  
 In which thy only Hope remains: She said,  
 And under Golden Roofs her Patient led.  
 Hard by, the Lakes of Liquid Silver flow'd,  
 Which to the wond'ring Youth the Goddess show'd;  
 Thrice wash't in these (said she) thy Pains shall end,  
 And all the Stench into the Stream descend.

Thrice

Thrice with her Virgin hands the Goddess threw  
 On all his suffering Limbs the healing Dew:  
 He, at the falling Filth admiring stood,  
 And scarce believ'd, for Joy, the Virtue of the Flood.

When therefore you return to open Day,  
 With Sacrifice *Diana's* Rage allay,  
 And Homage to the Fountain's Goddess pay.  
 Thus spake the Nymph, and through the Realms of  
 Restor'd the grateful Youth to open Light. [Night,

This strange Invention soon obtain'd belief,  
 And flying Fame divulg'd the sure Relief.  
 But first Experiments did only join,  
 And for a Vehicle use lard of Swine;  
 Larch-gum and Turpentine were added next,  
 That wrought more safe, and less the Patient vex;  
 Horse-grease and Bears with them they did compound,  
 Bdellium and Gum of Cedar useful found;  
 Then Myrrh, and Frankincense were us'd by some,  
 With living Sulphur and *Arabian* Gum;  
 But if black Hellebore be added too,  
 With Rain-bow Flowers, your Method I allow;  
 Benzoin and Galbanum I next require,  
 Lint-Oil, and Sulphur's e'er it feels the Fire.

With these Ingredients mix'd, you must not fear  
 Your suffering Limbs and Body to besmear,  
 Nor let the foulness of the Course displease,  
 Obscene indeed, but less than your Disease:  
 Yet when you do anoint, take special care  
 That both your Head and tender Breast you spare.  
 This done, wrapt close and swath'd, repair to Bed,  
 And there let such thick Cov'rings be o'er-spread,  
 'Till streams of Sweat from ev'ry pore you force:  
 For twice five Days you must repeat this Course;  
 Severe indeed, but you your Fate must bear,  
 And signs of coming Health will streight appear.  
 The Mass of Humours now dissolv'd within,  
 To purge themselves by Spittle shall begin,  
 'Till you with wonder at your feet shall see  
 A tide of Filth, and bless the Remedy.

For



For Ulcers that shall then the Mouth offend,  
 Boil Flowers that Privet and Pomegranets send.  
 Now, only now, I would forbid the use  
 Of generous Wine that noble Soils produce;  
 All sorts without distinction you must fly,  
 The sparkling Bowl with all its Charms deny.

Rise, now victorious, Health is now at hand,  
 One labour more is all I shall command,  
 Easie and pleasant; you must last perpare  
 Your Bath, with Rosemary and Lavender,  
 Vervain and Yarrow too must both be there;  
 'Mongst these your steeping Body you must lay,  
 To chear you, and to wash all Dregs away.

But now the verdant Blessings that belong  
 To new-discover'd Worlds demand our Song.  
 Beyond *Herculean* Bounds the Ocean roars  
 With loud Applause to those far distant Shoars.  
 The sacred Tree must next our Muse employ,  
 That only could this raging Plague destroy;  
 Just Praise (*Urania*) to this Plant allow,  
 And with its happy Leaves upon thy Brow,  
 Through all our *Latian* Cities take thy way,  
 And to admiring Crouds the healing Boughs display;  
 E'en I my self shall prize my Strains the more,  
 For Blessings never Seen nor Sung before.

Perhaps some more exalted Poet (warm'd  
 For Martial Strains) with this new Subject charm'd,  
 Shall quit the noble Business of the Field,  
 Bequeath to Rust the Sword and polisht Shield,  
 Leave wrangling Heroes that o'ercome or die,  
 Both shrouded in the same obscurity;  
 Pass o'er the harraist Soil and bloody Stream,  
 To prosecute this more delightful Theme;  
 To tell how first auspicious Navies made  
 More bold attempts, and th' Ocean's bounds essay'd;  
 To sing vast Tracts of Land beyond the Main;  
 By former Ages guess'd, and wisht in vain,  
 Strange Regions, Floods and Cities to rehearse,  
 And with true Prodigies adorn their Verse;

New Lands, new Seas, and still new Lands to spy,  
 Another Heaven, and other Stars descry.  
 When this is done, resume their Martial Strain,  
 And crown our Conquests in each savage Plain,  
 That ev'n from Vanquishment advantage draws,  
 Enrich'd with *European* Arts and Laws,  
 Shall sing (what future Ages will confound)  
 How Earth and Sea one Vessel did surround.  
 Thrice happy Bard, to whom indulgent Heav'n  
 A Soul capacious of this Work has giv'n.  
 My weaker Muse shall think her Office done,  
 Of all these wonders to record but one:  
 One single Plant which these glad Lands produce,  
 To specify and shew its sov'reign Use,  
 By what adventures found, and wasted o'er  
 From unknown Worlds to *Europe's* wond'ring Shore.

Far westward hence, where th' Ocean seems to boil  
 Beneath fierce *Cancer*, lyes a spacious Isle,  
 Descry'd by *Spaniards* roving on the Main,  
 And justly honour'd with the Name of *Spain*.  
 Fertile in Gold, but far more blest to be  
 The Garden of this consecrated Tree:  
 Its Trunk erect, but on his Top is seen  
 A spreading Grove with Branches ever Green;  
 Upon his Boughs a little Nut is found,  
 But poignant, and with Leaves encompass'd round;  
 The stubborn Substance toothless makes the Saw,  
 And scarcely from the Axe receives a flaw;  
 Dissected, various Colours meet your view,  
 The outward Bark is of the Laurel hue;  
 The next like Box, the parts more inward set  
 Of dusky Grain, but not so dark as Jet,  
 If to these mixtures you will add the Red,  
 All Colours of the gaudy Bow are spread.  
 This Plant the Natives, conscious of its use,  
 Adore, and with religious Care produce;  
 On ev'ry Hill, in ev'ry Vale 'tis found,  
 And held the greatest Blessing of the Ground  
 Against this Pest, that always Rages there,  
 From Skies infected and polluted Air:

The outward Bark as useless they refuse,  
 But with their utmost force the Timber bruise,  
 Or break in Splinters, which they steep awhile  
 In Fountains, and when soak'd, in Vessels boil,  
 Regardless how too fierce a Fire may make  
 The Juice run o'er, whose healing Froth they take,  
 With which they bathe their Limbs where Pustles breed,  
 And heal the Breaches where dire Ulcers feed.  
 Half boil'd away, the Remnant they retain,  
 And adding Hony boil the Chips again:  
 To use no other Liquor when they Dine,  
 Their Country's Law, and greater Priest enjoin:  
 The first Decoction with the rising Light  
 They drink, and once again at fall of Night;  
 This Course they strictly hold when once begun,  
 'Till *Cynthia* has her Monthly Progress run,  
 Hous'd all the while where no offensive Wind  
 Nor the least Breath of Air can entrance find.  
 But who will yield us credit to proceed,  
 And tell how wond'rous slenderly they feed?  
 Just so much Food as can bare Life preserve,  
 And to its Joints connect each feeble Nerve:  
 Yet let not this strange Abstinence deter,  
 And make you think the Method too severe.  
 This Drink itself will waste & Strength repair,  
 For *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* too are there;  
 All Offices of Nature it maintains,  
 The Heart refreshes, and recruits the Veins.  
 When the Draught's ta'en, for two hours and no more  
 The Patient on his Couch is cover'd o'er;  
 For by this means the Liquor with more ease  
 Expels in Streams of Sweat the foul Disease,  
 All Parts (O prodigy!) grow sound within,  
 Nor any Filth remains upon the Skin;  
 Fresh Youth in ev'ry Limb, fresh Vigour's found,  
 And now the Moon has run her Monthly Round.

What God did first the wond'rous use display  
 Of this blest Plant, what chance did first convey  
 Our *European* Fleet to that rich Shore,  
 That for their Toil so rich a Traffick bore,

Our Song shall now unfold; a Navy bound  
 For no known Port nor yet discover'd Ground,  
 Resolv'd the Secrets of the Main to find,  
 And now they leave their Native Shore behind,  
 Clap on more Sail, and skudd before the Wind.  
 Thus on the spreading Ocean they did stray,  
 For many Weeks uncertain of their Way;  
 The thronging Sea-Nymphs, wond'ring at the Pride  
 Of each tall Ship, appear above the Tide,  
 And with proportion'd speed around them glide,  
 Charm'd with each painted Stern and golden Prow,  
 With each gay Streamer, striving as they go  
 To catch their Pictures in the Flood below.

'Twas Night, but *Cynthia* did such Beams display,  
 So strong as more than half restor'd the Day,  
 When the bold Leader of this roving Train,  
 (The bravest Youth that ever stemm'd the Main;)   
 As on the Decks he lay with anxious Care,  
 And watchful o'er his Charge, conceiv'd this Pray'r;  
 Bright Goddess of the Night (said he) whose sway  
 All humid Things and these vast Seas obey;  
 Twice have we seen thy infant *Crescents* spring,  
 And twice united in a glorious Ring,  
 Since first this Fleet commenc'd her restless Toil,  
 Nor yet have gain'd the Sight of any Soil.  
 O Virgin Star, of nightly Planets chief,  
 Vouchsafe your weary Wanderers relief;  
 Let some fair Continent at last arise,  
 Or some less distant Isle salute our Eyes;  
 At least some Rock with one small Rill and Port,  
 For these o'er-labour'd Boats and Youths support.  
 The Goddess heard not this Address in vain,  
 But leaves to her nocturnal Steeds the Rein,  
 And like a Sea-Nymph floats upon the Main:  
 So well disguis'd that *Clotho's* self might be  
 Deceiv'd, and take her for *Cymothoe*;  
 With such a Mein she cut the yielding Tide,  
 And in these Words bespoke the wand'ring Guide;  
 Take Courage, for the next approaching Day  
 Shall see these Ships safe riding in the Bay;

But



But stay not long where first your Anchors fall,  
 The Fates to yet more distant Regions call;  
 Find *Ophyré*, high-seated in the Main;  
 Those Seats for you the Destinies ordain.  
 She said, and pusht the Keel; a brisker Gale  
 Forthwith descends and pregnates ev'ry Sail:  
 Now from the East the Sun invites their Eyes,  
 As fast they Westward see the Mountains rise  
 Like Clouds at first; but as they nearer drew,  
 Rocks, Groves and Springs were open'd to their View;  
 High on the Decks the joyful Sailors stand,  
 And thrice with Shouts salute th' expected Land.  
 Then safely Anchor'd in the promis'd Bay,  
 First to the Gods their just Devotion pay.  
 Four Days, no more, are spent upon this Soil,  
 To fit their shatter'd Ships for farther Toil,  
 Each hand once more is to his Charge assign'd,  
 All take advantage of the friendly Wind;  
 A swift and steddý Course they now maintain,  
 And leave *Anthylia* floating on the Main:  
 With *Hagia's* Coast, and tall *Ammeria's* Isle,  
 The Cannibals most execrable Soil;  
 O'er all the Deep they now see Turrets rise,  
 And Islands without number meet their Eyes;  
 'Mongst these they singled one, from whence they heard  
 Streams fall, while spreading Groves aloft appear'd:  
 Charm'd with these Objects there they put to Shore,  
 Where first the Island's Genius they adore,  
 Then spread their Banquet on the verdant Ground,  
 Whilst Bowls of sparkling Wine go nimbly round;  
 Refresh'd, they separate, some to descry  
 The Country, others more o'er-joy'd to spy  
 Beneath the Flood pure Gold lye mixt with Sand,  
 And seize the shining Oar with greedy Hand.  
 At length a Flock of painted Birds, they view,  
 With azure Plumes and Beaks of Coral hue,  
 Which fearless through the Glades did seem to rove,  
 And percht securely in their native Grove;  
 The Youths to temper'd Engins have recourse,  
 That imitate the Thunder's dreadful Force,

*Vulcan's* Invention, while with wond'rous Art  
 He did to Men the Arms of *Jove* impart;  
 Each takes his Stand and singles out his Mark:  
 The dire Ingredients with a sudden Spark  
 Enslam'd, discharge with rage the whizzing Ball,  
 The unsuspecting Birds by hundreds fall,  
 The Air with Smoak and Fire is cover'd round,  
 The Groves and Rocks astonisht with the Sound,  
 And shaking Sands beneath the Seas rebound.  
 The Remnant of the Flock with terror fly  
 To Rocks, whose Turrets seem'd to pierce the Sky,  
 From whence with human Voice (O dire Portent!)  
 One of this feather'd Tribe these Numbers sent.

You who have Sacrilegiously assay'd  
 The Sun's lov'd Birds, and impious slaughter made,  
 Hear what th'enrag'd avenging God prepares,  
 And in prophetick Sounds by me declares.  
 Know, you at last have reacht your promis'd Soil  
 For this is *Ophyre's* long-expected Isle,  
 But destin'd Empire shall not yet obtain  
 Of Provinces beyond the western Main,  
 The Natives of long Liberty deprive,  
 Found Cities, and a new Religion give,  
 'Till Toils by Earth and Sea are undergone,  
 And many dreadful Battels lost and won;  
 For, most shall leave your Trunks on foreign Land,  
 Few shatter'd Ships shall reach your Native Sand,  
 In vain shall some Sail back again, to find  
 Their wretched Comrades whom they left behind;  
 Whose Bones of Flesh divested shall be found,  
 For *Cyclops* too in these dire Coasts abound:  
 Your Foes o'er-come, your Fleet in Civil Rage  
 Shall disagree, and Ship with Ship engage.  
 Nor end your Sufferings here, a strange Disease,  
 And most obscene, shall on your Bodies seize;  
 In this Distress your Error you shall mourn,  
 And to these injur'd Groves for Cure return.  
 This dreadful Doom the feather'd Prophet spoke,  
 And sculk't within the Covert of the Rock.

Astonisht with the unexpected Sound,  
 Th'offending Men fell prostrate on the Ground;

Forgiveness from the sacred Flock to gain,  
 But chiefly *Phœbus*' Pardon to obtain.  
 The Guardians of the Grove to reconcile,  
 And once more hail the fair *Ophyrian* Isle.  
 These Rites perform'd, returning on their way,  
 A race with human Shape they did survey,  
 But black as Jet, who fall'd from the Wood,  
 And made the Vale more dark in which they stood;  
 No Garment o'er their Breasts or Shoulders spread,  
 And Wreaths of peaceful Olive on their Head;  
 Unarm'd, yet more with wonder struck than fear,  
 They view'd the Strangers, and approach'd more near;  
 Astonish'd at their glittering Arms, but more  
 At each proud Vessel lodg'd upon the Shore,  
 The Flags and Streamers sporting with the Wind,  
 And thought their Owners more than human Kind,  
 Some Gods, or Heroes to the Gods ally'd,  
 And more than Mortal Reverence apply'd;  
 But to our Chief their first Respect they paid,  
 And cheap, but yet most Royal Presents made,  
 Rich Golden Oar, of use and worth unknown,  
 And only priz'd by them because it shone,  
 With which the Blessings of their Fields were born,  
 Ripe blushing Fruits and pond'rous Ears of Corn;  
 Unpolish'd but capacious Vessels, fill'd  
 With Honey from each fragrant Tree distill'd,  
 Which did from Heaven in nightly Dew arrive,  
 Without the tedious Labours of the Hive.  
 With them our Garments like Reception found;  
 And now the Tribes fate mingled on the Ground,  
 With *Indian* Food and *Spanish* Vintage crown'd:  
 Who can express the Savages' delight,  
 As if the Gods some Mortal should invite  
 To heavenly Courts, and with the Nectar-bowl  
 Into a Deity exalt his ravish'd Soul!

By chance the solemn Day was drawing near,  
 The greatest Festival of all the Year;  
 And to the Sun, their greatest God, belong'd,  
 To which from ev'ry Part the Natives throng'd,

With whom their Neighbours of *Hesperia* met;  
 And now within the sacred Vale were set  
 Each Sex, and all degrees of Age were seen;  
 But plac'd without distinction on the Green;  
 Yet from the Infant to the grizled Head,  
 A Cloud of Grief o'er ev'ry Face was spread;  
 All languish'd with the same obscene Disease;  
 And Years, not Strength, distinguish'd the Degrees;  
 Dire Flames upon their Vitals fed within,  
 While Sores and crusted Filth prophan'd their Skin;  
 At last the Priest in snowy Robes array'd,  
 The Boughs of healing *Guaiacum* display'd,  
 Which (dipt in living Streams) he shook around  
 To Purge, for holy Rites, the tainted Ground;  
 An Heifer then before the Altar slew;  
 A Swain stood near on whom the Blood he threw;  
 Then to the Sun began his mystick Song,  
 And streight was seconded by all the Throng;  
 Both Swine and Heifers now by thousands bleed,  
 And Natives on their roasted Entrails feed.

Our Train with wonder saw these Rites, but more  
 Astonisht at the Plague unseen before:  
 Mean-while our Leader in his careful Breast  
 Form'd sad Conjectures of this dreadful Pest,  
 This, this, said he (the Gods avert our Fate)  
 Is that dire Curse which *Phæbus* did relate;  
 The Bird's prodigious Song I now recall,  
 The strange Disease that on our Troops shall fall,  
 As therefore from the Altar they retir'd,  
 Our Gen'ral of the Native Prince enquir'd,  
 To what dread Power these Off'rings did belong?  
 What meant that languishing infected Throng?  
 And why the Shepherd by the Altar stood?  
 And wherefore Sprinkled with the gushing Blood?  
 To which the Island Monarch, Noble Guest,  
 With annual Zeal these Off'rings are address'd,  
 To *Phæbus* enrag'd Deity assign'd,  
 And by our Ancestors of old enjoin'd;  
 But if a foreign Nation's toils to learn,  
 And less refin'd, be worth your least concern,



If you have any Sense of Strangers Fate,  
 From its first Source the Story I'll relate.  
 Perhaps you may have heard of *Atlas*' Name,  
 From whom in long descent great Nations came;  
 From him we sprang, and once a happy Race,  
 Belov'd of Heav'n while Piety had place,  
 While to the Gods our Ancestors did pray,  
 And grateful Off'rings on their Altars lay.  
 But when the Powers to be despis'd began,  
 When to lewd Luxury our Nation ran;  
 Who can express the Mis'ries that ensu'd,  
 And Plagues with each returning Day renew'd?  
 Then fair *Atlantia*; once an Isle of Fame,  
 (That from the mighty *Atlas* took its Name,  
 Who there had govern'd long with upright Sway)  
 Was gorg'd intire, and swallowed by the Sea.  
 With which our Flocks and Herds were wholly drown'd,  
 Not one preserv'd, or ever after found.  
 Since when outlandish Cattle here are slain,  
 And Bulls of foreign Breed our Altars stain;  
 In that dire Season this Disease was bred,  
 That thus o'er all our tortur'd Limbs is spread:  
 Most universal from its Birth it grew,  
 And none have since escap'd, or very few;  
 Sent from above to scourge that vicious Age,  
 And chiefly by incens'd *Apollo*'s Rage,  
 For which these annual Rites were first ordain'd,  
 Whereof this firm Tradition is retain'd.

A Shepherd once (distrust not ancient Fame)  
 Possess these Downs, and *Syphilus* his Name.  
 A thousand Heifers in these Vales he fed,  
 A thousand Ewes to those fair Rivers led:  
 For King *Alcithous* he rais'd this Stock,  
 And shaded in the Covert of a Rock,  
 For now 'twas *Solstice*, and the *Syrian* Star  
 Increas'd the Heat and shot his Beams afar;  
 The Fields were burnt to Ashes, and the Swain  
 Repair'd for shade to thickest Woods in vain,  
 No Wind to fan the scorching Air was found,  
 No nightly Dew refresh'd the thirsty Ground:

This Drought our *Syphilus* beheld with pain,  
 Nor could the Suff'rings of his Flock sustain,  
 But to the Noon-day Sun with up-cast Eyes,  
 In rage threw these reproaching Blasphemies :  
 Is it for this, O *Sol*, that thou art styl'd  
 Our God and Parent? How are we beguil'd!  
 Dull Bigots, to pay Homage to thy Name;  
 And with rich Spices feed thy Altar's Flame!  
 Why do we yearly Rites for thee prepare,  
 Who tak'st of our Affairs so little Care?  
 At least thou might'st between the Rabble Kine  
 Distinguish, and these royal Herds of mine.  
 These to the great *Alcibon* belong,  
 Nor ought to perish with the vulgar throng.  
 Or shall I rather think your Deity  
 With envious Eyes our thriving Stock did see?  
 I grant you had sufficient Cause indeed :  
 A thousand Heifers of the snowy Breed,  
 A thousand Ewes of mine these Downs did feed,  
 Whilst one *Ethereal* Bull was all your Stock,  
 One Ram, and to preserve this mighty Flock,  
 You must forsooth your *Syrian* Dog maintain :  
 Why do I worship then a Pow'r so vain?  
 Henceforth I to *Alcibon* will bring  
 My Off'rings, and adore my greater King,  
 Who do's such spacious Tracts of Land possess,  
 And whose vast Pow'r the conquer'd Seas confess.  
 Him I'll invoke my Suff'rings to redress.  
 He'll streight command the cooling Winds to blow,  
 Refreshing Show'rs on Trees and Herbs bestow,  
 Nor suffer Thirst, both Flock and Swain to kill.  
 He said, and forthwith on a neighbouring Hill  
 Erects an Altar to his Monarch's Name,  
 The Swains from far bring Incense to the Flame;  
 At length to greater Victims they proceed,  
 Till Swine and Heifers too by hundreds bleed,  
 On whose half-roasted Flesh the impious Wretches  
 feed.  
 All Quarters soon were fill'd with the Report,  
 That ceas'd not 'till it reacht the Monarch's Court;  
 Th' aspiring

Th' aspiring Prince with Godlike Rites o'erjoy'd,  
 Commands all Altars else to be destroy'd,  
 Proclaims himself in Earth's low Sphere to be  
 The only and sufficient Deity;  
 That heav'nly Pow'rs liv'd too remote and high,  
 And had enough to do to Rule the Sky.  
 Th' all-seeing Sun no longer could sustain  
 These Practices, but with enrag'd Disdain  
 Darts forth such pestilent malignant Beams,  
 As shed Infection on Air, Earth and Streams,  
 From whence this Malady its Birth receiv'd,  
 And first th' offending *Syphilus* was griev'd,  
 Who rais'd forbidden Altars on the Hill,  
 And Victims Blood with impious Hands did spill;  
 He first wore Buboës dreadful to the Sight,  
 First felt strange Pains, and sleepless past the Night;  
 From him the Malady receiv'd its Name!  
 The neighbouring Shepherds catcht the spreading Flamer:  
 At last in City and in Court 'twas known,  
 And seiz'd th' ambitious Monarch on his Throne.  
 In this Distress the wretched Tribes repair  
 To *Ammerice*, the Gods Interpreter,  
 Chief Priests of the consecrated Wood,  
 In whose Retreats the awful Tripod stood,  
 From whence the Gods Responsal she exprest;  
 The Crowd enquire what Cause produc'd this Pest,  
 What God enrag'd? and how to be appeas'd?  
 And last, what Cure remain'd for the Diseas'd?  
 To whom the Nymph reply'd---- The Sun incens'd,  
 With just Revenge these Torments has commenc'd.  
 What Man can with immortal Pow'rs compare?  
 Fly, Wretches, fly, his Altars soon repair,  
 Load them with Incense, him with Pray'rs invade,  
 His Anger will not easily be laid;  
 Your Doom is past, black *Stryx* has heard him swear,  
 This Plague should never be extinguish'd here.  
 Since then your Soil must ne'er be wholly free,  
 Beg Heav'n at least to yield some Remedy:  
 A milk-white Cow on *Juno's* Altar lay,  
 To Mother Earth a jet-black Heifer slay;

One from above the happy Seeds shall shed,  
 The other rear the Grove and make it spread,  
 That only for your Grief a Cure shall yield.  
 She said: the Croud return'd to th' open'd Field,  
 Rais'd Altars to the Sun without delay,  
 To Mother Earth and *Juno* Victims slay.  
 'Twill seem most strange what now I shall declare,  
 But by our Gods and Ancestors I swear,  
 'Tis sacred Truth —————  
 These Groves that spread so wide and look so green,  
 Within this Isle, 'till then, were never seen,  
 But now before their Eyes the Plants were found  
 To spring, and in an instant shade the Ground,  
 The Priest forthwith bids Sacrifice be done,  
 And Justice paid to the offended Sun;  
 Some destin'd Head t' atone the Crimes of all,  
 On *Syphilus* the dreadful Lot did fall,  
 Who now was plac'd before the Altar bound,  
 His Head with sacrificial Garlands crown'd,  
 His Throat laid open to the lifted Knife,  
 But interceding *Juno* spar'd his Life,  
 Commands them in his Stead a Heifer slay,  
 For *Phæbus*' Rage was now remov'd away.  
 This made our grateful Ancestors enjoin;  
 When first these annual Rites they did assign,  
 That to the Altar bound a Swine each time  
 Should stand, to witness *Syphilus* his Crime.  
 All this infected Throng whom you behold,  
 Smart for their Ancestors Offence of old:  
 To heal their Plague this Sacrifice is done,  
 And reconcile them to th' offended Sun.  
 The Rites perform'd, the hallow'd Boughs they seize,  
 The speedy certain Cure for their Disease.

With such discourse the Chiefs their Cares deceive,  
 Whose Tribes of different Worlds united live,  
 'Till now the Ships sent back to *Europe*'s Shore,  
 Return, and bring prodigious Tidings o'er;  
 That this Disease did now through *Europe* rage,  
 Nor any Med'cine found that cou'd assuage,

That



That in their Ships no slender Number mourn'd,  
 With Boils without and inward Ulcers burn'd.  
 Then call'd to mind the Bird's prophetick Sound,  
 That in those Groves Relief was to be found.  
 Then each with solemn Vows the Sun entreats,  
 And gentle Nymphs the Guardians of those Seats.  
 With lusty Strokes the Grove they next invade,  
 Whose weighty Boughs are on their Shoulders laid,  
 Which with the Natives Methods they prepare,  
 And with the healing Draughts their Health repair.  
 But not forgetful of their Country's Good,  
 They freight their largest Ships with this rich Wood,  
 To try if in our Climate it would be  
 Of equal use, for the same Malady:  
 The Year's mild Season seconds their Desire,  
 And western Winds their willing Sails inspire.  
*Iberian* Coasts, you first were happy made  
 With this rich Plant, and wonder'd at its Aid;  
 Known now to *France* and neighbouring *Germany*,  
 Cold *Scythian* Coasts and temperate *Italy*,  
 To *Europe's* Bounds, all bless the vital Tree.

Hail Heav'n-born Plant! whose Rival ne'er was seen,  
 Whose Virtues like thy Leaves are ever green;  
 Hope of Mankind and Comfort of their Eyes,  
 Of new-discover'd Worlds the richest Prize.  
 Too happy, would indulgent Gods allow  
 Thy Groves in *Europe's* nobler Clime to grow:  
 Yet if my Strains have any force, thy Name  
 Shall flourish here, and *Europe* sing thy Fame.  
 If not remoter Lands with Winter bound,  
 Eternal Snow, nor *Libya's* scorching Ground;  
 Yet *Latium* and *Benacus'* cool Retreats  
 Shall thee resound, with *Athesis'* fair Seats.  
 Too blest, if *Bembus* live thy Growth to see,  
 And on the Banks of *Tyber* gather thee,  
 If he thy matchless Virtues once rehearse,  
 And crown thy Praises with eternal Verse.



## A PROLOGUE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

**G**allants, a bashful Poet bids me say  
 He's come to lose his Maidenhead to-day.  
 Be not too fierce, for he's but green of Age;  
 And ne'er, 'till now, debauch'd upon the Stage.  
 He wants the suffering part of Resolution;  
 And comes with Blushes to his Execution,  
 Ere you deflow'r his Muse, he hopes the Pit  
 Will make some Settlement upon his Wit.  
 Promise him well, before the Play begin;  
 For he wou'd fain be cozen'd into Sin.  
 'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;  
 But, if you leave him after being frail,  
 He'll have, at least, a fair Pretence to rail;  
 To call you base, and swear you us'd him ill,  
 And put you in the new Deserters Bill:  
 Lord, what a Troop of perjur'd Men we see;  
 Enow to fill another *Mercury*!  
 But this the Ladies may with Patience brook:  
 Theirs are not the first Colours you forsook!  
 He wou'd be loth the *Beauties* to offend;  
 But, if he shou'd, he's not too old to mend.  
 He's a young Plant, in his first Year of bearing;  
 But his Friend swears, he will be worth the rearing.  
 His Gloss is still upon him: Tho' 'tis true  
 He's yet unripe, yet take him for the Blue.  
 You think an *Apricot* half green is best;  
 There's sweet and sour: And one Side good at least.  
 Mango's and Limes, whose Nourishment is little,  
 Tho' not for Food, are yet preserv'd for Pickle.  
 So this green *Winter* may pretend, at least,  
 To whet your Stomachs for a better Feast.  
 He makes this difference in the Sexes too,  
 He sells to Men, he gives himself to you.

To

To both, he wou'd contribute some Delight;  
 A meer Poetical Hermaphrodite.  
 Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd, and woo;  
 With *Arms* offensive, and defensive too;  
 'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

*A Dialogue between Plain TRUTH  
 and IGNORANCE.*

TRUTH.

GOD speed you, ancient Father,  
 And give you a good Day.  
 What is the Cause, I pray you,  
 So sadly here you stay?  
 And that you keep such gazing  
 On this decayed place?  
 The which for Superstition  
 Good Princes down did raze.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee by my vazen,  
 That zometimes che have known  
 A vair and goodly Abbey  
 Stand here, of Brick and Stone:  
 And many holy Urier,  
 As ich may say to thee,  
 Within these goodly Cloysters,  
 Che did full often zee.

TRUTH.

Then I must tell thee, Father,  
 In Truth and Verity,  
 A sort of greater Hypocrites  
 Thou could'st not likely see:  
 Deceiving of the Simple,  
 With false and feigned Lies;  
 But such an Order, truly,  
 Christ never did devise.

IGNORANCE.

## I G N O R A N C E.

Ah, ah, che zmall thee now, Man,

Che no well what thou art;

A Vellow of mean Learning,

Che was not worth a Vert:

Vor when we had the old Law,

A merry World was then,

And every thing was plenty,

Among all sorts of Men.

## T R U T H.

Thou givest me an Answer,

As did the *Jews* sometimes

Unto the Prophet *Jeremy*,

When he accus'd their Crimes:

'Twas merry (said the People)

And joyful in our Realm,

When we did offer Spice-cakes

Unto the Queen of Heaven.

## I G N O R A N C E.

Chill tell thee what, Good-Vellow,

Before the Vicars went hence,

A Bushel of the best Wheat

Was zold vor vourteen Pence:

And vorty Eggs a Penny,

That were both good and new;

And this zhe zay my zelf have zeen,

And yet ich am no *Jew*.

## T R U T H.

Within the sacred Bible,

We find it written plain,

The latter Days should troublesome

And dangerous be; certain;

That we should be Self-Lovers,

And Charity wax cold;

Then 'tis not true Religion

That makes the Grief to hold.

## I G N O R A N C E.

Chill tell thee my Opinion plain,

And choul that well ye knew,



Ich care not for the Bible Book,  
'Tis too big to be true:  
Our blessed Lady's Psalter  
Zhall for my Money go;  
Zuch pretty Prayers as there be  
The Bible cannot zhow.

TRUTH.

Now hast thou spoken truly,  
For in that Book indeed  
No mention of our Lady,  
Or *Romish* Saint we read:  
For by the blessed Spirit  
That Book indited was,  
And not by simple Persons,  
As is the foolish Mafs.

IGNORANCE.

Cham zure they are not voolish  
That made the Mafs, che trow;  
Why Man? 'Tis all in *Latin*,  
And Vools no *Latin* know:  
Were not our Fathers wise Men,  
And they did like it well,  
Who very much rejoiced  
To hear the Zeering-Bell?

TRUTH.

But many Kings and Prophets,  
As I may say to thee,  
Have wisht the Light that you have,  
And could it never see:  
For what art thou the better  
A *Latin* Song to hear,  
And understandeth nothing  
That they sing in the Quire?

IGNORANCE.

O hold thy Peace, che pray thee,  
The Noife was passing trim,  
To hear the Uriers zinging,  
As we did enter in:  
And then to zee the Rood-loft  
Zo bravely zet with Zaints,

And

And now to zee them wandring,

My Heart with Zorrow vaints:

TRUTH.

The Lord did give Commandment,

No Image thou shouldst make,

Nor that unto Idolatry

You should your self betake:

The Golden Calf of *Israel*

*Moses* did therefore spoil,

And *Baal's* Priests and Temple

He brought to utter Foik.

IGNORANCE.

But our Lady of *Walsingham*

Was a pure and holy Zaint,

And many Men in Pilgrimage

Did shew to her Complaint:

Yea, with zweet *Thomas Becker*,

And many other mo,

The holy Maid of *Kent* likewise,

Did many Wonders shew.

TRUTH.

Such Saints are well agreeing

To your Profession sure;

And to the Men that made them,

So precious and so pure:

That one was found a *Traytor*,

And judged worthy of Death,

The other eke for *Treason*

Did end his hateful Breath.

IGNORANCE.

Yea, yea, it is no matter

Dispraise them how you will;

But zure they did much Goodness,

Would they were with us still:

We had our holy Water,

And holy Bread likewise,

And many holy Reliques

We zaw before our Eyes.

TRUTH.

## T R U T H.

And all this while they fed you  
 With vain and sundry Shows,  
 Which never Christ commanded,  
 As learned Doctors knows;  
 Search then the holy Scriptures,  
 And you shall plainly see  
 That headlong to Damnation  
 They always trained thee.

## I G N O R A N C E.

If it be true, Good-vellow,  
 As thou dost zay to me;  
 Then to my Zaviour Jesus  
 Alone then will I flee:  
 Believing in the Gospel,  
 And Passion of his Zon,  
 And with the zubtil Papists  
 Ich have for ever done.

*A Dialogue between FANCY and*  
 D E S I R E.

C O M E hither, Shepherd's Swain,  
*Sir, What do you require?*

I pray thee shew thy Name?

*My Name is Fond Desire.*

When wast thou born, *Desire?*

*In Pomp and Pride of May.*

By whom, sweet Child, wast thou begot?

*Of Fond Conceit, Men say.*

Tell me, who was thy Father?

*Sweet Youth, and sugar'd Joys.*

What was thy Meat and dainty Food?

*Sad Sighs and great Annoys.*

What hadst thou for to drink?

*Unsavory Lovers Tears.*

What Cradle wast thou rocked in?

*In Love dewid of Fears.*

What

What lull'd thee then asleep?

*Sweet Speech, which likes me best.*

Tell me where is thy Dwelling-place?

*In gentle Hearts I rest.*

What thing doth please thee most?

*To gaze on Beauty still.*

Whom dost thou think to be thy Foe?

*Disdain of my Good-Will.*

Doth Company displease?

*Yea sure, many one.*

Where doth Desire delight to live?

*He loves to live alone.*

Doth either Time or Age

bring him to decay?

No, no, Desire both lives and dies.

*Ten thousand times a Day.*

Then Fond Desire, farewell,

Thou art no Meat for me;

I should be loth to dwell

With such a one as thee.

## A Farewel to LOVE.

I.  
Farewel, false Love, the Oracle of Lies,

A mortal Foe, and Enemy to Rest,

An envious Boy, from whence great Cares arise,

A Bastard vile, a Beast with Age possesst;

A Way for Error, a Tempest full of Treason,

In all Respects contrary unto Reason.

II.  
A poison'd Serpent cover'd all with Flowers,

Mother of Sighs, and Murtherers Repose,

A Sea of Sorrows, whence run all such Showers

As Moisture gives to every Grief that grows;

A School of Guile, a Nest of deep Deceit,

A golden Hook that holds a poison'd Bait.

III. A



III.

A Fortrefs fled, whom Reason did defend,  
 A Syren's Song, a Server of the Mind;  
 A Maze wherein Affections find no end,  
 A running Cloud that runs before the Wind:  
 A Substance like the Shadow of the Sun,  
 A Goal of Grief, for which the wisest run.

IV.

A quenchless Fire, a Rest of trembling Fear,  
 A Path that leads to Peril and Mishap,  
 A true Retreat of Sorrow and Despair,  
 An idle Boy that sleeps in Pleasure's Lap:  
 A deep Mistrust of that which certain seems,  
 A Hope of that which Reason doubtful deems.

V.

Then fith thy Reign my younger Years betray'd,  
 And for my Faith Ingratitude I find;  
 And fuch Repemance hath the Wrong bewray'd,  
 Whose crooked Cause hath not been after Kind;  
 False Love go back, and Beauty frail adieu,  
 Dead is the Root from which fuch Fancies grew.

*The End of the FIFTH PART.*



# MISCELLANY POEMS.

A Tower's led, whom Redoubt did defend,  
A grave's song, a sear of the Mind,  
A place wherein Affection had no end,  
A running Cloud that runs before the Wind,  
A shadow like the shadow of the Sun,  
A Gail of Grief, for which the world is run,  
A quenchless fire, a Red of everlasting tears,  
A Path that leads to the land of tears,  
A one Remot of sorrow and despair,  
A little Boy that sleeps in Father's lap,  
A deep Mining of that which cannot be seen,  
A Hope of that which is not to be seen,  
Then with the Reason my reason's power,  
And for my Father's Ingenuity I find,  
And with Reasonance hath the World begun,  
Whose crooked Cause hath not been after King,  
The Love to seek, and Beauty to find,  
That is the Reason's world, and Reason's mind.



